



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

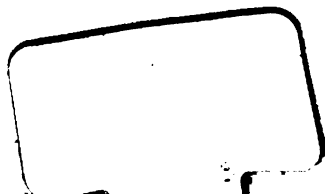
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

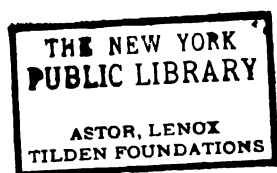


McLoughlin TIP

AIN  
290 5000

THE  
LIBRARY OF  
THE  
UNITED STATES  
DEPARTMENT OF  
THE ARMY  
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20315







**REV. THOMAS P. MCLOUGHLIN**  
**FATHER TOM**

# FATHER TOM

LIFE AND DEEDS

OF

REV. THOMAS F. MEE

BY

EDWARD MEE

ILLUSTRATED

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
The Knickerbocker Block

1919



# FATHER TOM

LIFE AND LECTURES  
OF  
REV. THOMAS P. McLOUGHLIN

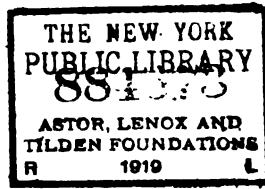
BY  
PETER P. McLOUGHLIN

ILLUSTRATED



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
The Knickerbocker Press

1919



COPYRIGHT, 1919  
BY  
PETER P. McLOUGHLIN

WOLFE  
JULY  
1919

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

TO

JENNIE AND NONIE

THE DEVOTED AND LOVING SISTERS OF FATHER TOM

WHO WERE ITS INSPIRATION AND WHO GENEROUSLY AIDED IN ITS  
PREPARATION AND PUBLICATION

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED





## INTRODUCTORY

THE preparation of this memoir of my reverend brother, Thomas P. McLoughlin, a priest of the New York diocese, has been a labor of love to me. It was undertaken in the belief that a lasting record should be made of the life and service of one who typified in his personality the "Soggarth Aroon," whose cordial manner brought sunshine into many lives and whose loyalty and sincerity won for him countless friends among all classes of every community in which he exercised the functions of his sacred ministry.

With his fellow priests Father Tom was a popular favorite, and he counted scores of sincere friends among the clergy in different parts of the country. Ties of affection, formed in boyhood and young manhood, remained unbroken until the end of his life. One of his close associates during seminary days in Rome, and whose whole hearted friendship and genial companionship he enjoyed in later life, was Reverend James B. Curry, for many years pastor of St. James and now pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, New York. How simple and yet how touching and tender is Father Curry's tribute to Father Tom:

“My memory easily carries me back to the evening of October 19, 1878, when I met Tom McLoughlin for the first time in my life. It was on the day of my arrival in the North American College; he had reached there the day ahead. It was in the refectory of our country house in Monte Porzio, where the North American College had established its summer house that year. The main ar-

Manuscript, 24 p. 1919

ticle of food for our supper that night was rice done in oil, not indeed a savory dish, but well calculated to fill within us the vacuum that nature so wisely abhors. He looked at me, and I looked at him; then we both looked at our plates, then again at each other; then a winning smile spread over his handsome face, and from that hour to the day of his death we were close friends.

"There was some attractive power about him that made friends for him all through his years. I readily fell under the sway of the spell of his charming personality, and I was well contented to remain under its influence all the years that I knew and loved him. He was a bright ray of sunshine wherever he went or whatever he did.

"In prayer, his handsome face would be illumined with the light of Heaven, and his communing with God, the Sacred Heart, and our Blessed Mother was always an inspiration to us when we felt impelled to imitate his earnestness in prayer. Nothing pleased him more than to have been appointed by the Rector to assist me in sacristy work. Close as all seminarians are to our Lord in the Eucharist, the sacristy work brought us still closer to the tabernacle and to its Divine Prisoner, and many a day whilst the boys were enjoying their recreation hour in the college garden, Tom McLoughlin worked zealously at the altar close to the Holy Eucharist which he loved so well.

"He was indeed very pious, yet of the happiest disposition, just bubbling over with laughing good nature. His whereabouts on our walks during the intervals of rest was easily discovered, for where the boys were in the thickest group and the laughing was merriest, there Tom McLoughlin was the solar center. He had an infinite fund of comic stories which he told in his own inimitable manner for he was a perfect mimic, in speech and gesture, of the characters which he introduced into his stories.

"He was a good, faithful, hardworking student, always doing conscientiously his task of study that prepared his mind to do the splendid work that he performed in his priestly life afterwards. In his leisure moments he delved much into the pages of literature on subjects outside of his theological and philosophical studies, so that, gathering fruit from every field of learning, he might the better equip himself for his priestly work.

"His voice was a charm in itself, a rich, high baritone, full and sweetly expressive. In later life Father Tom was inclined almost entirely to the classics, but in his younger days as a seminarian, and even in the days of his young priesthood, he very frequently sang the less dignified comics among which *McCarthy's Mare* was quite a favorite. He never refused an invitation to sing for us, and many a mile we traveled during vacation time, singing blithely as we went along, under the musical leadership of our prize songbird, Father Tom. I never heard anyone who could sing Moore's melodies as sweetly and as effectively as my friend: it was a treat to listen to him. Sometimes in his lectures on Irish music, instead of singing, he would recite the dear old Irish songs and Irish poems: his recitations were just as musical as his singing; in all my experience I never knew priest or layman who possessed this double power of expression to the degree wherewith Father Tom was gifted. Of course he was well aware of his gifts, but this knowledge never once injured his good nature and never made him condescending when he was asked to sing. Like the sweet voiced songsters of the free air, he sang for everybody; he was so full of music, he had to sing.

"Of his priesthood what can I say? He is best known to the people of the different parishes which he served so faithfully. The poor, the sick, the wayward, they knew him best of all, their 'dear Father Tom' as they

used to call him. He was a priest in the truest, fullest sense of the word. He had a big warm heart that beat with intensest sympathy where human woe and sorrow and need called for a friend. The good people of St. Stephen's in East 28th Street, St. Patrick's, Newburgh, St. Rose's, Cannon Street, Transfiguration, Mott Street, St. Malachy's, West 49th Street, of which he was the distinguished founder and first pastor, and lastly New Rochelle, all loved the ground he walked on. To all he was priest and father, brother and friend. Though friendly and familiar, he never once forgot the dignity of his holy priesthood, nor did they who came in contact with him ever forget that he was God's good priest. He was strong of soul and possessed of a manhood that adhered loyally to principle no matter what the consequences might be.

"As a friend he was loyal to the death. From the day of our first meeting in Monte Porzio in 1878 to the day of his death, we were friends, close friends. To me he was an ideal and an inspiration. Even yet as I travel along in my priestly life, fondest memories of him steal into my very soul to inspire, encourage, and console me. Although his blessed ashes rest in the little cemetery of New Rochelle, it seems to me that he still lives, and that we are still close together, helping one another in mutual prayer. Just a few days prior to his death, we were together in his room. We spoke of many incidents of the past days in which we were intimately concerned. Weak as he was, he laughed and joked in the same old good-natured manner that was characteristic of him. As he talked and laughed, on that occasion, all the affection of the old days beamed from his eyes, and his face was all alight with his usual happy smile. I never again looked upon his face, not even in death. Although each day I remember him in the Morning Sacrifice, I have never

knelt at the side of his grave. To me he still lives. The veil impenetrable to human vision still hangs between us, but some day it will be drawn by the hand of God, when, with the aid of my friend's prayers and with the grace of God, I shall be united in inseparable companionship in Heaven with dear Father Tom."

As far as it was possible to do so the various phases of Father Tom's active career have been portrayed in his own words. From an immense mass of material, in the form of diaries, letters, and newspaper articles, the most interesting and characteristic incidents of twenty-nine useful years in the priesthood have been selected and assigned to their appropriate place in this story of his busy life.

Some very dear and valued friends of Father Tom at first held the opinion that his musical lectures, if published, might be lacking in interest because of the absence of his melodious voice which added such charm even to his spoken words. Upon reading them over, however, and observing the amount of historical material they contain, relating to the ballads of England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, and the songs of Holy Mother Church, it is thought that they will prove interesting and valuable to students of music—hence they are included in this volume.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of extracts taken from the *Fordham Monthly*, the *Catholic Youth*, *Donahue's Magazine* of Boston, the *New York Herald*, *Men and Women*, and the *Catholic World*.

P. P. McL.

February 17, 1919.



## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—BOYHOOD DAYS . . . . .	I
II.—NEW ROCHELLE . . . . .	8
III.—AT FORDHAM . . . . .	20
IV.—IN ROME . . . . .	25
V.—YOUNG FATHER TOM . . . . .	59
VI.—TRANSFIGURATION . . . . .	77
VII.—IN DARKEST CHINATOWN . . . . .	87
VIII.—THE SINGING PRIEST . . . . .	104
IX.—HAPPY DAYS . . . . .	121
X.—THE TRAVELER . . . . .	141
XI.—TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A PRIEST . . . . .	177
XII.—ALL IS VANITY . . . . .	191

## LECTURES

I.—ARCHBISHOP HUGHES . . . . .	219
II.—IRELAND THE HOME OF MUSIC AND SONG . . . . .	239
III.—FOSTER'S NEGRO MELODIES . . . . .	262
IV.—BALLADS OF MERRIE ENGLAND . . . . .	278
V.—SONGS OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS . . . . .	296
VI.—MELODIES AND SONGS OF IRELAND . . . . .	307
VII.—SONGS OF SUNNY ITALY . . . . .	322
VIII.—GOUNOD'S SACRED SONGS . . . . .	340
IX.—SMILES AND TEARS OF ERIN . . . . .	354
X.—MELODIES OF MOTHER CHURCH . . . . .	373
INDEX . . . . .	397





## ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
REV. THOMAS P. McLOUGHLIN . . . . . <i>Frontispiece</i> Father Tom	
REV. THOMAS McLOUGHLIN . . . . . Founder of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New Rochelle, N. Y.	8
FACSIMILE OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES'S LETTER . . . . .	12
RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR PATRICK F. McSWEENEY	18
THE FORDHAM STUDENT, 1877 . . . . .	22
IN ROME . . . . . From a photograph taken in Rome, November 21, 1878	52
SHANLIS HOUSE, ARDEE, COUNTY LOUTH, IRELAND . . . . .	62
FATHER TOM AT YONKERS IN 1890 . . . . .	78
THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION, MOTT AND PARK STS., N. Y. CITY . . . . .	94
FATHER TOM AND HIS BROTHERS . . . . .	114
FACSIMILE OF ARCHBISHOP FARLEY'S LETTER . . . . .	122
THE CHAPEL OF ST. SEBASTIAN, FORT SLOCUM, NEW YORK . . . . .	130
FATHER TOM AND A FIRST COMMUNION CLASS AT THE HUME SCHOOL . . . . .	134

	PAGE
THE CHURCH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, NEW ROCHELLE . . . . .	178
THE BLESSED SACRAMENT SCHOOL, NEW ROCHELLE .	188
THE MONUMENT IN HOLY SEPULCHRE CEMETERY, NEW ROCHELLE . . . . .	216

**FATHER TOM**



# FATHER TOM

---

## CHAPTER I

### BOYHOOD DAYS

SMILES and tears; hopes and fears; triumphs and disappointments. These sentiments and emotions, variable as sunshine and shadow, enter into the life of everyone, but they were singularly manifested in the career of Rev. Thomas Patrick McLoughlin, the subject of this sketch, compiled by one who brings to the task a wealth of loving remembrance of an exceptionally lovable character.

Born in the old city of Brooklyn, on September 17, 1859, the son of John McLoughlin and Mary Frances McSweeney, Tom McLoughlin came naturally by his love of the land of Erin, her folklore and her songs, as his parents were of Irish nativity. His father was eighteen years old when he left the home of his boyhood in Ardee, County Louth, while his mother could boast that she first saw the light in "Cork's own town" and was, therefore, one of "God's own people."

Priests there had been on both sides of the house. Two granduncles and four uncles on his mother's side and his great-granduncle, Rev. John Heely, Pastor of Louth and Dunleer, and his uncle on his father's side were priests whose services to the cause of the Catholic Church in Ireland, France, and America were distinguished for true piety, unstinted sacrifice, and heroic devotion to duty.

## Father Tom

On the maternal side his granduncle, Rev. Patrick McSweeney, was president of the Irish College in Paris for forty years and was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French Government for eminent services in the cause of education. Another granduncle, Rev. Timothy Harnett, was parish priest of Duagh, County Kerry, Ireland. Four uncles, Patrick, Edward, John O'Callaghan, and Francis McSweeney all were graduates of the Propaganda in Rome. John O'Callaghan and Francis, who died in the early days of their priesthood, were noted for their saintliness of disposition and eagerness for work among God's poor. Dr. Edward McSweeney, after serving as curate in New York City and pastor of St. Mary's, Poughkeepsie, became, as a matter of choice, professor of theology at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, where he spent his useful life in training young men for the priesthood and where his memory is cherished as a gifted instructor, a considerate and kindly companion and friend, and a valiant defender of the truths of the Catholic religion.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Patrick McSweeney, pastor of St. Brigid's, New York, who died February 24, 1907, was a priest of the New York diocese who was conspicuous for his zeal in the cause of Christian education, a consistent advocate of real temperance and a prominent example of the dignity of the priesthood. While Dr. Patrick McSweeney was pastor of St. Peter's in Poughkeepsie he effected an arrangement with the school board by which the schools of that parish were supported by the city. The Sisters of Charity and other Catholic teachers were accepted by the board on the nomination of the pastor. His right was acknowledged to reject school books which he thought might be hurtful to the faith or morals of the children. Under this so-called "Poughkeepsie Plan" catechism was taught and instruction given every day at

suitable hours and the children were entirely under the influence of the church. This arrangement lasted for a full quarter of a century.

On the prohibition or total abstinence question, Dr. McSweeney had very decided views. A renowned advocate of total abstinence delivered a lecture to the men of St. Brigid's, and in his peroration, with enthusiastic fervor, urged them all to come forward and take the total abstinence pledge for life. Not a man moved from his place, but Dr. McSweeney, with his ready Irish wit, relieved the tense situation by rising and saying to the men:

We all cannot be perfect. I will ask you men to stand up and I will divide this room off into several benches. Those who feel that they are strong enough with God's grace, to take a pledge to abstain from liquor for life will come up and sit on the first bench. Those who can promise to abstain from liquor during the holy season of Lent will take their places on the second bench. Those who will promise not to drink in a saloon can sit on the third bench, and those who will promise not to treat another man to a drink can sit on the fourth bench.

All the benches, except the first, were rapidly filled and the eloquent temperance lecturer was more than satisfied with the result of his evening's work.

Dr. McSweeney was a deep thinker and a profound student of the conditions existing among the poor of the tenements in his parish. His sermons, as well as his conversation, were remarkable for their simplicity and solidity; and the manner in which he brought out the truth hidden in the heart of the average man would frequently cause his hearers to say: "Why, I often thought of that but never heard it expressed before," which, after all, is true eloquence—to say something which everybody thinks about but is either too timid or has not the power to

express. Dr. McSweeney founded two scholarships in St. Francis Xavier's College, New York; founded a bursary in his beloved Propaganda in Rome to educate forever a priest for the diocese of Mobile, Alabama, and a scholarship at Dunwoodie Seminary, in each of which institutions zealous young students are to-day reaping the benefit of his foresight and undying interest in Catholic education.

With this splendid heritage it is not surprising that Tom McLoughlin, as a boy, displayed qualities which stamped him as having a genuine vocation for the priesthood. This early inclination towards a religious life was carefully fostered by his good mother who, amid struggles that would have broken down any but a stout heart, brought up her family of eleven children in the fear and love of God. A woman of frail physique, but of indomitable courage and will, she spent herself in the care and guidance of her children, instilling into their young minds principles of honesty and integrity in word and deed which lingered with them long years after she had passed to her eternal reward. She realized the ideal of the true Catholic mother whose household is her kingdom, whose children are her soldiers, whose battles are with the world and its wickedness. It is not in the lecture hall, at the bar, or in the pulpit that the Catholic mother exercises her influence, but in the sanctity of her home. She does not go abroad like men and in public places give vent to her opinion, but at her cheerful fireside she gently but firmly instils into the minds of her children the moral principles which shall guide them through life. It is the good mother who forms the character of the men and women of the future, teaching them to be honorable, good, and true. No man, however far he may wander from his early surroundings, can forget the teachings received at his mother's knee. They follow him through life as bright stars of hope and love whose light is undimmed by age. They are the in-



visible reins which direct his course in the paths of rectitude and virtue. This truly noble mother taught her children to trust in God in everything they did; that the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom; to be loyal to one another; to envy no one; that pride would have a fall; to be honest in word and deed; never, above anything else to tell a lie; that you could not pay a bill by putting it behind the clock; that poverty was no disgrace; that sickness we must expect; that death was the common lot of all mankind, and that the only real disgrace in life was brought about by bad conduct. This Catholic mother was the inspiration of Tom McLoughlin's boyhood and his guiding star in after years. The lessons which she so simply taught could not be misunderstood and were never forgotten. While still a lad young Tom came for a time under the direction and guidance of another sterling Catholic woman in the person of his grandmother Jane McLoughlin, who lived with her son, Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, pastor of New Rochelle. The love which young Tom had for his sweet, gentle, and kindly grandmother was deep and abiding. She seemed to be an instrument in the hands of God to guide his footsteps towards the altar, even as a boy, and her prayers for his success and perseverance in his vocation were earnest and constant. Like all young boys he was fond of sweet things and during the time he spent in New Rochelle he never wanted for anything in that line that his good grandmother could make or procure for him. She was, however, a sensible, prudent, and sincerely religious woman who never spoiled either her favorite grandson or any other children, relatives or otherwise, who from time to time came under her direction and care. It was in the little parish school on Drake's Lane, New Rochelle, that young Tom first learned the catechism and to read, write, and cipher under the instruction of the beloved Sister Marguerite of the Sisters of Charity.

When about ten years of age Tom was sent to the parochial school attached to the church of St. John the Evangelist in South Brooklyn, where the teachers were brothers of the Franciscan order. His friendship for the brothers as well as theirs in return lasted throughout his life. Let one of his early teachers, the modest and pious Brother Isidore, speak of his days in the primary grades of old St. John's school.

I well remember the happy day when a devoted father brought his two beautiful children, namely, young Thomas McLoughlin and John to our school. The moment I saw the boys I was highly impressed by their demeanor. They seemed to be boys who were well brought up by zealous Christian parents. I was not disappointed, for the longer I had those two boys in my charge the very sunshine seemed to gleam through the window because of them. I don't believe I ever had reason to correct them, chastise them in any way for their faults, for want of study, or general deportment, for they were all that young Christian gentlemen should be. I came to the conclusion that the parents of these boys must be of the most beautiful type. Their father was a devoted and loving parent. He would inquire occasionally how his boys were getting along. And then the mother—her virtue was reflected in the conduct of her children. You could see what she was, you could infer it from every action of her children in our school at that time. Young Tom and John progressed rapidly and went through school with honor. I never heard a teacher speak in any way than in the highest manner of the virtues of our angelic young Thomas. He was conservative with his affections—he was to such an extent conservative that he didn't mix with everybody—he knew his place, and while he was entertaining and interesting to his classmates, yet I never saw him boisterous or acting in any way unbecoming a Christian gentleman. It was certainly an evidence of something that was grand and bright for his future life. I saw it. And I was happy all along during that time, since 1871, and I have

never forgotten the impression that he made on my mind during my jurisdiction over him.

While at St. John's, young Tom displayed some of the talent which was afterwards to make him famous. In the annual exhibitions arranged by the good brothers he always had a leading part, and frequently sang simple little songs. He was remarked for his evenness of temper and amiability, being a favorite with all the lads of his own age. On one occasion during a summer vacation he was assisting his father in painting a fence around the house and some boys of the neighborhood came along and spying him with an old hat on and a dilapidated suit of clothes shouted: "Look at the old hat on Tom," and turning around to them and taking off the hat he said, "Yes, look at it, isn't it the funniest old hat you ever saw." They couldn't say anything to that and seeing that their jibes did not annoy him they slunk away. One Sunday he was at Mass with one of his young brothers and was saying his prayers in a rather loud tone and the younger brother said, "Don't pray so loud." "Why," said Tom, "if I don't pray loud how is our Lord going to hear me."

For a short time young Tom attended St. Francis' College, Brooklyn, under the direction of the Franciscan brothers and afterwards, for still another short term, was a pupil at St. Francis Xavier's College in 16th street, New York, in each college forming acquaintances and making friends, whose affection for him grew stronger as the years passed by.

## CHAPTER II

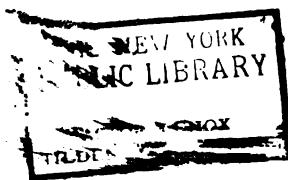
### NEW ROCHELLE

NESTLING on the sloping hills of old Westchester County lies beautiful New Rochelle, with its rocky shore line and its verdure-clad banks, rising from wave-worn rocks to distant hills. The picturesque islands in the waters of the Sound, the variegated trees which adorn its hills and valleys, the moss-grown stone walls generations old, the romantic drives through leafy groves, found on every hand, make New Rochelle a mighty park of rare natural beauty. In 1683 to the shores of this pretty hamlet, lined with cedars and evergreens, came the Huguenots from La Rochelle, France. The Huguenots landed at Bonnefoi Point, now Hudson Park, one of the most delightful spots along the shores of Long Island Sound. These good people, industrious and home loving, came to America in search of political and religious freedom, and found an abiding place amid most charming surroundings. In more recent times its accessibility—seventeen miles from New York City—its wealth of farm land, wood land, and stream, its shaded streets, its well-kept lawns, its pure water, its miles of water front with numerous safe harbors have attracted to New Rochelle thousands of New York people who realized the need of bringing up their children far away from the noise, the smoke, and the manifold dangers of the big city. New Rochelle, liberally endowed by nature, has lost none of its



**REV. THOMAS MCLOUGHLIN**

**FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.**



charm by the building of comfortable homes on its hill-sides and they have in no way marred the superb natural beauty of this old Huguenot village.

In 1853 Bishop John Hughes, afterwards famous as the lion-hearted Archbishop of New York, assigned Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, uncle of young Tom, to minister to the spiritual wants of the many Irish Catholic families, who, driven by famine and persecution from their native land, had, like the Huguenots of old, sought a refuge, in this fair land, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their conscience and where their hearts could be free, and found it in beautiful New Rochelle. As this good pioneer priest laid deep and lasting the foundations of the Church in this section of Westchester County, and as it was through his kindly interest, advice, and material help that young Tom went forward to the priesthood, it is but just to his memory that a brief account of his labors for the salvation of souls should be given. Thomas McLoughlin was born in Shanlis, Ardee, County Louth, Ireland, the son of Patrick McLoughlin and Jane Heely, on November 21, 1826, and was baptised on the 26th of the same month by Rev. John Levins, P. P. His father was a farmer, as was his grandfather, Thomas, and his great-grandfather, John, all formerly of the parish of Collon. When young he was sent to a National school, and at the age of fourteen went to the College of Navan, County Meath, where he studied five years. His father was a man of strong character and earnest religious feeling. Patrick's brother Peter came to America in 1826. The affection existing between these two Irish brothers is best illustrated by a few lines from two letters. One dated Shanlis, April 15, 1828 says:

Do nothing from yourself; always put your trust in God. Never forget God and your holy religion and also your relig-

## Father Tom

ious duties as I understand there is little thought about religion in America, but hope you will not forget my advice to you in this principle for as the Scripture tells us "What does it avail a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul." If things do not go to your wishes or the climate does not agree with your health do not have any hesitation in coming home to me as I believe you know that there is not that person in this world so welcome to me as you will be.

I remain, dear Peter, until death,

Your loving and affectionate brother,

PATRICK.

The other dated, "New York, September 1, 1829" says:

This is the best country in the world. There is no want; there is room and a living for all but you may depend they must work for it. The greater part of business in New York is done on borrowed capital, and it is very difficult to know how the people stand it. There are many doing a large business who, if their accounts were wound up, would be thousands of dollars in debt. Notwithstanding you or I not communicating in the long lapse of two years you and I well know that the same brotherly love that always was will ever be until death. Remember me to Jane and little Thomas,

Your affectionate brother,

PETER.

Peter McLoughlin met with success in New York, was a member of the Board of Governors of the City Alms House, and was one of the right hand men of Bishop Hughes, in his work of building up the church in New York. It was he who sent to Ireland for young Thomas in 1845. Coming to America in that year, Thomas entered St. John's College, Fordham, which was then under the presidency of Rev. John Harley, and subsequently of Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, afterwards Bishop of Newark, and later Archbishop of Baltimore. When the Jesuits



took charge of Fordham College and Seminary he continued his studies with them and went through a one year's course of philosophy and three years of theology. He was ordained a priest by Bishop Hughes on the first of August, 1851. His first mission was attending Calvary Cemetery during the sickness of Father Conroy, the then chaplain. After three months, on the first of November, 1851, he was appointed assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Sixth Avenue, New York, under Father McCarron. There he labored for two years when he was appointed pastor of New Rochelle and its outside missions. In designating him to this charge the good Bishop wrote:

NEW YORK, October 25, 1853.

REV'D DEAR SIR:

I have thought it expedient for the interests of religion in this Diocese to appoint you pastor of New Rochelle and the out missions depending on it. Please hasten with as little delay as possible to your charge. I will soon send you an assistant priest.

Yours faithfully in Xt.

✠ J. ABP. of N. YORK.

REV'D. THOMAS McLOUGHLIN,  
St. Joseph's, N. Y.

The outside missions referred to were Mamaroneck, Portchester, White Plains, Tuckahoe, City Island, Rye, Pelhamville, and Harrison. In the bitter cold of winter and the intense heat of summer, this sturdy pioneer priest ministered to the religious needs of the good people of these various settlements, never sparing himself. Leaving New Rochelle at six o'clock, Sunday morning, he would drive to Mamaroneck or one of the other towns several miles away, hear confessions, say Mass, and after attending to other parish details would return to New Rochelle,

where Mass was said at ten thirty. This mission extended from Westchester and Mount Vernon, N. Y., to Stamford, Conn., and from the East River to Yonkers. After ten months he resigned the churches at Portchester and White Plains to his assistant, Rev. Martin Dowling. Later he resigned Tuckahoe and Mamaroneck, where he built churches, to resident priests, and finally resident priests were assigned to Rye, City Island, Pelhamville, and Harrison. Then his work for some years was confined to New Rochelle, where after enlarging and improving his church on Drake Avenue, he finally found it too small and not sufficiently centrally located. He then purchased the site of the present church of the Blessed Sacrament at Centre Avenue and Beauchamp Place. He took down the old brick church on Drake Avenue and rebuilt it for a school, as it is now seen alongside the new marble church which is one of the most beautiful in the country. This church was erected some years after the destruction of the wooden one by lightning on June 24, 1890. This was done after the parish had been divided and under great and trying difficulties; still he succeeded, and the beautiful church now stands a monument to his pluck and perseverance and is an ornament and pride of the city of New Rochelle.

Even in the early years of his priesthood Father McLoughlin was distinguished for his love of justice and fair play for every man, black or white. In a short catechism which he compiled for his children the answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" was "Mankind—of whatever country, color, race, or religion." This indicated his natural love of justice and the brotherhood of man, made him an Abolitionist before the War, and a Union man during the War, and always a strong and zealous advocate of the rights of the laboring classes. He was a strong advocate of religious education. He wanted Catholic education for Catholics, and for everyone else the religious

New York Oct. 25<sup>th</sup>/53

Rev Dear Sir

I have thought  
it expedient for the interests  
of religion in this Diocese to  
appoint you Pastor of St. Roch  
and the out-missions depending  
on it.

Please hasten with as little  
delay as possible to your  
charge. I will soon send you  
an assistant Priest—

Yours faithfully in X<sup>st</sup>

+ L. Abp of N. York.

Rev Thomas McLaughlin  
St Joseph's N. Y.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

education that parents desired. He was consistent. While he protested vigorously against Catholic children being compelled to read the Protestant Bible in the Public Schools yet he advocated the retention of that Bible for Protestant children, and when it was taken away from them he was the only one to protest, and he addressed a letter to the Protestant parents begging them to vote to have the Bible brought back. He held that mere secular education would never make the best citizens, nor even good citizens; that religion was absolutely necessary for everyone; for the Catholic, the Catholic religion first, and second and alone, above all and at any and every and all sacrifice. In bold letters on the front walls of his little school on Centre Avenue he had printed the striking sentence, "Education without religion—the loss of the soul—the ruin of the Republic."

Father McLoughlin was an earnest advocate of the doctrine of the single tax. In an article written by him on this subject he said:

"With my life long friend, Dr. McGlynn, and such distinguished prelates as Bishop Nulty of Meath and Cardinal Manning, as well as many other Bishops, priests, and laymen of the Catholic Church I hold that the single tax would practically abolish involuntary poverty, and with it the temptations and sins poverty too often brings. It would secure for every man an opportunity to labor as well as the proceeds or worth of his labor. It would make him at last a free man, not dependent upon any man nor begging of any man permission to labor. It would do justice in giving back to man what God created for him and gave him to live on and by, but what cruel, unjust American law has taken away from him and given over to the sole use and benefit of the miscalled owners, thus depriving him of the means of life. Under the single tax men would not be unwilling to marry for fear of not being

able to support a wife and rear a large family. The family would be thus multiplied and strengthened instead of as now lessened and weakened. A man would love to be in his home, for he could then have a home, and with his children instead of in the whisky shop or even in the club. He would be sure of moderate comfort and have little or no fear for the future. He would not envy anyone, rich by superior talents or strength of mind or body. The arrogance of the rich and the corresponding obsequiousness of the poor, growing apace among us, would wane and soon cease altogether. Equality would make great and good progress and a man would at last be 'A man for a' that.' I believe that the single tax, in conjunction with the mighty power of the Catholic religion, on the spiritual side, which has such care for man, watching over him and ministering to him from the cradle to the grave, and even after death following him by her prayers and sacrifices, would bring on a little, yea, a big millennium, a little Heaven on earth, a foretaste of the eternal Heaven hereafter."

In 1901 old Father Tom celebrated his golden jubilee in the priesthood and the occasion was the cause of general rejoicing on the part of the people of all denominations in New Rochelle.

Resident pastors having been, from time to time, appointed in the surrounding towns, the later years of Father McLoughlin's labors were confined to his parish work in the Blessed Sacrament in New Rochelle. Here he labored zealously in the cause of Christ until his sudden death, on December 9, 1902. As he lived he died. The hardy pioneer, who had weathered the storms of severe winters, who feared neither cold nor rain nor sleet when duty called him to the bedside of the dying, was stricken at the foot of God's altar as he was about to begin the Holy Sacrifice and, being carried to the vestry, breathed his last, clothed

in the sacred vestments of his holy office, upon which there was not a stain after fifty-one years of tireless service in God's vineyard.

While Father McLoughlin was not called upon to go to the front during the Civil War he did his share of service in attending the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers who were sent from the battlefields to the government hospital on David's Island, in the waters of the Sound opposite New Rochelle.

DE CAMP GENERAL HOSPITAL,  
DAVID'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR,  
February 28, 1864.

SIR:

I transmit herewith a request from officers and patients in this hospital, who are Roman Catholics, asking that they be permitted the use of the United States chapel on this island for the performance of Catholic service by a priest of their own faith.

I desire your counsel and instructions to rightly dispose of the application so that, as far as is consistent with the welfare of the hospital and the service, all patients of whatever religious sect, may feel that in all necessary things they are equal in the consideration of the Medical Department.

Will you give me as soon as may be, your views and directions in respect to any arrangements necessary to be made as to time and place of their religious services.

Very respectfully,

(signed) WARREN WEBSTER,  
*Ass't. Surgeon, U. S. A.*

To

SURGEON C. McDUGALL,

In charge.

U. S. A. Medical Dept. of the East,  
458 Broome St., New York.

This request was finally referred to Chaplain Lowry on David's Island with instructions to grant permission for Catholic services in the chapel at such hours as would not interfere with the religious services conducted by him.

## Father Tom

DE CAMP GENERAL HOSPITAL,  
DAVID'S ISLAND, N. Y.,  
March 2, 1864.

Respectfully referred to the Rev. Mr. McLoughlin, who is granted the use of the chapel of this hospital for the performance of Catholic service, as requested by the petitioners, viz., at 8 o'clock A. M. Sundays, 4 o'clock on week days and at any other time when the chapel is not otherwise occupied. Special application for its use in the latter case being made by him to the surgeon in charge.

WARREN WEBSTER,  
*Ass't. Surgeon, U. S. A.*  
In charge.

After this permission had been granted, Father McLoughlin celebrated the Holy Sacrifice every Sunday in the Government chapel on David's Island for the benefit of the Catholic soldiers stationed there, attended the sick soldiers and administered the last rites to the dying, not only during the continuance of the war but for many years afterwards.

Dr. Edward McSweeney, the learned professor of Mt. St. Mary's, said of old Father Tom: "'Tis not everyone who had the frank independence of the pastor of the Blessed Sacrament. And if worldly honors passed him by, therefore, how infinitely more enjoyable was the testimony of his own big heart, that he had never kept silence when justice seemed to demand his voice, or iniquity his scorn."

A tablet over his grave, which is just within the shadow of the tower of the church of the Blessed Sacrament, sums up his work in these words:

IN MEMORIAM  
REV. THOMAS MCLOUGHLIN

Founder of the church of the Blessed Sacrament. Fifty years pastor of this parish. A faithful priest. A true patriot. An ardent defender of the rights of the people. God rest his soul.



Here is the sincere tribute paid to old Father Tom by the learned and eloquent rector of Holy Trinity, Mamaronock, Rev. Isidore Meister, in 1912, when speaking at the unveiling of the tablet to his memory.

In looking for a scriptural mould in which to cast the character of the great and noble man whom we honor to-day, almost instinctively there comes before our mental vision the words of inspiration "Blessed is the man that is found without blemish, and hath not gone after gold, neither hath put his trust in riches nor in treasure. Who is he, and we will praise him. For wonderful things hath he done in his life." (Eccles. xxx., 18.)

This stately pile, this worthy fane, this architectural gem of purest marble, so emblematic of his virgin soul, as well as the solidity of his character, will in the onflow of the years point its graceful spire heavenward; while within the hallowed walls will be continued by consecrated hands the supernatural forces set in motion and energized by his strong personality, the priceless, the salvific, the divine work of the redemption. Nothing short of a measure in the hands of God can form a just estimate of the man whom we feel proud to honor—the saintly Father Thomas McLoughlin.

This is not all, for from this holy place, as from a common center, there radiated to the neighboring towns, the same supernatural and moral forces. Here he lighted the fires of holy sacrifice, built shrine and temple to the living God, and thus stood at the source of what are now centers of religious life and activity.

It would bring us too far afield to consider him as the first citizen of this town for half a century. The extent and importance of this moral influence in the up-building of New Rochelle, it is difficult, if not impossible, to estimate. Indeed it is a favorable sign of the times when one man, single handed, can effect such a vast amount of good for the well-being of a community. It needs must be conceded that this young, though historic city, stands on a proud eminence as one of the most

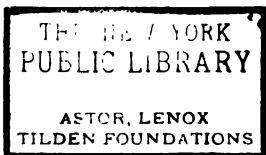
orderly, most moral and law-abiding cities of the nation, as well as one of the most healthy. In guiding its infant steps, in the formation of its youthful character, in the making of this ideal home center, his was the powerful, the vitalizing force that contributed largely to its present enviable position.

And finally in view of his luminous example, of his charity, wide as our humanity itself, his unswerving devotion to duty, his long and eventful life it behooves us here, standing over his blessed remains, to consecrate ourselves anew to all that he stood for,—the Apostolic priest, the true friend, and the loyal citizen.

As young Tom was a delicate lad he spent much time in New Rochelle and here doubtless his vocation was nurtured by learning the serving of Mass, and being constantly in the company of one of God's anointed. Here, too, he had the delightful experience of meeting, from time to time, a coterie of learned priests who gathered under the evergreen trees in front of the old residence in Drake's Lane and often indulged in theological discussions. Among these priests were Father Thomas Farrell of St. Joseph's, New York, a pioneer in Catholic Church work among the colored people; Father Sylvester Malone of SS. Peter and Paul's, Brooklyn, whose sturdy Americanism made him a national figure; Dr. McGlynn of St. Stephen's, New York, the zealous advocate of the cause of the poor and oppressed laboring classes; Dr. Burtzell of the Epiphany, New York, the eminent theologian and ecclesiastical lawyer, and Dr. Patrick McSweeney of St. Brigid's, New York. Young Tom evidently "listened in" on some of these intellectual discussions, and imbibed much of the splendid spirit of religious zeal, as well as pure patriotism, which filled the hearts and minds of these earnest priests back in the days when the Church was not as powerful or as highly respected, by those outside its pale, as it is to-day.



**RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR PATRICK F. MCSWEENEY**



Of the inspiration and guidance he received from mingling with these men, Father Tom said:

"At an early age I had mastered the Latin of the Mass and served Mass for all these priests on several occasions. As I look back now over the years one thing that impressed me was the dignified way in which every one of them celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They never seemed in a hurry and I remarked this particularly at the *Introibo* and the *Kyrie Eleison*. I dare say that the priest who says Mass in twenty minutes has just as much faith, devotion, and piety as one who takes thirty minutes, but I am only recalling my early impressions of these men of strong faith and their great reverence for the Mass and all that pertained to religious worship. They were all strong Union men and admirers of Abraham Lincoln. They were all loyal citizens of the United States and intensely loyal, at the same time, to their magnificent clerical leader, Archbishop Hughes."

While he was receiving these impressions along religious and patriotic lines his good uncle taught him, as well, the need of moderation in eating and drinking and to love nature and the delights of country life. Frequently when driving along the lovely country roads in the vicinity, he would test the young lad's knowledge of the various trees abounding in that section, and young Tom early learned to distinguish maple, poplar, beech, locust, elm, chestnut, and hickory.

It was thus that Tom McLoughlin became associated with New Rochelle in his boyhood days. Here he formed many friendships among the children of those rugged pioneers, both Catholic and Protestant, who laid the foundations of the material prosperity of the town, and they followed the course of his subsequent career with sincere interest and pride.

## CHAPTER III

### AT FORDHAM

IN 1874, Tom McLoughlin was entered as a student at Fordham College where, under the direction of the Jesuits, he studied and prayed that God might direct his footsteps in the path that He wished him to go. Regarding his days at Fordham and the impress he made on his fellow students and teachers let one of his classmates and a cherished friend speak. Rev. Cornelius Clifford, the distinguished scholar and lecturer, in an article in the *Fordham Monthly* said:

It was in September, 1877, surely more than a long generation ago, as generations are reckoned in that strange compost of fact and fancy and fetichism of which the school world is so largely made up, that I first met Tom McLoughlin and began a friendship which I have ever since looked upon as one of the most precious assets of my life. I had come from the mock specialisms and the high-sounding futilities of the City College as it was in General Webb's day, and I was straightway introduced to a world whose atmosphere, one felt, was tonic with benevolent contempt for nearly everything that that municipal nursery of higher knowledge symbolized. It was when dealing with my new masters in their academic capacity that I realized the change most keenly; but—and the fact is worth noting by critics and historians of the "Jesuit Method"—my school-fellows, too, were not without a certain touch of *méchanceté* in bringing home to my bewildered understanding the same disquieting sense of altered values in things.

It was at such a crisis that Tom McLoughlin became my friend. I had been introduced to him by Father Gockeln, who was Rector in those days; and I can recall very distinctly even now the impression of awesomeness that took hold of me as I heard the great man say that he would procure me a *fidus Achates* to save me from getting lost about the place. The *fidus Achates*, who was found, after due search and summons, turned out to be a handsome, kindly-faced, fair-haired boy of great charm of manner, enhanced by a voice that was one of the most delightful I had ever heard from a human being. Tom's immediate charge, delivered to him from over the steel rims of Father Gockeln's spectacles, which were habitually worn far down on his nose whenever he addressed us boys, was to the effect that I should be taken over to Father Racicot's office, there to be examined as to my fitness for entering Father George Kenny's class.

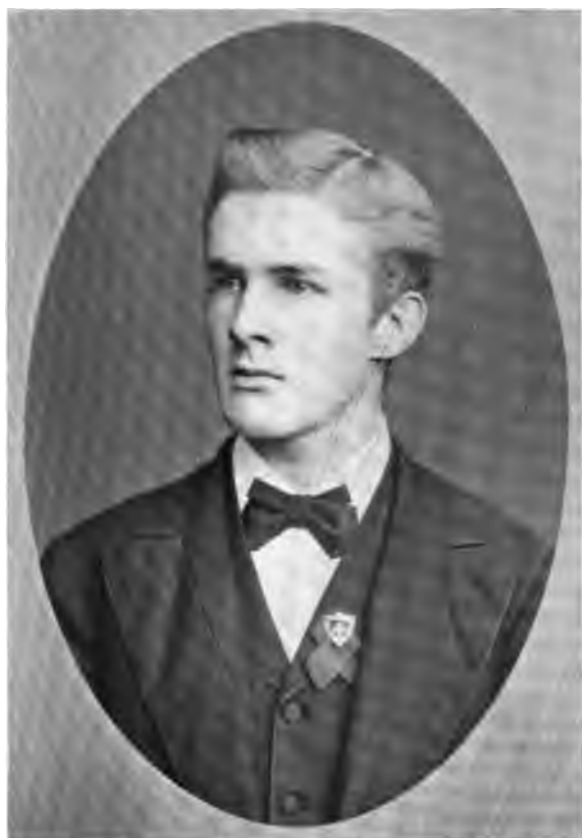
Fordham, I am told, has branched out and widened the cords of its tents in many modern directions since those days, and in the process of its inevitable expansion it has dropped, if not the reality, at least the style and title of many a scholastic tradition that proved its descent from a great pedagogic past. America, no doubt, could not be expected to care for these things of which it understood neither the history nor the significance; and so the old school distinctions of Rhetoric, Belles Lettres, and the rest, have dropped out of usage; but the class for which I was booked after the brief interview with Father Racicot, to whom my new-found friend had conducted me, was the wonderful little band of Rhetoric known then as the class of '79.

I thought them wonderful then; and I think them quite wonderful still, as I look back upon them in their shadowy, yet genuine, unity, even to-day. They numbered a baker's dozen or so of the most miscellaneous and disparately endowed aspirants after knowledge and piety it has ever been my good fortune to know. If they could be spoken of seriously as a unit—and they certainly could be—it was due to the veritable *esprit de corps* breathed into them by their master, the late Father George Kenny, S. J. I have known school-boy nature

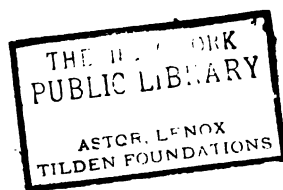
in many moods and in many lands, but I have never known a more responsive discipleship—responsive, I mean, in the sense that makes the real worth of the Jesuit system, the responsiveness of the heart, and of just so much of the head as that always problematical organ is capable of—than the discipleship into the sweep of which I was caught up literally from the first day. I think it scarcely an exaggeration to say that the class worshiped its master; and I have had a haunting conviction ever since that the master in his turn genuinely worshiped his class. We thought him omniscient, and we thought him, too, the very soul of honor. I had many an opportunity in after life of gauging that first article of our belief; for Father Kenny's modesty was of the sort that takes refuge in candor, and he would often laugh over the solemn trivialities of our afternoon "prelections" in Sophocles; but no amount of self-depreciation on his part could ever shake that second article of my belief. He was a gentleman to his finger tips and the soul of courtesy in dealing with his boys. What wonder, if the boys on their side made a kind of religion of their courtesy, too?

I can scarcely recall whether we had anything as definite as a class organization. My impression is that we never resorted to anything of the kind; but Tom McLoughlin was the accepted leader and spokesman of us all, as he was also our coryphæus and representative in the delightful Class-Specimens—do they still obtain, I wonder, or have they gone with the fine old Fordham pedantries that were?—in the informal entertainments and in the more ambitious efforts of the Dramatic Society over which dear Mr. Scully—"honest John" was his singularly appropriate nickname among the actors—presided so efficiently in those days. The old stage and green-room, on the back scenes and walls of which it was our ambition to perpetuate our names in awful paint, stood at the east end of the Study Hall in what was then known as The First Division Building. It was a huge unfinished structure of no particular school of architecture, but it made up in inward roominess and utility what it lacked in outward grace. Many of the rehearsals for these performances and plays were held in the dormitory over the classroom corridor, because the Study Hall was





**THE FORDHAM STUDENT, 1877**



not always free; and Tom McLoughlin, I remember, had an extraordinarily persuasive way in convincing either Mr. Scully or Father Kenny, that a glass of wine and a piece of cake were needed to revive the drooping energies of the rehearsers.

In a rambling string of buildings, half wood and half brick, since pulled down, I am told, a certain Brother Bradley kept a college shop or store in which anything from a lead pencil to an indigestible pie or bottle of "pop" could be purchased for cash. The good brother was often accused—quite unjustly, I am sure—of small departures from that strict integrity of trade to which modern society is thought to be patiently creeping up; and at one time he was indiscreet enough to boast in the hearing of my friend Tom, that no one could ever succeed in passing bad money over his peep-hole of a counter. Father Nicholas Hanrahan, sweet and shy and comically red-headed, heard of the injudicious boast, and gave Tom McLoughlin nearly a dollar in bad silver to do with as he would. Almost the entire class of Rhetoric were invited to a treat that afternoon, and the unsuspected coin was pushed across the board and swept into the Brother's mysterious till. All the laughter was naturally in our favor; but the Brother's turn for shrewder merriment came later on in the month when Tom and others found themselves burdened with an amount of spurious coin, that no one in the college could be induced to accept and least of all Brother Bradley. What final disposition was made of this coin or how Father Hanrahan or Brother Bradley compounded their consciences with the net result to all concerned, I have never heard. Those were the days of the famous Brother Macé, and his assistant Mr. Simon, who were among Tom's most loyal friends and admirers. His taste for music naturally endeared him to them, and it was then that our little college world began to wake up to the possibilities that lay in Tom McLoughlin's wonderful voice.

The real secret of Tom McLoughlin's popularity was, no doubt, the indescribable thing that we call personal charm. Fordham may have encouraged its development; but not a little of its vitality came, I have always thought, from that curious combination of inherited gifts which tempered his

lighter graces with a deep and most religious seriousness, and which made him ultimately the noble type of priest that he became. His mother was a McSweeney and his father was the brother of one of the sturdiest and most earnest priests that ever fought to break down the strong anti-Catholic prejudice that prevailed in the small towns of this country half a century ago. While a true McLoughlin in the outward heartiness of his manner, in his inexhaustible good humor, and his wonderful powers of mimicry, he was a McSweeney in his chivalrous defense of failing causes, in his fine sense of loyalty, and in his devotion to the more spiritual side of his creed.

While active in the Dramatic Society, as noted by Father Clifford, and frequently taking part in the performances held during the school year, Tom McLoughlin made splendid progress in his studies at Fordham and won several honors. In May, 1877, he was chosen as one of the class orators. He prepared and delivered an essay on "Pius IX. and the States of the Church," and received the highest praise from his teachers and friends for his intelligent presentation of the subject. On June 26th, 1878, he was awarded the first prize, a silver medal, for Belle Lettres. At the same commencement exercises he received as a prize for excellence in elocution, a work by John O'Kane Murray on the *Prose and Poetry of Ireland*. Many pages in this book show pencil notes in Tom McLoughlin's handwriting which indicate that even at that early age he had begun to take a deep interest in the literature and poetry of the land of his fathers. His days at Fordham were full of interesting events and he always looked back upon them as among the happiest of his life.

## CHAPTER IV

### IN ROME

IN the fall of 1878, Tom McLoughlin entered the North American College in Rome as a student. Sailing from New York, September 21st, he arrived in the Eternal City on October 11th. His feelings and thoughts during his first few days in Rome are told in his own words:

"We arrived at about one o'clock P.M. I thought it was a grand old city as I approached it, I saw many domes, but among them I failed to distinguish St. Peter's. This disappointed me somewhat though for all I know I may have seen it and not known it. We got a stage at the depot to take us to the New York Hotel. When we had dinner, we felt refreshed after our journey. Rome made a very small impression on me at first, the buildings were so old-looking and dilapidated, the streets so narrow and such specimens of real poverty on all sides. We went to the American College, which is a very fine building. All the students and faculty, including Dr. Hostelot, were at the Villa at Monte Portio. The Boston students met their Vicar General just as we were leaving the college, and he told us to change our hotel to the Minerva situated just opposite Cardinal McCloskey's titular church. He told us that Bishop Healy of Portland was stopping there. Father Metcalf, the Vicar General of Boston, is an old Vice Rector of the American College and I must say was very kind indeed to all of us.

"To-day, October 12, 1878, has been the day of my life. I have had one of my greatest desires fulfilled. I have knelt at the tomb of the apostles! I have trod upon the sacred floors of the church of St. Peter. We arrived at the grand plaza in front of the church and, as I came inside of the grand porticoes and the magnificent dome of the church of St. Peter, I felt a thrill go through me which did not cease for a long time. We walked up the great staircase, saw the obelisk, the beautiful fountains and the statues which you see represented in the pictures, and at length my impatient desire was gratified. I was inside of St. Peter's. I involuntarily fell on my knees and the words of the royal prophet came to my mind, 'Lord, it is good to be here.' I was struck with awe at the grandeur of this gorgeous temple and I felt faith as I never did before. How can visitors to this shrine say they have been disappointed? When I entered St. Paul's in London I was not at all impressed by the place, bare walls, everything musty and nothing but space; but here in St. Peter's, ah! how different! You feel that you are in God's holy temple where He Himself is truly present. We walked towards two little marble angels holding up a font of holy water and, when we reached them, we found that they were about eight feet high. We walked on and saluted the toe of St. Peter and thence proceeded to the tomb of the apostles; the tomb where repose the relics of SS. Peter and Paul and there I fell on my knees and prayed as I had seldom prayed before. Oh! how earnestly I prayed for you all, how I thanked God for permitting me to visit this shrine of shrines, this heart and foundation of the Catholic religion, how I thanked the Sacred Heart for leading me to Rome and calling me to the sacred vocation of the priesthood. Ah, if any of you who read this ever visit Rome and St. Peter's and feel otherwise than I did, I will wonder. Oh! if God grants the petitions I made to him at this sacred

shrine, and I felt my prayer would be answered as I prayed, then shall my earthly happiness be complete! From the tomb of the apostles we passed to the chair of St. Peter, saw all the wonderful mosaics, chapels, etc., and then went to visit a tomb, where the remains of one reposes who is dear to me and to you all. I visited the tomb of our beloved Pius IX. Here I could not keep back my tears as I thought of that remarkable saint and all he had suffered and how patiently he bore all the indignities heaped upon him. You will get more minute descriptions of St. Peter's at some future date. From the church we went to the Coliseum, ancient Forum, Trajan's Column and Arch of Constantine. We visited the picture gallery and Sistine Chapel, saw the original Raphael *Madonna*, of which there is a copy in the church of the Blessed Sacrament, and also the *Last Judgment* by Raphael."

Thus Tom McLoughlin started on his six years' course of study for the priesthood. Among those who were his classmates in seminary days, who learned to love him and became his steadfast friends through life, were Rev. James F. Crowley, Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, Right Rev. Francis H. Wall, Rev. James B. Curry, Rev. Thomas S. Duhigg, Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, Cardinal Archbishop of Boston, and Most Rev. Edward Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco. The same gentleness of manner and geniality of disposition, which won him friends as a boy and at Fordham, were evidenced during his long years in the American College. Father Crowley, his close friend, in speaking of his life in Rome said:

I think the seminary is a very good place to judge a man's character; it is not everybody that can please everyone else, because it requires a very peculiar temperament and a very agreeable disposition to do so. I know there are a very few people that can please everybody they come in contact with,

but I want to say that after five years of very close friendship and relation with Tom McLoughlin I feel that I am in a position to say that, of all the students, there was not one who did not claim him as a very close, a very good, and a very kind friend. He seemed to have that sweet disposition, that gentleness, and that winsomeness which drew his fellow students to him and held them as friends.

Some of Father Tom's experiences in Rome are best illustrated by a few extracts from interesting letters written at various times during his long sojourn in the city which he described as "the head and center of Holy Mother Church, where the heart of the Catholic Church beats and sends out the life blood into all its members, and from whence issue those vivifying streams of grace and truth undefiled which make us loving children of so good a Mother."

Describing a visit to the Coliseum he wrote:

"I remember well, one Holy Thursday evening, the rector gave us permission to visit the repositories of the Blessed Sacrament in the city. Delighted with the opportunity we satisfied our consciences at two or three churches, and then, by mutual consent, we resolved to steal over and see the Coliseum by moonlight. We passed around the foot of the Capitoline Hill, past the prison where St. Peter was confined, and in a few minutes found ourselves among the ruins of the Forum. On all sides were the majestic columns of pagan temples standing like sentinels to keep watch over the remains of ancient Roman grandeur, and preaching to men the lesson that great progress and proficiency in the sciences and arts are not the signs of kingdoms that will last forever, but that the works of men must perish and decay, whilst the handiwork of the Creator remains till time shall be no more.

"We walked along the Via Sacra, where Horace and



Cicero and Julius Cæsar were wont to walk, and marveled at the immense blocks or paving stones over two feet square. As we ascended the hill we saw before us the Church of St. Frances of Rome, which rests upon part of the site of the Basilica of Constantine. Passing on under the Arch of Titus we went down the gentle slope and found ourselves in full view of the most magnificent ruin that exists to-day, the Roman Coliseum, the monument that testifies to the great civilization of the Romans, the silent witness to the persecution of the Christians, the ruin whose sacred wall the devout pilgrim kisses with reverence because of the blood shed there for the love of Christ.

"The great amphitheater was begun by the Emperor Vespasian, in the year 72 of the Christian era, under the direction of a Christian architect, Gaudentius, and by the labor of the captive Jews. The outward walls are one series of Roman arches, which, on one side, are in a state of great preservation. We approached nearer, passed the remains of the fountain where the gladiators washed, and entered the hallowed precincts. All was dark and lonesome and quiet. We awaited, and in a few moments the queen of night arose, in all her silvery splendor, and cast her pale light through the arches of the holy place. In an instant ghostly shadows sprang up everywhere and brought the moldering beauties of the architecture into bold relief. Words fail to express the solemnity, grandeur, magnificence of the scene; words fail to tell of the multitude of thoughts that flashed through my mind during those few precious moments we spent in so holy a place. The place seemed repeopled with the Romans of old—I imagined I saw the mighty populace gazing down into the arena, I saw the gladiators in mortal combat, watched in breathless silence the clashing of the weapons, until I saw one of the combatants fall mortally wounded,

and the cheers from thousands of throats rend the skies, while the words of the poet came back to me as I watched the poor fellow dying on the sands:

Butchered to make a Roman holiday.

“’Tis the poet who can appreciate the beauty of such a scene as that I have tried to describe. The spectres of the gladiators vanished, and in another moment the scene was changed—the crowds upon the seats were the same, the patricians or nobles occupied the lower or front tiers, above them were the middle class, and above them again the rabble. In the grand balcony, towards the east, the Emperor Diocletian, surrounded by his senators and his vestal virgins. I hear the edict read proclaiming the opening of the royal games, several preliminary contests take place, and then the cry of the rabble impatient for blood, ‘The Christians to the lion!’ I see a modest youth led into the center of the arena—the beloved Pancratius—he stands there with folded arms and downcast eyes, truly a sight for men and angels. The voice of the Prætor sounds forth, ‘Pancratius, you are accused of being a Christian; our Emperor is merciful, and if you but consent to offer incense to the gods your life will be spared.’ The answer of the youth: ‘Sire, I worship one true and living God alone, I believe Jesus of Nazareth to be His only begotten Son, and rather than deny this faith I willingly give up my life, I despise and spit on your false gods.’ The Emperor and his vestals scowl upon the handsome youth, whose heroism they deem fanaticism. Hark! What is that? Again! It is the roar of the Numidian lion, let loose from his cage, where he has been kept without food for four days. The famished beast leaps into the arena, gazes upon the slender youth, who stands unmoved. Pancratius spreads his arms in the form of a cross and cries out, ‘Jesus receive my soul!’ ’Tis, as it

were, the watchword for the lion, he crouches, with one savage bound he springs, and his jaws close on the youth's throat; the brave lad falls lifeless on the sand, and the courts of heaven burst forth into hymns of praise and thanksgiving that God has given to men such wondrous fortitude and zeal, while the vast multitude shudders, and even the bold vestals shade their eyes from such a terrible sight.

"Nor is this all—while within the sacred walls of the Coliseum, gazing on the light of the moon as it rises to the second tier of arches, my mind wanders back hundreds of years again, and I think of the gentle virgin, St. Agnes, who lived at the same time as Pancratius. I see her a noble Roman girl, who, at the age of thirteen, consecrated her virginity to God. I see her conversing with familiarity with the poor, blind, beggar girl Cecilia. I see her brought before the iniquitous judges, and the charge preferred against her is that she is a Christian, and the answer, 'Yes, I am espoused to Jesus Christ.' I hear the judges threaten to condemn her to the brothel. 'Jesus Christ will shield me.' The sword of the executioner finally sends her soul to the crown that awaits it.

"As I watch the moon rising higher I reflect within myself, oh, noble, kingly race; oh happy emperors, that were the means of giving us such noble examples and glorious patrons; oh, soil of the Coliseum, stained with the blood of hundreds like Pancratius and Agnes. I venerate you; I kiss the sacred earth and am unworthy to tread such holy ground; oh, noblest ruin of God's blessed earth, you, first of all, make us feel that Rome is the City of the Soul."

"ROME, Feb. 15, 1879.

"You'll be surprised if I tell you that since I came here I took quite a fancy to practising and now I can play

almost any air by ear and not with one finger either but with a good accompaniment, I'll surprise you in six years' time! You have a good disposition, somewhat like my own and consequently a big heart, *i.e.*, a loving heart. Perhaps it would be better for some of us if we had not so much heart. A big heart is a gift of God and the way to appreciate it is to give it entirely to God and then there will be no danger of its leading you away from the love of God to a too ardent love of creatures. Keep before your mind the words of the saintly A Kempis 'Love Him (Jesus Christ) and retain Him as your friend who when all forsake He will not abandon you nor suffer you to perish in the end.' And speaking of this let me advise you to read a little every day from *The Imitation of Christ*. You will find sentences all through it which will be applicable to yourself, and the reading of it will give you all the spiritual consolation you need."

"VILLA AMERICANO, PALESTRINA,  
October 16, 1879.

"Palestrina, the ancient city of Præneste of the Greeks, is a very old town. It is built on the side of a hill, and its streets are like so many steps of stairs, mounting higher and higher till you get halfway up the mountain. It contains about five thousand inhabitants, and has its Cathedral Church with a Cardinal and resident Bishop. The Cathedral, however, is the poorest and meanest church in the city. Travelers complain that the people are wild, barbarous, and savage and, unlike the residents of other Italian towns, are wanting in politeness and courtesy towards strangers. We, however, being now considered as quasi citizens, do not experience any of their roughness. It is true that whenever we pass the gate, we are besieged by an army of children who hang on to us and shout, 'Daci un medaglia' 'daci un biocco,' 'daci una corousella,'

'dami un santo,' 'dami un imaginetto,' etc. (*Gimme a medal, gimme a penny, gimme a little pair of beads, gimme a saint (picture), gimme an image, etc.*). If you gave them fifty apiece they would be just as bad the next day. Præneste was in fact, one of the most noted places outside of Rome, both for its wars, its being the summer residence of Augustus, Nero, Tiberius, and other celebrated Roman emperors, and the grandeur of its buildings, especially the Temple of Fortune.

"In the year 1217 it was destroyed, nothing being spared but the cathedral which still stands. In the ancient Barberini Palace is seen an immense mosaic which is considered one of the finest in Italy. It was found midst the ruins of the Temple of Fortune and represents in rich colors the joy of the people and beasts in the annual inundation of the Nile. It is like a dictionary of the manners and customs of the people of the Egypt of its time. Priests, priestesses, warriors, fishermen, shepherds, huntsmen, etc., are all represented together with curious animals, plants, temples, and houses. I might quote from Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, and Ovid who sound the praises of Præneste in their poems, but this will do. Away above the town on the top of the mountain is the little hamlet of Castel de San Pietro. St. Peter is said to have lived and preached here for three years. In the church of St. Rocco there is a beautiful statue of the saint by Bernini. From a table-land outside the hamlet a fine view of the surrounding mountains and Campagna may be had. Rome, with its single solitary dome is seen away in the distance and, by the way, it is only at a distance that you can appreciate the magnitude and grandeur of the world's cathedral. But I must come to a close. The chestnut season has set in and our favorite recreation is to build fires and roast nuts and eat them."

"ROME, December 14, 1879.

"I never felt more cold in all my life than during the past ten days. The frost has been excessive and, a rare occurrence in Rome, it snowed for two hours a few days ago. The fountains in the city look beautiful, covered with ice, and gazed at by wondering crowds. The snow fell so heavily at Naples that trains were stopped and in the north of Italy the weather is so severe that the mails are delayed and all traffic is impeded. I am sitting in my cold, cold room, my hands almost numb whilst I write, a cold stone floor, cold white walls; no fires in Rome, no carpets, doctors say here that carpets and fires are unhealthy.

"The twenty-fifth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated here in all the churches with great rejoicing. The Gesu and the Santi Apostoli were magnificent. In the former there were about five thousand candles lit at the last vespers. All the church, even the dome, was one blaze of light. Rich draperies of gold cloth, red, white and blue silk were hung all around the church and the effect was all that could be desired."

"L'HUMILTA, ROME,  
Dec. 26, 1879.

"My second Christmas in a foreign land is counted among the things that were. Many a time did my thoughts revert, during the day, to the old familiar scenes of childhood yet without a single pang of grief or sorrow. I felt that I loved you all the more and knowing that you enjoyed yourselves and thought of me, made me feel all the more light-hearted. Before going to sleep on Christmas eve I hummed to myself all of the *Alma Redemptoris* and the *Adeste Fideles*, and the next morning I arose with the others at half-past three and repaired to the sacristy. Vested in rich silver-cloth copes Crowley

and I chanted the beautiful Christmas Antiphons *Christus natus est, Gloria in Excelsis Deo, Quem vidistis pastores*, and gave the intonations of the psalms throughout the singing of matins and lauds. This was the first time I had the privilege of wearing any of the sacerdotal vestments and, if I were not in second year philosophy, I would be inclined to think that 'the time was near at hand.' The Monsignor sang Mass and after that we sang lauds, then I served McElhinney's second Mass, then breakfasted and then got ready for the ten o'clock pontifical Mass. Bishop Mashbeouf of Colorado (is lame and carries a stick) pontificated and at the Mass I was thurifer. We finished fixing up things after Mass at 12:15 and then went to dinner. Think of it! from four o'clock till twelve fifteen and attending to the church the whole time. After dinner we walked to the Janiculum, the place where St. Peter was crucified and saw the tombs of Hugh O'Neill and Roderic O'Donnell, the Irish chieftains. Solemn benediction, supper, and "mix" after supper for two hours. Lots of singing. O'Malley asked me to sing "The Tide." I never sang a serious song since I came here (for the fellows) and they were mightily surprised when they heard me hold forth in this style. My voice was in pretty good trim and at the end I was congratulated on all sides."

"L'HUMILTA, ROME,

"Dec. 30, 1879.

"I spent a very happy Christmas notwithstanding the fact that the last letters I received were on the 20th. Nearly everyone received a letter on Christmas day or thereabouts with Merry Christmas cards enclosed and felt jolly over it. I was disappointed but bore it bravely, thinking that one of my weekly correspondents would write, but now the 30th has come and no Merry Christmas from home. I received one present in the shape of a little

picture and an Agnus Dei from one of my companions, Crowley, and the many sincere greetings which I received from some of my friends here were as so many more gifts. I cannot tell you how pleased I was to hear of the new bell on the church, and I want all the particulars about it. You, my dear Grandma, hope to live to hear it ring the Angelus. I hope for more: I hope that both Uncle and you may hear it ringing to call the people of New Rochelle to attend the first high Mass of a certain young priest who will, with the help of God, celebrate it in September, 1884. Let this be also your earnest prayer, and our joint hopes may be realized."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,  
"Jan. 1, 1880.

"How quickly time flies! What is time! A mystery which philosophers have tried to explain but fail in their attempts; which I myself can partially understand yet which I cannot explain to another. You may say it is a successive order whose component parts are beginning, duration and end. Am I any the wiser?

"Jan. 2nd. The bell for Benediction rang when I got this far last night and it is well it did, for, glancing at the page I'm writing on, I daresay you would have had a good philosophical disputation or rather elucidation before I finished.

"For relaxation of mind I read during the holidays *Rory O'Moore*. I was delighted with it. It is elevating in its tone and shows forth the noble generous hearted characteristics of the Irish peasant."

"VILLA GENERALE, PALESTRINA,  
"Sept. 2, 1880.

"By the time you receive this I shall have celebrated my twenty-first birthday and shall be a voting citizen



of the United States of America. When I look back upon my past life it is like a dream, so short does it seem since the day I returned home from the Sisters' school after learning my first lesson. I remember the day well; it seems but yesterday and now behold the change! In about three years I shall—please God—be a priest. I feel myself still a boy and I hate to think that one so young should be raised to such a dignity and take upon himself such weighty responsibilities, but by His grace we can accomplish all things. I have just finished my course of philosophy and satisfied myself with the results of the concursus, and now I am a theologian and will in all probability receive tonsure and minor orders this year. My own conscience and my confessor, who knows me as I do myself, assure me that I am on the right path, so I go straight forward with confidence. There is not a day passes on which I do not remember you at least three times in my prayers and I hope that God will hear me and that all my loved ones at home will live to see that happy day than which earth can give me no happier. Need I ask you to pray for me in return? No, I am sure you never forget Tom, so let me now tell you something about our country life. You will read this letter probably on my birthday so just imagine I am with you describing everything in my own familiar way *cœur-à-cœur*.

“Although we are out here in the country just one month to-day as yet we have made no excursions, so that I cannot give you any lengthy account of my travels. I will go to Genazzano in a couple of weeks to visit the shrine of ‘Our Lady of Good Counsel,’ call on Padre Mullen, and also go on a horse-back excursion to Frascati about fourteen miles distant, to the Propaganda Villa to see Frank. If I feel like it I may make other excursions—but, *chi lo sa?* The *festas* of the different country towns around us tend to make the time pass quickly and pleasantly. On the eve of the

*festa* of St. Agapito we had the usual procession through the town of Palestrina. The relics of the saint were borne by four deacons preceded by the canons, the Collegio Americano, the seminarians, the Franciscans and Capuchins, and various religious societies of the town bearing banners, crucifixes, religious devices, and candles. The band headed the procession and played excellently. As the relics were borne along the people all knelt by their doors and blessed themselves. The Bishop walked along in cope and mitre and the Cardinal (De Luca) came last in his red silk robes and gave his blessing to the people as they knelt. After walking through the principal streets we came to the convent of the 'Sepulte Vive' (buried alive). They are a congregation of nuns who live strict, severe lives of mortification and prayer and never see the face of a fellow human being after they enter, not even the face of the priest who hears their confession and gives them Communion. They receive Holy Communion through a little hole in the wall, four inches square, so that the priest sees only their mouth, chin, and part of their nose, their eyes being covered. They know nothing of what is going on in the world and spend their life in preparing themselves for Heaven. It certainly requires an extraordinary amount of grace, to adopt such a vocation. Benediction of the relics was given to the nuns and the walls of their little chapel fairly shook with the loud notes of the band. After Benediction in the cathedral we went home and were awakened on the following morning about four o'clock by the incessant volley of mortars—by which celebration Italians always open their festas—just as they close them with fireworks. At ten o'clock we went out to the town and there all was bustle and life. The contadine women were all out in their fine dresses and each seemed to vie with the other in a display of bright colors. The large silk handkerchiefs which they all wear over their

shoulders were really as varied and as pretty as could be—scarcely any two being alike. The square and the streets in the vicinity of the cathedral were filled with men selling baskets, tin cans, pigs, fowl, jewelry, shoes, hats, lace, tubs, knives and forks, pots, fruits, buttons, filberts, which correspond to our peanuts and are eaten by everybody, and Lord knows what they were not selling. All were peaceable and full of smiles and not a drunken man or a fight could be seen; though perhaps to see two women talking about the weather and crops a foreigner might think they were on the point of eating each other—their gestures are so extravagant.

“Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated *coram cardinale* (I being mitre bearer) and at different parts of the Mass the band made the old cathedral ring with some fine selections. Really this country brass band would excel some of our fine regimental bands in America. The talent is in them and it must out. The cathedral was, after the custom of the Italians, gaudily decked with drapery of red, gold, blue, yellow, green, and white; and the choir, aided by some Roman singers all together made up a grand celebration. In the afternoon the public lottery or “tom-bola,” took place and the crowd was immense; the highest prize being about \$150, no small sum for a poor peasant. In the evening we witnessed the fireworks from the room of our landlord’s house and I can say that the peasants are experts at this sort of work. In America I have rarely seen pieces to beat those of Palestrina. On the following day the races were held and consisted of six races, there being two in each race, and three in the last. A curious feature of the races was that they were run up an inclined plane. The winner received twenty dollars and I suppose was robbed before he reached home. All this will give you an idea of an Italian village festa and it is beautiful to see how the religious and political is blended together.”

"ROME, May 28, 1881.

"Seminary life is so entirely different from college life. In college your studies and an odd speech was all that troubled you. When examinations were coming on, the lectures were suspended and the matter repeated. In the seminary, however, you are burdened with several duties. First you have to keep a constant watch on the spiritual man and try to become more and more perfect. You must learn the art of 'Following Christ,' you must learn what mental prayer is, what spiritual examen is, what spiritual reading is. You must gradually shake off the 'old man' and all his works and with St. Paul 'put on Our Lord Jesus Christ.' This is our principal duty. Then we must learn all that pertains to the ceremonies which will be necessary in the ministry of the sacraments and the offering of the great sacrifice. Next we must study our theology and other matters which will attach our hearts to the great work we have in hand and which will enable us to refute the enemies of our holy religion. We must have a continued watch on our health. The climate of Rome is dangerous for both strong and weak constitutions and a slight cold, if not cared for immediately, turns into pneumonia or pernicious fever and carries you off in a few days like one of our companions was carried off just two days before I received your letter. In addition to this work, I have the good (bad) fortune to be assistant sacristan and I lose both study time and recreation (at times for example, Sundays, festivals, Holy Week and the like) whilst attending to my duties there. I protested against being placed there but was given to understand that the true ecclesiastical spirit is to let the will of the superior be your will. In the Propaganda we study dogmatic and moral theology, canon law and liturgy. Then twice a week we must sweep, clean our lamps, and dust. Every day we must make our bed. We must prepare for

four classes every day and some days for six and even seven."

"VILLA GENERALE, PALESTRINA,  
"October 17, 1881.

"After three years' patient waiting and study I am at length to receive a reward, and I am sure it will give you all great pleasure to hear it. Last week I was called to prepare for the reception of holy tonsure and minor orders, these being the first solid steps I shall have made towards the priesthood. I shall make my retreat, having this before my eyes, and about the 15th of November I will pass my examination. Somewhere around November 31st I shall receive tonsure and then I shall receive minor orders perhaps in St. John Lateran's, on my patron saint's day (St. Thomas). If you knew how anxiously I have looked forward to this calling and how I feared lest it should be deferred even longer you would appreciate my happiness at this moment. Pray for me that I may do God's holy will. The time is flying very fast and I can scarcely believe that I have little more than two years and a half to remain in Rome."

"NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,  
"March 8, 1882.

"I was present on last Saturday at the ordination of Father Frank (Rev. Francis McSweeney) in the Basilica of St. John Lateran and watched with earnest eyes and a beating heart during the whole ceremony, the one who since we were children together has always been as a brother to me. With what increased joy must not his sainted father and mother have looked down on that grand sight, the fourth son dedicating himself to Almighty God. With what joy must not his brother Cally have looked down on one who will be a worthy successor to him. How much would not his only sister, who has ever been a mother to him, have enjoyed the scene which I was permitted to look

upon. I think, however, that I made up for all the family by the hearty embrace which I gave him, whilst the vestments were still on; and whilst the sacred oil was scarce taken from his hands. I was the first to receive his first priestly blessing and I was the first on the day following to serve his Mass. He looked every inch of him a priest, as clad in rich purple vestments he commenced the *Introibo* and all through the Mass he seemed very collected although his flushed cheeks betrayed the emotions within. He is now looking forward anxiously to his arrival home and the giving of his blessing to all. He will not go till about May and probably will not arrive home till August. Father McSweeny!!! It will be easier for you to realize it than it is for me, for he is just as young looking and boyish as ever, though there is a good amount of McSweeny seriousness and earnestness about him. He will make an excellent and worthy priest and I hope he will live for many years to do good work on the mission.

"There was a grand requiem celebrated in the church of St. Ignatius on last Tuesday, for the repose of the soul of Pius IX. The little picture which I enclose is one of his tomb out in the Basilica of San Lorenzo. What an humble sepulchre for so great a man and one which was designed by himself."

"ROME, April 12, 1882.

"The hard and penitential season of Lent and Holy Week is now over and our minds and hearts are filled with paschal joys. Lent in Rome is much stricter than in America, because the fast you keep is one string of privileges and dispensations. To give you an example, at supper nothing is allowed but bread, vegetables, or fruit, and the vegetables must not be cooked in butter or meat grease. You, in America, can sit down to your eggs, cheese, milk, etc.

"I felt very tired after the fasting, hard sacristy work, and singing of Holy Week, but my health still seems to keep at the same unwavering level. I hope it may continue so."

"PALAZZO AMERICANO, GROTTA FERRATA, ITALY,  
"September 17, 1882.

"Last Monday, twenty-two of us arose at half-past four, made our meditation, heard Mass, ate breakfast, and started on a donk excursion. Twenty-two numbers were thrown into a hat, and we drew for choice of animals. I advised some of the inexperienced, the night before, to pick out "mouse-colored donks" or "long-eared donks" if they wanted to have fun. My number was twenty. Well, they followed my advice, and the result was that those who had first choice, chose the poorest asses in the lot and we, who were last, got the best. I guess they will never come to me for advice again—or at least they will never again choose a mouse-colored or a long-eared donk. They had the fun that I promised them, however, for they got more exercise in kicking and beating the beasts and in shouting at them than any of the rest of the party. They do not wish for any more fun. After an hour's riding we came to a beautiful mountain road leading up, through the woods, to Rocca di Papa, a town of about three thousand souls, and built on the side of a very steep hill. The principal street runs straight up and, though the pavement is good, there are cuts made in the stones every few inches to prevent one from slipping. While the crowd went on past Hannibal's Camp, whence this famous general reconnoitered Rome, three of us remained in Rocca, to order the dinner, then we followed the others to Rocca di Monte Cavo, and there spent an hour or so looking at the ruin of the old temple of Jupiter, the Passionist monastery, with its old-fashioned cracked organ and its lay brother

who served us out some well-watered vinegar without any pickles in it. From the monastery there is a magnificent view of the beautiful lakes of Albano and Nemi, all the neighboring towns, the rich vine-clad hills and the richer valleys, the broad, bleak Campagna, the blue Mediterranean, Rome in all its glory—the rugged Sabines and Mount Soracte standing like a solitary giant all alone in the distance. . . .

“Dinner over, we mounted our fiery steeds—and presto! what a change! Turn an ass’s nose towards home, and he seems no longer the dumb stupid animal he was before, but is transformed into a lively young species of African horse. He wants to run and kick and jump; and I let mine have all the fun he wished. Instead of going straight home we visited the town of Marino—Lake Albano—and went halfway to Castel Gandolfo the summer home (?) of the Popes. We arrived home about six o’clock, well pleased with our excursion. One of the seminarians fell five times from his animal and three or four others fell once. No bones broken.”

“PALAZZO AMERICANO, GROTTA FERRATA,  
“October 7, 1882.

“You doubtless know that this year on the 4th of October was celebrated the seventh centenary of the death, or rather entrance into life, of St. Francis of Assisi. Hearing a *camerata* of the Propagandists say that they were going to Assisi to attend the great festival, I immediately said: ‘Just the thing for me,’ took down the names of those who wished to go and received permission of the Rector to visit Assisi, Perugia, and Orvieto (and Terni, if we wished). A band of fourteen of us, in charge of a priest and two deacons, started out on Monday, October 2d, and after a journey of about one hundred and fifty miles of rail, arrived in the city of Perugia. The foundation of the city dates back before the Christian era and is famous in



history for many battles, the most celebrated of which were fought under Fort Braccio in the 15th Century. It can now boast of being one of the cleanest cities in Italy, and of having given to the church one of the most learned Popes that ever sat in St. Peter's chair, Leo XIII. Leo was Bishop of Perugia for thirty-three years, and was so attached to the place that he still holds the title of Bishop of Perugia. He was beloved by all classes and they consider it a great honor in Perugia to have their former bishop made Pope. Perugia like all Italian cities is built on the side of a mountain and contains about twenty thousand inhabitants. Its people are active, courteous, clean, and not much on church-going. It possesses a fine royal palace with beautiful gardens overlooking the city, and several handsome public buildings. We first visited the cathedral or *duomo* as they call it here, and it was a pretty fair specimen of Gothic architecture half transformed into the Roman style, and, I must say, I do not like the mingling of the two. If the church is to be Gothic let it be entirely so, but do not try to make a combination, for it mars the beauty and symmetry of any church. The chapels are filled with paintings of the Umbrian school, amongst which are some fine ones by Perugino, Fra Braunacci, Florentino, and others. At one end of the church is a rich sanctuary or shrine, known as the 'Santo Anello'—or Holy ring—because in a magnificent shrine and reliquary therein is preserved a ring of onyx, which, tradition tells us, was the wedding ring of the Blessed Virgin. I bought a facsimile of this ring (touched to the original) and will bring it home. Outside the cathedral is a large bronze statue of Pope Julius III. who is represented blessing the people. I was anxious to see the statue because it takes quite a prominent part in a novel of Hawthorne called the *Marble Faun* or *Transformation*—If you come across it, read it, for you will find in it beautiful descriptions of Rome and Tuscany. We

next saw St. Augustine's which is filled with paintings by Perugino and others. After that we went to the great Etruscan museum, and spent an interesting half hour in looking at all the curiosities, a repetition of which you may have by visiting the new museum in Central Park. Then we visited the large art gallery of the city and saw hundreds of paintings of the 13th to the 17th centuries, amongst which were many by Fra Angelico. Next to St. Peter's, a church filled with rich paintings, precious marbles, one of the grandest tabernacles I ever saw, and *the* grandest carved-wood choir I ever expect to look upon—designed by Raphael and executed by Stefano da Bergamo. The subject of each stall is different, and the inimitable grace and exquisite fancy of the designer seemed to be inexhaustible.

“On our way home we visited the Church of St. Dominic, one of the largest in the city. When we entered we found a crowd of people there listening to a sermon on the rosary. A great altar was erected in the center of the church, and on a high pedestal behind it stood a large statue of the Blessed Virgin—dressed up in beautiful silk and gold—with a rich girdle around her waist, whilst in her right hand she upheld her divine Son. I think I spoke to you before of the devotion of the Italians to the Madonna—it is something wonderful, and puzzles not only Protestants visiting the country—but even good Catholics. If you venture to say a word against the Madonna, they fire up and defend her just as though she were their own earthly mother. On Wednesday morning at half-past four we said adieu to Perugia.”

“PALAZZO AMERICANO, GROTTA FERRATA,

“October 14, 1882.

“We arrived at Assisi station about half-past five on Wednesday morning, the feast of St. Francis, and the

seventh centenary of his death, and an hour's walk brought us to this old historic town. Having secured rooms we breakfasted and then proceeded to the great church of St. Francis, where Pontifical Mass was celebrated. The church of St. Francis—attached to a very large monastery of the same name, and which may be styled the mother house of the Franciscans—is a fine mezzo-Gothic mezzo-Roman structure. One thing it is remarkable for is that there are three churches one built on top of the other and which offer a grand and singular appearance to one coming toward the town. In the lowest or subterranean church is the tomb of St. Francis—a large marble mausoleum containing the rough travertine blocks of the original tomb—at which I had the pleasure of receiving Holy Communion and of serving Mass. The second church may be styled *the* church, inasmuch as in it Mass is daily celebrated and all the feste are held. Its walls and ceilings are covered with beautiful frescoes, representing events in the life of Our Lord, Our Lady, and St. Francis. The great church, which may be called the third story, is a plain but still very imposing piece of Gothic architecture and, besides numerous frescoes, contains some fine stained glass windows. The High Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Parocchi and the church was crowded. Our parish priest (from Rome) who is Secretary-general of the order brought us into the sanctuary, and seated us on the side altar steps; the Propaganda students also were there. The singing was superb, a great portion of it being without organ accompaniment. The chorus singing was the finest I ever heard. There was a panegyric of the saint preached, but the noise and murmuring in the church was so great and the acoustic properties of the building so poor, that it was impossible to understand a word of the sermon. We visited the tomb of St. Clare in a church which bears her name and the Cathedral of St.

Rufino—in front of which stands the new statue of St. Francis, the latest work of the great sculptor Dupré. It is much admired by art critics. In the convent of St. Damiano are preserved many relics of St. Clare, amongst others being the monstrance in which the Blessed Sacrament was kept and which St. Clare used when she repulsed the Saracens who were scaling the walls of the convent—at the sight of the Blessed Sacrament they fell back defeated and confused. The central piazza of the city was filled with people buying and selling. Three bands of music served to enliven them—and make the time pass. At one end of the square was a woman playing a duet on a bass-drum and a pair of cymbals—and inviting all to come and see the great wonder of the age—live Indians fighting with live bears. All the principal streets were filled with lamps and festoons and at night presented a fine appearance. They had a great display of fireworks in the upper part of the town. I was shaved by an Italian barber and Lord deliver me from ever being obliged to be shaved by an Italian or any other man again. They scrape away with a dull razor for twenty minutes, hacking you to pieces, then they bring over a basin of water, hold it under your chin and wash your face with their hands, and then give you a towel to dry yourself with. Next time I go on an excursion I will carry my own razor, for I could not stand such barbarity again. We left the town of Assisi on Thursday morning, and after an hour's walk we arrived at the station, and fifteen minutes more brought us to the little town of Santa Maria degli Angeli in which is a large church built over the little Gothic chapel in which St. Francis founded his order, and which chapel is called Portiuncula. A plenary indulgence may be gained on the 2d of August by visiting this chapel and praying for the intention of our Holy Father, the Pope. The rough walls of this old chapel are still standing and the place is held in great veneration

by the people. In another part of the church is the room in which St. Francis lived, and on the altar we saw, in a reliquary, the cord which he was accustomed to wear. In the garden they show you a bed of thornless roses similar to the one at Subiaco and they tell the same story of St. Francis which is told of St. Benedict. After dinner we bade good-bye to Assisi and Santa Maria and took the train for Orte. I had a chat with Prince Massimo of Rome whilst waiting for the departure of the train. We arrived at Orte about six o'clock in the evening and there we changed cars for Orvieto."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,

"Nov. 5, 1882.

"MY OWN DEAREST GRANDMA!

"How negligent and ungrateful I have been! At least you must think so. I received your welcome postal order two weeks ago and I send you my heartfelt thanks for it. When I received it we were all confusion in the country packing up and preparing for our return to Rome, so that I could not find time to write to you there. When we came to Rome we were all upset, moving from one part of the house to the other. The next day after our arrival our retreat commenced and for the last ten days I have donenothing but pray, meditate, and think, knowing that if a thing is worth while doing at all it is worth while doing well. I abstained from everything that might distract me during the last ten days and, as a consequence, it is only now you are receiving a response in answer to your gift, which was just the same as a good letter though if the truth must be told I would far prefer to receive even a few lines in your own handwriting once more during my stay in Rome. My time is getting shorter and shorter and the nearer it comes to an end the more do I feel my heart cling to you and all those at home who love me so much; the more do I dread lest I may never again see you

and the harder do I pray to the Sacred Heart of Jesus to spare you till my return. Many have written to me congratulating me on my successes but I feel confident before God that nothing is due to myself, for my talents are by no means brilliant, but that I owe it all to the prayers offered up for me by you and all those who have my success at heart. 'Beati qui non expectant quoniam non disappointabuntur' is a seminary joke but a true saying. Do not expect much from me for you will not get much, and I know my abilities far better than those about me. Nor is it out of humility I say all this but because I know it to be the truth. I will have those masses said for you next week if I can get permission to go out in town. I want you to say a special prayer for my intention from now until Christmas and let your prayers be directed especially to the Sacred Heart and the Holy Ghost. Ask Uncle also to make a memento for this same intention as it is of the greatest importance and after Christmas I will tell you if my petition has been answered."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,

"Jan. 7, 1883.

"You have heard no doubt of my elevation to the subdeaconate and I am sure, if you understand thoroughly what the taking of this order implies, you must know how happy I feel and rejoice with me in what I may call my marriage, for I am wedded for life and carry 'wife' (breviary) under my arm just like an old parish priest. I find the greatest pleasure in the recitation of the divine office and this new duty makes the time go by faster than ever. I was on ceremonies as subdeacon yesterday in the church attached to the convent of the Sacred Heart at solemn Benediction, and I need not say how much I wished my beloved mother could have been there to see me. As the time draws nearer an end I long more and more to see

you all again, and frequently in my dreams I am at home once more and am heartily welcomed by those to whom 'my heart untraveled ever fondly turns.' By the way I have a relative here, a very distant cousin by marriage, but a cousin for all that. His name is Tom Lynch and my granduncle was married to his grandaunt. He was exceedingly homesick and I am training him, however, into that holy indifference and hard heartedness so characteristic of Roman students and priests and before long he will almost have forgotten that he ever had a home."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,

"March 26, 1883.

"The time is coming nearer and nearer and you must redouble your prayers. I think of you always during Mass, during my visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and to all the shrines of the saints and my prayers are always for the same intention. As Sister Marguerite said in her letter to me, 'Surely God cannot refuse to grant such earnest and faithful petitions.' For our Lord Himself has told us: 'If you ask the Father anything in My name He will give it to you,' and again 'Ask and you shall receive.'

"To-day I visited St. Peter's and listened to the grand singing of the vespers and at the end of it I was permitted to look upon the numberless relics of the church, amongst which was a large portion of the true cross, part of the cord of St. Joseph, some of the Blessed Virgin's hair, and the true veil of Veronica on which our blessed Lord left the print of His sacred face. Oh, how rich and holy a place is Rome and how privileged I am to be here."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,

"March 25, 1883.

"Easter Sunday.

"We have just passed through decidedly the coldest winter I have spent in Rome. All the fountains through-

out the city were frozen and we had snow several times—just enough to whiten the dry ground. On Thursday afternoon it was too cold to go to the Villas so we went to the Great Stove, and what is this you will ask? Well, it is nothing less than St. Peter's—for its walls are so thick that it retains the same temperature all the year round, so that in winter when the air outside is freezing cold St. Peter's is warm and pleasant and in the summer when wax would almost melt outside St. Peter's is delightfully cool. It seems a curious use to put St. Peter's to, does it not, to go there to warm yourself. We christened it 'The Stove.' On Good Friday, I ascended the Scala Sancta or Holy Stairs on my knees to gain the indulgence. This is the same stairs which our Lord ascended and descended in Pilate's house and on Good Friday it is crowded with people. Protestants stand there and look on with pity and contempt at the poor ignorant idolaters (?) as they perform this penance, but many who come to laugh remain to pray and go away edified."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,

"May 21, 1883.

" 'Dominus Vobiscum'—'The Lord be with you'—seems a very simple thing to say and yet it was only last Saturday that I said it for the first time with the power and the right to say it in the name of the church. Saturday, May 19th, was another happy day for me—for on this day I was made a member of the hierarchy of the church by being ordained *deacon*. The reception of this order did not make as sensible an impression on me as did that of subdeaconship—because after all, that was the deciding step of my life.

"Nevertheless it was with feelings of great joy that I felt the hand of the venerable Cardinal pressed upon my head, and heard him say—'Accipe Spiritum Sanctum—ad





**IN ROME**

**FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ROME, NOV. 21, 1878**



robar et ad resistendum diabolo et tentationibus ejus in Nomine Domini.' But I will pass over this, as likewise the giving of the power to sing the gospel, preach, baptize, the imposing of the stole and dalmatic, and I will bring you in spirit to our little church that same evening. The students are all assembled for May devotions, the organ is softly playing, and all eyes are cast upon a young deacon, vested in surplice and stole, who ascends the altar steps. With trembling hands he spreads a linen corporal upon the altar, with a key he opens the tabernacle; and then with a heart which he almost hears beating with emotion, and, at the thought of his own unworthiness to be allowed such a privilege, he takes the Blessed Sacrament (enclosed in the lunula) in his hands, places it in the monstrance, and elevates it to the throne prepared for it. If you were there your happiness would, doubtless, exceed his, but his was very great. I told you in another letter of the powers a deacon receives, so let this suffice. Now but one step remains to be taken—the grandest step of all—and please God it will take place on June 7, 1884—a little over a year from now.

"I had the pleasure of serving the first Mass of my dear friends Father Crowley yesterday and that of Father Curry this morning. They both said Mass at the tomb of the apostles in St. Peter's."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,

" July 30, 1883.

"You know how my time is employed and that 'I must be about my father's business.' My time is short now. A few months more and I hope to be in the midst of hard work; hence the necessity of my acquiring all the learning and piety possible to be better prepared for so hazardous an undertaking as that of taking charge of the spiritual welfare of those far older and maybe wiser than myself.

But with God's grace we can move mountains and everything is rendered easy. It is a lucky thing for me that I have Uncle at home; for his example will be ever a constant reminder to me of what a true priest should be and aided by his advice, as well as by the example and advice of my other reverend uncles, I have no fear but that I will get along. We depart for the country to-morrow there to take our long needed rest and to get ready for our last six months on the home stretch. About a month ago I had the happiness of attending a theological disputation in the Vatican and of looking at the Pope for three hours. You never tire looking at him and his every motion was watched, whether he smiled or looked serious, took snuff, crossed his legs, or asked the time. When all was over he congratulated the participants and gave them gold medals. He also spoke for a few minutes in Latin and then gave all present the apostolic benediction. Crowds rushed around him vainly endeavoring to kiss his ring, but the guards drove them back so we had to be content to look upon him.

"The feast of Sts. Peter and Paul is Rome's greatest holiday. The peasants for miles around make pilgrimages; soldiers and priests, monks and students, princes and plebeians, mingle in the crowd. The statue of St. Peter is decked out with the several vestments, a gold tiara is placed on his head and a ring on his finger. The cardinal arch-priest of the Basilica sings the vespers, and the people watch for the well-known words of the hymn, 'O Felix Roma,' 'O happy Rome, who is the happy possessor of two such glorious martyrs,' and it is like a foretaste of heaven to hear that grand chorus of several hundred voices and the peals from two grand organs echo through the arches.

We push aside the heavy curtains and pass out through the grand vestibule, and when we reach the open air we

hear on all sides the sweet bells ringing out the Angelus, for in Rome, the Angelus is always rung at sunset, from hundreds of churches and convents, and the melodious sounds bring back to our minds the words of the poet which so beautifully expresses the feeling of the pilgrim in Rome, which makes us feel that Rome is the city of the soul, because it is by excellence the city of the Mother of God."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,  
"December 8, 1883.

"A merry, merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each and every one of you! For the sixth and last time do I send you this joyful greeting from the Eternal City, filled with the delicious hope that this time next year I shall be with you and salute you *cœur-à-cœur* heart to heart, and hand to hand. How quickly the time flies by! Six Christmases in Rome! It seems impossible, but as I said once before we count by years here and not by days. The time has come for me, however, when I can no longer count the years, for now only six months are left, six long months! God's blessing be with you all during this happy season and grant you speedy answer to your prayers.

"Tom Lynch and I served Archbishop Corrigan's Mass every morning last week and had several pleasant chats with him. He is a very aimable person and a perfect gentleman. To-day he will pontificate at High Mass and I will be his deacon and at vespers I will sing Cherubini's *Ave Maria*. The bishops are nearly through their work now and most of them will start for home in a few days. They are feasted and entertained on all sides and have cardinals, dukes, princes, and such people calling on them from morning till night.

"I defended a thesis on the Eucharist in Sacraments class the other day and had for my opponent nothing less than a live Chineese named Kin, a regular 'Melican man."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,

"February 16, 1884.

"Time is flying faster and faster every day and I have yet a great deal to do. Lent is near at hand and I will not be able to do much studying after Easter, for then I must begin to learn ceremonies and make my purchases. I am glad you give such encouraging news of Grandma's health. Oh! you must try hard to keep her alive till my return. It would take away half of the pleasure of my return home if I had to visit New Rochelle and find the old room vacant. Surely, absence makes the heart grow fonder, and the longer the absence and the greater the distance from the object beloved, the fonder does the heart become. Poor Grandma! She knows better than anyone how I long to see her and embrace her before she dies, and I feel confident that her faith and her desires will preserve her till my return. June 7th will be the day of my ordination, but I cannot tell precisely as yet when I can start for home or when I will arrive. This will all depend on our new Rector whosoever he may be. I suppose you heard of the sad death of Monsignor Hostelet our late Rector. He was sick with pernicious fever, pneumonia, and pleurisy all January and died of paralysis of the heart on February 1st. I suppose none of my relations at all will be here for my ordination. I thought Uncle would come but he tells me it is almost certain he will not. I need not say how anxiously I look forward to the happy day, and not one day alone, but I think of the day of my first High Mass in New Rochelle, when I will have my Uncle assisting me, and my own brothers serving the Mass, and Father and Mother and Grandma and all present in the church to receive my blessing."

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,

"May 10, 1884.

"Poor darling Grandma is gone and I can do nothing but weep and pray for the happy repose of her soul. The

cablegram which arrived last night at eleven P.M. was handed to me at breakfast this morning, and I knew without breaking the seal what was contained therein. 'Grandma rested in peace.' It is only beside the grave of a dead friend that we know how much we loved him and though I knew all along that my heart loved Grandma after Father and Mother still it was not until the cruel blow was struck that I felt the deep undying love, which is stronger than death, fill my heart and give itself expression in my tears. My heartfelt sympathy of course is with all of you, but especially with those to whom she was bound by stronger ties than those of grandmother, for she was mother to Papa, to Uncle, and to Auntie, with them therefore do I first condole and offer them consolation in their grief by presenting to them, as I just now did to Uncle, the consideration of her truly saintly life; and not least amongst the actions of her life, for which you should feel thankful, is her having been the instrument made use of by God in making known to me my vocation and in making me persevere in it. It was under her care in New Rochelle during so many years of my childhood that I first received that earnest desire to be a priest and a firm purpose, if it was God's will, to be one. This was the prayer of her life, and but for her constant prayer and watchfulness, I doubt if I would have persevered. My constant prayer was that she might live to see me ordained, but God in His all-wise Providence has decreed otherwise. His holy will be done. I was well prepared for the sad news by your letters ever since last summer, and I was hoping against hope, for though Uncle's letters and Father's were cheerful and gave me courage, the others could not conceal the truth from me. I remarked in my letter to Uncle her having died within the octave of the feast of St. Joseph to whom she was so devoted. She died likewise in the month of Mary and on a Friday, the day consecrated to the Sacred

Heart, so she was certainly favored by Jesus, Mary, and Joseph as to the time of her death. Another thing is that the day before her death we celebrated the feast of St. Michael the Archangel whom the church tells us has the charge of conducting the souls of the just before the Judge. But I feel sure she is in heaven and is happy in the enjoyment of her God, that God whom she always served so lovingly and so faithfully, and from her peaceful home she will look down on us and pray for us that we may imitate her in her practice of virtue and may meet her in heaven, there I trust she will see me a priest forever. Her month's mind will be celebrated at the tomb of the apostles in St. Peter's on June 9th by her loving but most unworthy grandson."

The long looked for day at length arrived, and on June 7, 1884, in the church of St. John Lateran, Thomas Patrick McLoughlin was ordained a priest, the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, His Eminence Raphael Cardinal Monaco LaValette, officiating. Although this was the most eventful day in his life no record is found in any of his diaries or letters telling of his emotions as he was pronounced to be "a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec."



## CHAPTER V

### YOUNG FATHER TOM

LEAVING Rome on June 19, 1884, full of hope and enthusiastic zeal for his life's work, Father Tom visited some of the principal cities in Italy and Germany. His diary thus simply tells of his first day's travel.

"After a pleasant ride from ten A.M. to seven P.M. I arrived in Ancona. During a great part of the journey I was alone and consequently had plenty of time to think on the past and picture the probable future. Said my Office on board the train. After a good night's rest at Ancona started on to Loreto. I said Mass in the Holy House of Loreto where 'The word was made flesh,' and I must say I really felt the presence of God in this holy place. I thought of Mary's 'fiat' and my own unworthy 'fiat' which caused the same Son of God to become incarnate once more on the altar. I was happy indeed. After Mass I visited the shrine, kissed the sacred walls, knelt where Mary knelt, said an Ave Maria and prayed for everybody. The marble exterior with its bas-reliefs is beautiful, and I marveled at the grooves marked in the stone by the bare knees of pious pilgrims who came with simple faith to worship at a shrine which, since the fifteenth century, has been hallowed as sacred to our Blessed Lady. The tradition is that the cottage at Nazareth, in which the Holy Family lived, was conveyed from Palestine to Italy by angels and after being in three different places nearby the village of

Loreto, was finally deposited by the angels on the hill on which it now stands. I visited the palace of the Popes now in the hands of the government and then enrolled myself in the association of the Holy House. Have just returned to Ancona. From my window I have a grand view of the Adriatic and am trying to recuperate under the influence of its saline breezes. Rimini! 'Nella fatal' di Rimini' of course comes into my head and I hum it. To-day is Friday and, if I wish, I may eat meat but I prefer to live 'da buona Catolico,' and buy cheese. We passed the Republic of San Marino, the only independent country allowed to exist in Italy, and it is tolerated on account of its antiquity. It has its own money, soldiers, etc., and consists of a small town of about seven thousand souls perched on top of a mountain."

In succession, Father Tom visited Bologna, Venice the beautiful, where he said Mass in the church of St. Mark, Milan, Lucerne, Strasbourg, Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, London and then:

"Old Ireland at last! The sun shone brightly and a stiff westerly breeze blew as we entered the lovely harbor of Kingstown. Ireland, to me, looked charming and it was with delight I set foot on her soil. What a pleasure to be in a truly Catholic country, a country whose love for the true faith can never be excelled. I love dear old Ireland more and more."

After leaving Dublin, Father Tom visited his father's native place, Ardee, County Louth, about forty miles north of the capital city. With feelings of tenderest emotion he beheld Shanlis farm and the house in which his beloved grandmother spent her happiest days; stood in the room in which his father and uncle were born, roamed the fields o'er which they trod as boys, and walked along by the brook that coursed its way through the farm. With much interest did he look over a little summer-house

which was said, by the present occupant of Shanlis farm, to have been built by his father, and he could not keep back the tears as he slipped one of the stones into his pocket to take back home as a souvenir of the happy, care-free boyhood days of his father of which he never tired telling his children. But let him tell the story:

"I arrived in Dunleer about three o'clock on the 12th of July and found a car at the station waiting for me. Father Rogers had kindly sent it. A pleasant ride brought me along a fine country road to Ardee. On the way I said little but thought a great deal. I knew that my father had gone by this same road often and that it would delight him to ride on it once more. I knew that he had often seen the Mullacurrie tree with its spreading branches which can be seen from all parts of the surrounding country. I knew, likewise, that he had seen the great stone thrown by Finn McCool in the contest of the giants and that he had often, perhaps, attended the races at Mullacurrie. Father Rogers received me very kindly and I went immediately to dinner where I met Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. I had many pleasant talks and walks with this learned man during my stay in Ardee and enjoyed his simple conversation very much. He was in Ardee giving a retreat to the nuns.

"We drove to Shanlis house, the old McLoughlin homestead. The stone wall erected by Grandma still exists to prevent the car and horse from tumbling over on the road. Everywhere I went I heard the family, especially Grandma, spoken of with great respect and friendship. They always mentioned Grandma as a most charitable and kind woman and all were very sorry to hear of her death. The old house is much the same as when the family lived there. The old clock still stands in the corner (made by John Parker and formerly belonged to Grandma's uncle Father Heely). The old cupboard still stands there. On

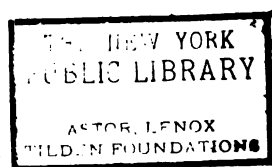
the front of the parlor is the window where John Devin stood answering the Hail Marys for Grandma. The two bedrooms at the end of the house have been made into one and even now they make but one small room. The 'cosey' still hangs on the wall of the sitting-room. The kitchen fireplace is still the same, the hob and pot hooks, the flitches of bacon are all there just as in the old times. The little dairy at the other end of the house contained several pans of milk and cream. The house is newly thatched and whitewashed. The garden much the same. In the garden I plucked some raspberries and gooseberries and currants. It gave me great pleasure to go through the old house and yet I felt sad when I thought of the days long before when Grandma lived within the walls and made so many hearts happy.

"Next we started off through Mandestown cross, and on through County Meath to Bogtown where we visited Mr. Matt Sheridan and his family. He is a capital fellow, honest and big-hearted, as sincere a friend to-day to my father as he was on that day years ago when they parted, a day which he says he shall remember till his death. He spoke of him with great affection and kindness and sent all sorts of good wishes to him. The family seems to have been beloved by all who knew them and they all delighted in showing their genuine hospitality to the son of their old friends. I took dinner with 'Matt' and gave my blessing to all his family and they received it with great devotion (as did likewise Mr. Devin's family). Matt showed me his farm and his horses and gave me three blackthorns to take home.

"Another day I took a walk with Father Russell out to the 'Jumping church.' We then visited the beautiful little chapel of Ballapousta with its stained glass windows and beautifully carved altar. I sat in Grandma's old pew in the gallery, the pew now occupied by Phil Callan, their



SHANLIS HOUSE, ARDEE, COUNTY LOUTH, IRELAND



successor on the farm. Next we went to Mrs. Coleman's at Beltrasna. Coleman is a wealthy judge, I believe, and his family is one of the aristocratic families of Louth. Here again I met the genuine hospitality only on a larger and grander scale, as far as the external show went, but no greater in the spirit with which it was given. Mrs. Coleman is a charming Irish lady and has a large family of beautiful children, healthy, ruddy, and full of fun. I never heard such silvery laughter as I heard in that house. It was the merriest dinner I was ever at, all sorts of dishes and wines and plenty of music after dinner by Mrs. Coleman, her sister, and son. I also helped them, though I labored under a cold.

"We drove to Anagassan strand; the tide was out and the fishermen were at work. We drove up near to the point but did not have time to go to Cradle Rock or Green Bank. Sunday I said Mass in the workhouse and then said the last Mass in Ballapousta for the repose of Grandma and Grandpa McLoughlin. 'Tis needless to say I was much affected during the Mass. The people expected a few words but I did not give them. Other days I said Mass in the church of Ardee, which is enlarged and beautified with stone altars and stained glass windows. I shall not soon forget the kindness of Father Rogers and Father Murray nor the receptions I met with from everybody I visited in Ardee, Louth, and Meath."

After these delightful days in the birthplace of his father, Father Tom, accompanied by the generous and warm-hearted Canon Rogers, parish priest of Ardee, visited Cork and there was received with the same cordiality and lavish hospitality by the kinsfolk of his mother.

"Mr. Dan McSweeny and his good wife were delighted to see me and during my whole stay were as affectionate towards me as my own father and mother could be. I shall never forget their kindness and hospitality, ever

attending to and anticipating my wants. Father Rogers bade me good-bye next day and started for Ardee and the tears came to the eyes of both of us when the train pulled out, for we had learned to esteem each other highly. Walked with Cousin Dan by the old McSweeny mansion where Dr. Patrick McSweeny of Paris fame was born, and then away out on a country road where we could see the family graveyard in the distance. Walked past No. 1 Winthrop Street, the place where mother was born. It is now a dry goods store.

"Tralee! To-day I walked up and down the principal streets of Tralee, County Cork, Ireland, and thought that perhaps my mother had often walked up and down the same streets—but wait! Next morning I took the six o'clock train for Listowel, and arrived there about forty minutes later. A walk of fifteen minutes through the town past the Railway Hotel and the bank and the Catholic Church in the distance, brought me along the Feale River to the convent which mother attended as a child. It was about seven when I arrived and a very pretty nun admitted me. The chaplain came and said Mass and afterwards I said Mass. It was in the chapel I first felt mother's presence and I imagined her there again. The nun's choir is finished and the chapel is restored. After breakfast I was told that Mother Augustine, mother's teacher, had been sick for the preceeding five weeks and that consequently I could not see her without leave of the bishop. Mother Gertrude, the present head of the convent, was delighted to see me and she spoke so lovingly of Grandma McSweeny and all of her children that I felt lonesome, yet happy. At nine I left by car for Ballybunion and rode along a straight monotonous road for about eight miles, the Dingle Hills and Magillicuddy's reeks being in view all the while. Arrived in the town of Ballybunion, I walked down to the castle and watched



the tide going out. Over against the cliff I saw the caves which in my childhood I had delighted in hearing described and longed one day to see. I saw them and my heart rejoiced. I saw the little children laughing and playing in the sand, running into the caves, shouting and listening to the echo of their own sweet voices. My heart grew sad as I thought of the days gone by and I imagined I saw other little children playing there, 'beautiful little girls' as Mother Gertrude described them, and I thought how sad it was that they should ever be obliged to leave their home and how delighted they would be to revisit these scenes of childhood's happy days, when free from care and not knowing grief or sorrow, they sported gayly on these sands, ran into the caves, shouted in glee and bathed, beautiful, happy, innocent little children. Filled with imaginative memories of the past I walked along the sands and climbed up the rocks, to the top of the cliff, that I might see the mad waves dash against the hard high rocks, satisfied with making even some slight impression on them in the lapse of centuries. The waves came in and the tide went out just as it did forty years ago, everything was the same except the faces and oh! how I longed to see them. The day was pleasant and I took a bath in the waters of the Atlantic on the shores of dear old Ballybunion, a spot which has made a deep impression on me, a spot which I shall remember as long as I live. As I walked along the shore and watched the men gathering the seaweed and dillisk from the rocks, I could not help but hum to myself all the time those words of Moore's "Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom were near' (in spirit)."

Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

"At last a great day has come for me. I am on my

way home! The tender at the quay at Queenstown quickly brought us out to the *City of Chester* waiting in this beautiful harbor. As the ship sailed slowly out to sea in the lingering twilight I gazed on Ireland, until nearly half-past nine. As I looked for the last time on the green hills of old Erin, I realized what a truly great and glorious country Ireland is, how much her exiled sons and daughters have done to spread the faith of St. Patrick around the world. I knew I had left a big part of my heart behind me on her sainted soil, and I felt proud to be an Irishman's son."

Arriving in New York on Sunday, August 10, 1884, the young priest had the pleasure of being greeted by his immediate family, and those who had the privilege will never forget the joy that filled their hearts as they knelt and received his first blessing. One of the younger children asked, in amazement, why most of the older ones seemed to be crying and it was explained that tears as often "unbidden start" in extreme joy as in sorrow. His reverend uncle, now old Father Tom, joined the family group and rejoiced with them upon the home-coming of young Father Tom. On the following Sunday he celebrated High Mass in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in New Rochelle, the scene of so many happy days. In the large congregation were several of his schoolmates who had studied and played with him as a child. His parents, happily spared to see their highest earthly ambition fulfilled, were present at the Mass and their hearts rejoiced as they beheld their eldest son, now passed from his boyhood, clothed in sacrificial robes offering up the solemn sacrifice in thanksgiving for his safe arrival home and in return for the prayers of the people of the Blessed Sacrament. And his good mother's eyes were filled with tears as she watched the movements of the white-robed figure at the altar, and realized that the little fair-haired

boy she so often held to her bosom was now vested with the power to absolve and sacrifice and was consecrated forever to the service of God.

At the conclusion of the Mass the young priest addressed the people from the altar and there were few dry eyes in the large congregation as he spoke these touching words:

DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS:

On such an auspicious occasion as the present one, I cannot refrain from saying a few words to you to express to you the delight I feel at finding myself once more in your midst. After six years of a voluntary and happy exile spent in Rome, the city to which every Catholic heart turns, I come back again and find that your friendship for me and your good wishes for my success are the same as if I had been always with you. How much I am attached to New Rochelle you may judge from the fact that it was here I first went to school in old St. Matthew's and learned from holy lips lessons of piety and wisdom, which formed the foundation of my after career as collegian and student. It was here at the knees of one whom I trust is now in Heaven that I learned the call of God and resolved to follow it. I have followed it and behold the reward. I am back again with you a priest forever. The dream of my life has been realized and your prayers have been answered.

But I do not intend to preach to you to-day. All that I wish to do is to thank you from my heart for the many kind prayers, public and private, which you offered up to Heaven for me during my absence, but especially during the last few months. Above all do I thank the little children from whose pure lips ascended perfect praise and perfect petition which God could not refuse to hear.

On some future occasion I hope to be able to speak to you at more length and to tell you all about my life in Rome, and my journey up through the different countries

## Father Tom

of Europe. Neither will I forget to tell you of my visit to dear old Ireland, a land for which I bear a love which is not exceeded by that which I bear my native land.

During my travels I visited many magnificent cathedrals and churches, rich in marbles and precious gems, but I have discovered to-day that it is not the chisel of the artist or the brush of the painter which makes the true living temple of God; it is the presence of a faithful, dutiful, and loving flock, who united to their pastor, form a spiritual edifice far more precious in the sight of the Most High, than St. Peter's itself. But your church here is not without its architectural beauty, for apart from the valuable copies of the old masters which adorn its walls, it possesses a beautiful altar and is handsomely decorated, and on my right I observe a new marble memorial tablet which tells you that the church is your own and that just this day a year ago through the noble generosity of a Catholic lady of the parish, your church was declared free from debt. I feel sure that on this happy anniversary you will not forget to renew and redouble your prayers for her and her family.

Here I may end, but what return shall I make to you my dear friends for all your kind prayers and good wishes?

To-day I have offered up the Holy Sacrifice for you and for your children, for those absent as well as those present, that God may shower down his richest blessings on you all, and after Mass is over when I have laid aside the vestments, I will come out to the altar rail, and to as many of you as may wish my blessing, I will give it with all my heart.

This letter, addressed to Canon Rogers, Ardee, written by Father Tom's father gives to the good Irish priest, a short account of the home-coming of the young curate:

Words are but empty sounds to express the gratitude of our hearts to the Giver of all good for the happiness He has bestowed on us in sending our darling boy home to us, as we feel and hope and trust, a good and pious priest of God. To you and your good curates, I offer the sincere thanks of an honest father and devoted mother for the extreme kindness you have shown our boy during his sojourn with you. He arrived Sunday the 10th, was met at the dock by his two eldest brothers, went to ten o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's, N. Y., and was with us by one o'clock. Of our happy meeting after six long years I can better leave to your imagination. He sang his first Mass in dear New Rochelle. He was assisted by his two uncles, as deacon and sub-deacon, while three of his younger brothers served as altar boys. He addressed the congregation in a few well-chosen words, and there were many tears of joy shed by those who knew him as child, boy, and man. In the afternoon some fifteen or twenty young men called on young Father Tom, they stood in line and he was able to recall everyone of them by name as they had been his classmates in the little village school, and they were perfectly delighted.

Father Tom was assigned to St. Stephen's in 28th Street, New York, and saw his first service as a priest under Dr. McGlynn. Here, as a part of his duties, he attended the sick in that great city institution, Bellevue Hospital. The many sad sights of physical suffering, sickness, and death witnessed there made a very deep impression upon his character. St. Stephen's, during the pastorate of the beloved Dr. McGlynn, was noted for its superb choir under the direction of the distinguished organist, Professor Frank G. Dossert, and it was this cultivated musician who discovered the remarkable quality of Father Tom's voice.

While he was a curate at St. Stephen's [says Mr. Dossert] and I was organist and choir director there, I discovered that he possessed a very beautiful voice by his singing of the Mass

ritual and I advised him to study, which he did. His voice was a pure baritone of extended range. He could sing a low G or a high tenor A. Through proper training he was able to retain the same rich quality of the lower tones up to his highest tone. I taught him not only the sacred songs of his church but also the oratorios of *Elijah* by Mendelssohn, and *Messiah* by Handel, many songs by classical composers and many Irish folk songs. He was very musical and if he had chosen the career of a singer he would have become a great artist.

After a service in St. Stephen's of two years, Father Tom was transferred to St. Patrick's, Newburgh, during the pastorate of Rev. Joseph F. Mooney; then assigned to the Immaculate Conception, Yonkers, under Rev. Chas. R. Corley, and in 1892 to St. Rose's, Cannon Street, New York, while Father McGinley was pastor. In each of these parishes he made warm friends who admired his courteous and unaffected manner, as well as his high appreciation of the dignity of the priestly office.

During the years of his curacy, Father Tom, in the words of an old parishioner of St. Stephen's, "enjoyed every day he lived." While stationed in New York he rarely missed spending one evening a week with his family and his younger brothers and sisters looked forward with delight to the weekly visits of their big brother. In those days Father Tom sang all the best songs published about that time: *Israfil*, *The Holy City*, *The Chorister*, *Will He Come*, *The Palms*, *Jerusalem*, and *O Happy Day*. And in lighter vein for the amusement of the children *Santa Lucia*, *Funiculi, Funicula*, *Old Uncle Ned*, *Nellie Bly*, *Molly Malone*, and *The Bold Fisherman*. On one of these musical evenings a young lady with a rather pleasing soprano voice sang many selections including *Calvary*, *Good-by Summer*, *Good-bye Forever* and *Eternity* and when she had finished Father Tom, by way of complimenting her on

her vocal ability said, "Why, Miss Jones you could sing *ad infinitum*." With all seriousness and without the suspicion of a smile, the young lady replied, "Why really, Father, I don't know it, but if the music is here I will try it."

His vacation days for some years were spent on Lake George in company with Rev. Dr. Wall, Rev. Father Crowley, his brothers, and some of their friends. What a delightful faculty is the memory! Though a score of years have passed since those halcyon vacation hours spent on beautiful Lake George, many of the pleasant incidents connected with them come flooding back to the mind and can be seen as clearly as though they occurred but yesterday. The feelings which these thoughts inspire are fittingly expressed by a line from a song popular in those days.

"Oh! for one of those hours of gladness  
Gone, alas like our youth too soon."

Many travelers who have visited the Swiss lakes and the famous lakes of Killarney have been lavish in their praise of Lake George. The prettiest part of the lake, where the scenery is most varied, is at the Narrows about midway between Caldwell and Ticonderoga, and it was here in a cozy family hotel that Father Tom spent his vacation days. The numerous rock-bound islets covered with verdure add to the beauty of the scene at this point of the lake. Black Mountain towering high into the heavens is an inspiring object of natural beauty. One August evening when the moon was arrayed in all her fullness, the guests at the hotels in the vicinity of the Narrows were charmed by hearing on the lake sweet sounds of music. The soft notes of a zither were wafted over the still waters. Boats shot out from quiet nooks, followed in the wake of the singers, and coming nearer a young man with an

exquisite baritone voice was heard finishing the last notes of an evening hymn to the Virgin—*Ave Sanctissima*. This was followed by *Alma Redemptoris*, *See the Paraclete Descending* and *Hail, Foamy Ocean Star*. And then in succession *Santa Lucia*, *Too Late*, *Fair Moon to Thee We Sing* and *Good-Night*. The boats followed on in silence, for a time, but at the conclusion of that inspiring Italian air *Funiculi, Funicula*, light ripples of applause were heard. This was repeated for several evenings and the number of boats increased as the days went by. Father Tom was enthusiastic about the beauties of Lake George, originally called the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament. "Oh! how can there be any atheists in the world," he remarked to a group of guests at the hotel one evening, as he beheld the first glimpse of the radiant moon peeping out behind the mountains, "with such grand manifestations of God's goodness to men on every side. The thought that has been uppermost in my mind since I came to this sylvan retreat has been: If this be the exquisite beauty of what is called God's footstool, what then must be the surpassing splendor of the place which he has prepared for those who love him."

One Sunday evening during his stay at Lake George, while an Episcopal clergyman was conducting services in the parlor of the hotel, Father Tom, inspired no doubt by the grandeur of the scene about him, drew together the few Catholics in the place, and suggested that they might hold a vesper service on lovely Paradise Bay. The idea was at once acquiesced in, and in a very few moments the hills surrounding that beautiful sheet of pellucid water resounded with the strains of *Ave Maris Stella*, *Ave Maria*, and the *Magnificat*. The moon shone through the trees on the summit of the mountain, bright stars twinkled in the heavens, the surface of the lake was without a ripple, the fitting rowboats ceased their splashing and all



was calm and peaceful. Three young ladies, with sweet soprano voices, sang several of the vesper hymns, a young man not of their faith seated in his canoe held a brilliant lantern by the light of which they read the words from their prayer books. Rowboats noiselessly guided into the moonlit bay, stopped at the sound of the solemn music and their occupants listened with respectful reverence to the praises of the Almighty. In a short time fully ten boats were locked together, drifting whither they might, while the resonant voice of the young priest sounded the familiar notes of *O Salutaris* and the *Tantum Ergo*. The scene was indeed an impressive one and lingered long in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be participants.

Other equally delightful vacation days were spent by Father Tom at Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks, at Asbury Park, in Nova Scotia, touring the White Mountains, and at picturesque Cliff Haven, the home of the Catholic Summer School, where during his course of instructive and entertaining lectures on music, he made a host of friends who enjoyed his genial companionship and the charm of his conversation, while strolling along the wooded shores of lovely Lake Champlain.

"KENT LODGE, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

"The Land of Evangeline! I have just been walking up and down in the shade of an apple orchard reading aloud Longfellow's exquisite poem, and my imagination soon filled the scene with the sturdy Acadian farmers, and the matrons and maids with their 'white caps and kirtles.' Strange that the poet who had never set foot in Nova Scotia could so beautifully and accurately describe this charming scenery. Around Grand Pré the forest primeval has forever departed—if it ever existed in these lowly marsh lands. But on the hillsides and mountains

surrounding the Basin of Minas the pines and the hemlocks still murmur a sweet responsive echo of 'I love you' to the gentle wooing of the winds. The apple trees and the pear trees are still heavily laden with their ruddy fruit that seem all aglow in the sunshine. That other race 'with other customs and language' that succeeded the Acadian farmers still cultivates the rich soil and brings forth abundant crops of hay and of barley and wheat. These good people, even these, seem to have inherited somewhat the honesty of the children of Normandie, for at Kent Lodge we have had the most delicious coffee and hot muffins and fresh milk and raspberries from the vine direct, and melting shad from the Basin of Minas, and delicate mutton chops and the freshest of milk and eggs and butter, and large airy rooms; and all for the paltry sum of—but let us not mention filthy lucre in the land of sweet poesie. Our trip so far has been one grand sweet song, like the lost chord, and its echoes will continue haunting us for many a long day. The vision of Evangeline walking home from confession through the village has become a living reality to me, and the fragrance of Longfellow's verses seems to pervade the atmosphere, but there is here 'no ceasing of exquisite music' for her presence is felt everywhere, the remembrance of a pure, beautiful woman."

"PROFILE HOUSE, N. H.

"On our way to the 'Flume' to-day I looked intently up at the 'Old Man in the Mountain' and said, 'Well, Old Fellow, what on earth have you been thinking of during the last few thousand years?' To my surprise in deep, sepulchral tones, which strange to say, were heard by me alone, the interrogator, he answered and said: 'I have been thinking of only one thing, namely, that there is a God, the creator of all things and that puny man is the only creature that is fool enough to deny his existence. I have been

gazing on these eternal hills for centuries and I have heard the birds warble from sunrise to dusk, and the burden of their song was, "There is a God." I have watched the trout and the perches and the scaly denizens of the streamlet and lake jump with delight out of the water, and their every movement proclaimed the divinity. I have heard the wild animals of the forest roar and their cry was "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The winds from the North and South came and shook and bent the tall cedars and the stately pines; the zephyrs from the South and West came and the leaves of the forest murmured in response to their gentle wooing and the same old story was always repeated, "There is a God"; sometimes it was in the open diapason, with nature's organ stops all uniting in one grand chorus; at other times the gentle *vox humana* of nature whispering words of adoration and love. Nay, have I not seen great rocks and boulders loosened by the dripping waters go tumbling down the mountain side and making the hillsides re-echo with their loud reverberations and even they, poor inanimate rocks, joined their voices in the general chorus. Year after year have I watched the billows of wild flowers and blades of grass flourish and fade, all for His glory. No other eyes but His hath looked upon them for they bloom for Him alone. This, all this, have I been thinking of for thousands of years, long before Moses spoke to the people of the One who said, "I am He who Am," long before the Pharaohs of Egypt worshiped the vegetables of the field, and did not look up to the stars or the moon or the sun and say, "Who made all these things?" For ages have I watched sun, moon, and stars revolving in their cycled orbs and have said, "Oh, man why art thou so blind that thou must be of the earth earthy? Shake off this sleep! Awake, arise, bow down in adoration with all nature, and confess 'How wonderful are Thy works, Oh God! The heavens are telling Thy glory always and

the firmament and all the creatures of the universe proclaim Thy power and dominion, Be Thou blest for ever and ever.'"" Thus spoke the old man in the mountain and then was silent. When I would have him speak more the voice was silent and I learned the lesson that nature has only one message for man and that is: There is a God, kneel and adore and thank Him for His gifts."

## CHAPTER VI

### TRANSFIGURATION

AT that time, Jesus taketh unto Him Peter and James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart: and he was transfigured before them. And his face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as snow. (St. Matthew xvii, 1-9.)

“Amongst all the pictures presented to us in the pages of Holy Writ, there is none more sublime, none more surpassingly grand, none more dazzling in its beauty, than this picture of the Transfiguration of Christ, as recorded in to-day’s gospel. We look in vain through the books of the Old Testament for so wonderful a vision of celestial glory—God veiled His face when He spoke to Adam, to Abraham, and to Moses; and all things happened to them in figure;—but when the reality was come, when the Son of the Most High God assumed to Himself our poor frail human nature, the veil was cast aside, and man was permitted to look upon the face of his Maker. What a wonderful mystery does the life of Christ present to us, even from an historical standpoint. He goes about almost thirty-three years, and the Jews, although they reverence Him as a good man and a prophet, yet little dream that He is the Son of their living Jehovah. Peter, inspired by the Holy Ghost, it is true, has proclaimed Him ‘the Christ, the Son of the living God,’ and there are two other followers, dear friends of His, whose faith is firm as the rock

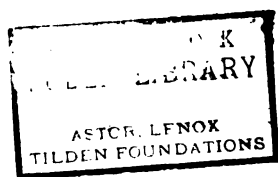
itself. To them, the friends of His bosom, so strong in the faith, so ardent in their love, to Peter, to James, and to John, does He say,—‘Come with me awhile to Mt. Tabor, and you shall receive the reward of your faith; and you shall testify to the nations of the earth, that I am indeed the Son of God, as you believed me.’

“When they had reached the summit of the mountain which overlooks Jerusalem, they knelt in prayer, when Jesus was suddenly raised above them, and the glory of His divinity made manifest. His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became white as the driven snow; and Moses and Elias also appeared, and spoke with Him concerning His passion and death. Ah! this was not the ‘Man of Sorrows!’ This was not one acquainted with grief. This was not one hounded as a malefactor, bruised for our sins, wounded for our iniquities! Here we are not called to contemplate the scandal and the ignominy of the cross, or the thorn-crowned head, or the five bleeding wounds! No! Here was Jesus Christ, the Son of the Mighty God, —bright as the sun, beautiful as the moon, terrible as an army set in battle array. Here is the Judge of the living and the dead, as He will appear on the last reckoning day. The Apostles fall flat upon the ground, for very fear, and the voice of the Father comes from out the cloud (symbol of the Holy Spirit), ‘This is My beloved Son; hear ye Him.’ And looking up, after all is over, they behold only Jesus, their friend.”

These were the opening sentences of an eloquent sermon on the Transfiguration preached by Father Tom while a curate in Yonkers. Little did he imagine then that, in a few short years, his first experience as a pastor would be in charge of the old parish bearing that sacred name, situated in what had become the center of the Chinese district in New York. Transfiguration at Mott and Park streets is the fourth oldest parish in the diocese of New York, hav-



FATHER TOM AT YONKERS IN 1890





ing been founded by the saintly Father Felix Varela in 1827.

Father Varela, who was Vicar-General of the Diocese in 1837, was noted for his many sacrifices in aid of the poor and afflicted. Going South for the benefit of his health in 1853 he died in that year at St. Augustine, Florida. The students of the University of Havana, where he had taught for some years, begged for the body of their beloved teacher, but the people of St. Augustine refused to give it up, for they said: "A saint has died in our midst and we shall keep his body here to bring God's blessing upon us."

Other pastors of Transfiguration, following in succession to Father Varela were Father McClellan, Father John McEvoy, Father Thomas Treanor, Father Hasson, Father McGean and Father Thomas Lynch.

It was a heavy burden for an inexperienced young man, not yet ten years ordained, to undertake the responsibility of an old city parish, but when, in 1894, Archbishop Corrigan designated Father Tom as pastor of old Transfiguration, he valiantly and cheerfully took up the work. It was only after he had been in the place for a month that he realized what his responsibilities were, for not only did he have the care of fifteen hundred English-speaking people, but also of about six thousand Italians; nay more, he learned that he had to shoulder a large floating debt, and still larger mortgage. He at once began to retrench expenses. It caused no little dissatisfaction to see the clock on the church stopped, and complaints came in from all quarters, but his answer was always, "Gentlemen, that clock is a luxury, and costs sixty dollars a year to run; give me the sixty dollars and I shall pay to have it run for a year, but take that money from our slender resources, no! I will not." Next the paid singers had to go as being a luxury he could not afford, and this must have been a

sore trial, as Father Tom was passionately fond of good music. Then the school was changed from a grammar school to a primary school, and the teachers reduced to three, so that the running expenses were reduced nearly two thousand, seven hundred dollars a year.

Notwithstanding this, he foresaw that with a steadily decreasing congregation, it would scarcely be possible to run the church. Suddenly the thought, like an inspiration came to him; "Why not sell No. 30 Mott Street, an unhealthy residence, and live in the school." No sooner said than done. Within two weeks it was sold for twenty thousand dollars cash. In about three months the front half of the school was transformed into one of the snuggest little rectories in the city, at an astonishingly low figure. The young men of White Street generously came to Father Tom's assistance, and by an entertainment netted the church funds \$634.00. Then came the grand fair in the fall, which netted the sum of \$3,539.

Father Tom now felt that something ought to be done for the old church, which was the gloomiest and darkest in all New York, so that ordinarily gas had to be burned to enable one to read the Missal on the altar. The new rector figured that he would spend \$2,500 to renovate the church inside and out. The broken windows were all repaired throughout the church, the antiquated pew doors removed, and the whole church neatly decorated in light colors, including the side altars and statues and the organ. The painting over the high altar was cleaned and the garments of Our Saviour restored to their original white. The upper galleries were removed and abundance of sunlight beamed into the church. The marble altar, which had turned a yellowish tint, emerged from its chemical bath with a snowy whiteness that delighted everyone who saw it. A new set of stations of the cross were solemnly blessed and hung upon the walls; new stained-glass win-

dows were placed in the transoms and in the swing doors in memory of the following deceased: Catherine Britt, John McLoughlin, Patrick J. O'Brien, Margaret Shaughnessy, Annie Halk, J. and P. O'Brien, Josie Teany, Denis Connelly, Mary Ann Murphy, Holy Name Society, and C. Y. M. A. of White Street.

Father Tom now set himself to work to provide a suitable meeting-place for the Literary Society which he had established the previous winter. A partition was erected in the large room which served as a sacristy, and the floor covered with a bright pattern linoleum. Some valuable paintings which were found among the rubbish in the upper gallery were brought down, cleaned, and hung up to adorn the pretty meeting-room.

While attending to the material wants of the church and the social instinct, by means of lectures and festivals and delightful "Tea Parties" of pleasant memories, Father Tom was ever mindful that the first duty of the priest is to look after the spiritual welfare of his flock. An Advent course of sermons by the pastor, as well as a Lenten course was attended by strangers from different parts of the city. From the first of October till the end of May, the Rosary was recited every evening in the church at 8 o'clock. The Sacred Heart League, the Rosary Society, the Holy Name Society, the Children of Mary, the Immaculate Heart Sodality, the Junior Branch of the Holy Name, the Angels' Society, and the Boys' St. Aloysius Sodality all flourished under the genial guidance of the new pastor. Congregational singing, a hobby of the pastor, was heard in its perfection at all the evening services and occasionally at the ten o'clock Mass on Sundays.

The Sunday School, for those children who had been sent away at the age of twelve, as well as for children whose parents by choice sent them to the Public Schools, was a model which any Sunday School in the Diocese might copy.

It was placed in charge of Rev. Wm. J. Donohue, Father Tom's assistant. Father Donohue visited the Bayard Street School, and asked some Catholic teachers if they would volunteer to take charge of the Catechism classes. With the true spirit of Christian love and kindness, they answered: "Father, it would be a pleasure and an honor to aid in so noble a work." There was a Sunday session immediately after the ten o'clock Mass and a week-day session, at half past three on Tuesdays, and both sessions under the directions of competent teachers. In addition to all this there were three Masses in the basement for the Italians of the parish each Sunday. Nearly twelve hundred of the sons of sunny Italy attended these services. Father Tom did his best to make the two races coalesce, by compelling the Italians to attend services in the upper church, but found that far better results could be obtained by having the two people worship separately.

While pastor of Transfiguration, Father Tom took an interest in bettering the conditions of the people of his district and was foremost in urging improvements which might eliminate some of the pest holes in the neighborhood of his church. A plan was devised to widen Pell Street from the Bowery to Mott Street and extend it through Mott Street to Mulberry Bend Park, and Father Tom was one of the energetic workers to have it carried into effect. Appearing before the President of the Borough as one of a committee of citizens urging this improvement he said:

In all New York there is no more disreputable street than Pell Street, no more forbidding cow-path than Doyers Street. On Sundays when the Orientals congregate there to do their shopping these streets are impassable. If you want to walk through there you run against the greasy coats of the Chinese and are stifled by the fumes of tobacco, opium, and Chinese punk whose sickening odor clings to the atmosphere day and

night. I come here as a pastor of a large congregation. I live in the midst of Chinatown. I am kept awake nights in the summer time by the noise of the Mongolians, by their vile music, by their unauthorized midnight processions, and by the shrill laughter of their white women. I know whereof I speak when I call Pell and Doyers streets a cesspool of immorality and enough to bring a curse on the whole community. The priests know of the iniquity of this section, for it is they who in the middle of the night are called upon to attend the death bed and administer the last rites to the poor fallen white women who dwell in these dens of infamy. Finely dressed ladies are brought through this section night after night to be shown how low some of their less fortunate sisters have fallen and actually pay these girls "to hit the pipe" and show how opium is smoked.

Father Tom dearly loved the little ones of his flock, and was deeply interested in everything that concerned the welfare of even the humblest child of the tenements who came under his care. How pathetic is his story of "The Passing Away of Tony Gimp" written for *The Catholic Youth*, in 1899.

Tony was a great favorite with all the bootblacks of Chinatown. He had lost one leg, and of course the boys had to distinguish him from all the other Tonys by nicknaming him "Gimp." He was more or less the envy of the other boys, because his mother had received two thousand dollars from the cable-car company for the leg he had lost, and he was looked upon as a hero. His shoe-box was studded with brass nails, and on each side of the foot rest shone forth resplendent the letters "T. G." With great patience he had managed to carve on the side of his box, "Hurrray for Dewey!" By the way, ye who have the good luck to dwell on Murray Hill, let one who has dwelt among the lowly tell you, that compared to the bootblacks of New York, your sense of patriotism is as a grease candle to an electric light. For many nights after the Battle of Manila, these little patriots, drumming on old tin pans and

carrying small American flags, marched up and down Mott Street roaring at the tops of their voices: "When you hear them bells begin to ring"; and when they came to that awe-inspiring verse, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-to-night," you would think that San Juan Hill was in sight, and that they were ready for a rush. It is down in the slums among the poor that one learns to know what love of country means. I venture to say that one hundred per cent. more money, proportionately, is spent on fireworks, bunting, and flags by the children of the tenements on national celebrations than by their more favored brethren.

But, where was I? Oh, yes! Tony's box. My first experience with the lad, I cannot forget. I was talking to the parish priest of Chinatown one Saturday afternoon, while he took a breath of air between confessions, and Tony knelt and polished the priest's shoes, and as he blew his warm breath on the shoe, the padre said:

"What's your name?"

"Tony."

"Tony what?"

"Jus' Tony; dat's all."

"Well, but have you no other name? What's your father's name?"

"My fada; I ain't got no fada; he died already out in It'ly."

"Is your mother alive?"

"Bet she is; she licks me every night, 'fi doan bring home de mon'."

A pause, during which he blows harder on the shoe, and rubs more energetically with the brush.

"Say, Tony, why do you blow your breath on the shoe?"

"Makes 'em shine, Boss, das wha' fo'."

"Do you know anything else but shining shoes?"

"Me? No, 'cceptn' shoot crap."

"Come, now, Tony, you know your prayers, don't you; the Our Father and the Ave Maria?"

"Naw! when I wus outin It'ly I know dem, but now I fergit ev'ying."

"Have you made your first confession?"

"Naw! I never made nuthin'."

"Well, will you promise to come to Sunday School every Sunday if I prepare you for your first Communion and Confirmation?"

"Yeh." Then after reflecting: "Say, Boss, d'ye give clothes and shoes for goin' to Sunday School same as at Five Poin'?"

"No," answered the padre; "we are too poor, but I will let you shine my shoes regularly if you will come to Sunday School."

The offer was tempting, and the Padre had made a partial convert out of the young heathen. He prepared him for his first confession and Communion and the lad became a "runner" for the Christian Doctrine classes. A "runner"? Yes, for Gimp could run as fast with his one leg and crutch as many boys who were sound of limb, and it was marvelous to see him skip along.

But, alas! winter came, and poor Tony caught cold, got very sick and had to remain home in bed. His face seemed to grow paler and paler as the snow began to fall, until finally about the middle of January, the doctor said there was no hope. Tony lay easily on his little bed when the padre called to see him for the last time, and his dark eyes brightened as he reached out his fevered hand to grasp that of the man who had reached his heart. A priest naturally warms to the wayward and neglected ones of his flock, and the poor little chap had wound himself so 'round the padre's heart, that he felt his eyes grow dim as he saw the end approaching.

"Is it snowin', Fada?"

"Yes, Tony, it is snowing hard."

"Is de fellas out wid de'er sleighs on the hill?" (Referring to Park Street Hill.)

"Yes, Tony, they are all out there having great fun."

"I wish't I was dere. Is Little Billy got de red sleigh dat he had las' year?"

"Yes, Tony, he can beat everything on the hill."

"Oh, say! I remember las' year he lemme have the sleigh for fipens for fifteen minutes, and I went scootin' like everyting down hill, wen' awful fas' from Mott downa Mulberry, and way into the Park."

Poor Tony! His excited look showed that he pictured to

himself the hill, and the snow, and the swift-flying sled, and the curving round into the Park at the foot of the hill. Poor little Tony! he was going down hill "awful fast," and was breathing very distressfully; the snow was slipping away, and he would soon be around the curve into the Park.

"Say, Fada, d'ye tink I'll get better?"

All the padre could manage to say was: "I hope so, Tony," But he caught the priest's look and quickly said:

"Fada, d'ye tink I'll git back me other leg when I gits t' Heaven?"

"Yes, Tony, you will."

"Well, I'm glad o' dat. Say! Is Jimmy de Kid out yet?"

Jimmy the Kid had been sentenced to one year in the Reformatory for stealing some lead pipe, and his time was about up, so the padre replied: "Yes, Jimmy arrived home this morning."

"I'd like to see him again. Jimmy is a good feller, Fada; he didn't steal dat lead pipe. I knowed the fella did it, but I didn't want to tell on de fella, 'cause his mother wus sick, an' she didn't have no one to woik fur her but him. Jimmy is alright, he is. Say! Jimmy kin have my box wid all de brass nails on it, see! and no one else gits it, see?" This was said with great determination. Poor Tony's last will and testament.

"All right, Tony." The boy's voice came more faintly and the breathing more difficult, and he closed his eyes, tired out with speaking. The shouts of his playmates on the hill roused him for an instant, and with an effort he said: "I wish't I wus out wid de fellas on de hill." The padre grasped his little hand as he lay back on his pillow, and the boy's mind still clinging to what was one of the brightest pictures of his life, murmured very slowly: "Will you lend me your sleigh, Billy, ully jus' once, I won't ask ye no more? I ully jus' want to go down de hill once more, 'round de curve into the Park, and then I'll go home." The padre felt a slight tremor in the boy's hand. He had grasped the little sleigh. Those who knelt around the bed saw a look of delight in the wan face, a look of triumph. He had sped down the hill, 'round the curve and into the Park. He had gone Home!



## CHAPTER VII

### IN DARKEST CHINATOWN

EIGHT years of Father Tom's life as a pastor were spent in Mott Street, but the warmth of his manner and the sunshine of his smile won him friends even among his nearest neighbors the "heathen Chinese." Some of his experiences with his celestial friends, as well as his parish work among the unfortunates who found their way into this wretched quarter of the city, are graphically described in an article from his pen, published in *Donahue's Magazine* in November, 1897, entitled "In Darkest Chinatown."

"September 2, 1896, was a great day in Chinatown—Mott, Pell, and Doyers streets, just northwest of Chatham Square Junction, which forms the heart of the Celestial Empire in the Eastern States, were gay with yellow flags on which were painted fierce looking blue dragons, whose sole occupation seemed a vain attempt to devour large balls of bright carmine. A sickening odor of Fourth of July punk and Chinese incense pervaded the atmosphere on all sides. Gaudy devices in brilliant colors hung from the front of every building, and mottoes in wonderful tea-box characters told the almond-eyed washermen who read them that Li Hung Chang was great, and that the flowery Kingdom was the greatest place on the footstool.

"The streets which had been thronged with sightseers for three days, were now almost impassable. A host of the 'Finest' had hard work to make a passageway when

His Highness of the Yellow Jacket and Peacock Feather finally put in an appearance, like the passing of a meteor, so quickly did he come and go. But when he had gone shall we ever forget the scene that followed? From every balcony were hung out strings of giant firecrackers numbering ten thousand to every string and for nearly an hour was heard such noise as cannot be rivaled save on a battle-field. The air soon became so filled with smoke that it was impossible to see the houses on the opposite side of the street. The dread of being set on fire scattered the vast throngs in all directions, but they departed only to return again when the battle was over, and then they boldly walked through the forbidding looking Pell and Doyers streets and seemed to enjoy being jostled by the motley crowd of Mongolians, Negroes, and 'gents' of the 'Chuck Connors' type, who swarmed on all sides.

"Some of the more daring climbed cautiously the dirt beladen stairs, and with their kid gloves or their bare palms helped to polish the greasy banisters. Experience on sick call work soon teaches one that banisters in the tenement houses of the slums seem to say, 'Noli me tangere,' and if warning be disregarded, one is likely to leave the building more like a centipede than a biped.

"What brought our visitors up the dark stairways was to see the Chinese restaurant and partake of the dainty dishes. These restaurants by the way are not famous as a rule for their cleanliness.

"Some time ago I had occasion to complain to the police because the celestials disturbed our Sunday service by setting off an immense bunch of firecrackers just at the most solemn part of the Mass. Up to this time we had been very good neighbors, but this was really imposing upon Christian good nature and forbearance. The following evening a delegation of the merchants waited on me and their spokesman, with bared head and drooping pigtail,

and a very sad face said, 'Fodda! Alle Chinamen belly solly fo' makee much noise yes'dy. Now him wantee you come t'molla ni'. Havee big din, glan' spled, evvat-ing ni', see?' I could not resist these overtures and so found myself the following evening at a table in a Pell Street restaurant with about seven Chinamen around me, only one of whom could speak English. It may astonish some readers to learn that the Chinese custom in regard to the order of dishes at a dinner is just the reverse of ours; they begin with the fruits and dainties and sweetmeats and end with the soup. Many things indeed I partook of on faith fearing that if I asked too many questions I might hear in reply the ominous word 'Lats' which would certainly spoil my appetite for the rest of the dinner. I may observe, parenthetically, that the Chinese mouth is so formed that they cannot pronounce the letter 'R' and hence they substitute 'L' for it whenever it occurs.

"Among the delicious viands of which we partook that evening was a dish of 'shark's fins.' The dish is simply what the name implies, the gristly tough fin of the shark is boiled until it becomes gelatinous and is served up with sauce. Then came 'bird's nest soup' which is not altogether what the name implies and it is just as well not to know, till after you have partaken of it, what is its true inwardness. After finishing your allotted portion, you can at your leisure consult your encyclopedia and say with *post factum* knowledge and courage, 'Well I kept it down anyway.' Another dish that puzzled me sorely was called 'duck's feet.' I asked my neighbor what it meant and he naively explained, 'You know yellow foot of duck? Well 'Melican man tlow way in ash-bal like him no good, see? Well Chinaman takee foots and boil him hard seben eight hou make him soft and belly nice.'

"Gentle reader, I could not partake of what followed but I had made up my mind to see the whole thing through

so I sipped my rice wine which is a pleasant though rather insidious decoction that is served all through the dinner in glasses the size of a very small egg cup. Let me say it to the credit of my host that although the bowl containing the viands was always placed in the middle of the table; although my companions at the table always made a dive at the choicest bits in the bowl with their chopsticks, and although they all licked their chopsticks clean between courses, yet did he endeavor to get me a dainty bit with his chopsticks from a portion of the dish which was not yet touched by the eager guests. One more delicacy I cannot refrain from mentioning was called 'sea cucumber.' I have never eaten boiled rubber boots to my knowledge, but I am sure they would make a good substitute for sea cucumbers. Enough said.

"At the end of the meal they served us with the half of a nut like in shape to a brazil nut, but rather bitter. My host warned me in a laughing manner not to eat it as it would make me feel 'dlunk allee samee 'Melican man.' Evidently a powerful narcotic. Then came the orchestral music in my honor. I have the pleasure of listening to like entrancing strains every night in the summer up to one or two o'clock in the morning, but then it is half a block away. Now I was in a little restaurant right up close to the band. Shades of Apollo defend us! What a noise they made. I remember years ago that the good Father Banti, S.J., gave us a retreat in the Seminary and tried to describe for us the music of hell. I have often thought, since my exile in this land of the heathen, that he would be greatly aided in his meditations could he but be present at a Chinese banquet and hear the musicians play with expression in his honor. The instruments consisted of two immense cymbals, the sound of which recalled the pleasant melodies of a boiler factory; two shrill wooden instruments with brass funnels that resembled in sound

those piercing horns used by the Swiss mountaineers and which sound not at all badly at a distance of two miles, and last but not least were two violins shaped like banjos which when played upon made one think that the soul of the cat still remained in the strings and was clamoring plaintively for release. Imagine if you can the combination and yet, I dare say, beautiful sounds must be something relative after all, for I have seen a crowd of these Pagans, not having the price of admission, stand outside of the theater in Doyers street and with mute attention and with expression of rapture depicted on their countenances, listen to these horrible discords.

“On the occasion of the visit of Li Hung Chang to our little colony a year ago, amongst the thousands who came to see the sights was a Protestant clergyman from a neighboring city, who on the following Sunday gave to his highly intelligent congregation a glowing account of his visit, a report of which appeared in the *New York Herald*. It seems he climbed up five flights of stairs and found himself in a Joss house. There he saw a large shrine—which by the way, the priest on duty did not wish me to photograph—in front of which was a beautifully-carved altar table of wood covered with gold leaf. Back of this was a grotesque looking idol that to our way of thinking would seem to represent the devil rather than any good deity, while on the table itself were large candlesticks, silver dragons, and an immense pot of sand in which the sticks of punk were burned. Large and vari-colored lanterns hung on all sides and inscriptions in Chinese characters from the writings of Confucius covered the walls. A priest of the temple cordially offered our friend a cup of tea, as is customary, which he respectfully declined. The minister noted that the Chinese have very peculiar ways of showing reverence for their sanctuaries, namely they sit around and smoke and chat and have a quiet little game;

may right back of the shrine is a room with two bamboo couches where the priests of the temple and their friends 'hit the pipe' to pass away the time. As he watched the movements of those present he saw the door open and a devout worshiper entered and spoke to the priest handing him a twenty-five cent piece. The guardian of the temple bit it and found it genuine sixteen to one material; then taking a large glass jar filled with little bamboo sticks he took out one and gave it to the devotee who immediately extracted from the end of it a square of red paper and he thrust it into one of his mysterious pockets. His next move was to light a piece of punk or incense and place it to burn in the sand pot on the altar. This done he knelt on the floor and muttered his prayers, bowing down and touching the ground with his forehead several times. This is the Chinese service, a go as you please worship, having no fixed hours, nor fixed days, nor fixed ritual, nor fixed liturgy. Wait, however, till you hear what was on that paper and you may have a better insight into 'John's' belief. The paper contained his fortune for the week, *i.e.*, what were to be his lucky and unlucky days what his lucky numbers in gambling, on what days to buy and sell, etc.

"Our clerical friend looking out from the balcony of Mr. Joss, was struck with astonishment when he saw directly across the street a large old-fashioned church of blue stone with sandstone trimmings, surmounted by a pagoda-like tower, on top of which was a white cross resting on a golden ball. The sight of the cross nettled him, for sad to say there are still among the sects calling themselves Christians, men who are enemies of the Cross of Christ, and who hate the sight of that sacred emblem, especially when they see it on a church dedicated to the worship of that same Christ. Worse still, in a niche below the tower he saw a graven image of that same beloved Christ, with His arms

extended as though He were saying: 'Other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also must I bring in, that there may be one fold and one shepherd.' To the left of the church he saw a large red brick building which had all the appearance of a school-house, with the stars and stripes floating from a pole in front of it. Even this sight did not inspire him with kindly feelings, for he said 'How dare they? What right have they to hoist Old Glory over what must be a Romish school-house?' He descended and entered the church and it happened to be at the solemn moment of the consecration. He saw the people bowed down in adoration; there was perfect stillness broken only by the sound of the little bell, at each stroke of which he imagined he saw a more profound movement of the head and he even noticed some poor benighted Italians kneeling in the rear of the church striking their breasts, and doubtless saying with the publican 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' He listened to a simple homily on the gospel, told not in loftiness of speech, but in simple language such as the Master used, easy of comprehension by the multitude, and he left the church only to ascend his pulpit the following Sunday and try to create a sensation by saying, 'I visited the Joss house in Mott Street last week and saw the pagans bowed down before their idols and offering their incense. Right opposite, I entered a so-called Christian Temple and there found a lot of Papist idolaters bowed down in like manner before their idols of wood and stone.' As to this man's belief, if he has any, the Lord direct him aright and bring him to a knowledge of the truth; but we must thank him for one thing, namely that he called attention to the church which caused no end of comment during the Li Hung Chang Jubilee—the Church of the Transfiguration.

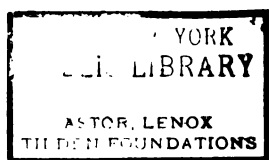
"How came this church in the heart of Chinatown? Who worship here? What good does it accomplish for the

conversion of the heathen? Let me briefly reply to some of these questions. The parish of the Transfiguration was founded seventy years ago this fall by the saintly Father Varela, one of the most remarkable men of our time and country, as may be seen in his biography by Jose Rodriquez. He was born in Havana, but on account of the revolution some years afterwards, he was banished from his native land and came to New York to continue the work so dear to his heart, the salvation of souls. In a short time he had mastered the English language and was appointed to found a new parish downtown. Starting first in Ann street, he afterwards, for want of accommodations, left that place for Chambers street, which place also becoming too small for the congregation, was sold by Archbishop Hughes for seventy-five thousand dollars, and with this money all the debts were paid and the present church in Mott street was purchased. This stately edifice erected in 1815 by the Moravian Brethren was bought from the Episcopalians in 1853 for thirty thousand dollars and was dedicated as a Catholic Church the same year. Father Varela passed to his reward honored as a saint and his body rests in a moss covered neglected vault in St. Augustine, as near as he could get to his beloved Island of Cuba; but the work so happily begun by him was continued under zealous clergy ever since. In 1856, our schools were founded and at one time they numbered over fourteen hundred children. In those days from 1860 to 1880 Transfiguration schools were the rivals of De La Salle, a Christian Brothers' well known Academy in Second street, and many are the noble priests in New York to-day who received their early training within these walls. Not only do the clergy rank among their numbers many old boys of Transfiguration with the honored name of Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn at their head, but in the lists of the medical, the legal, and the theatrical pro-





**THE CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION, MOTT AND PARK STS., N. Y. CITY**



fessions to-day, we find the names of many prominent men, who love to speak of the good old days when they went to Transfiguration school in Mott street.

"In 1877, twenty years ago, this parish contained about thirteen thousand Irish Catholics. Alas! the changes that twenty years have brought about. First came the Chinese, who gradually usurped all of Pell and Doyers streets, and Mott street from the Bowery to Pell. Then came the Jews, who not satisfied with Baxter street, settled in Mott, Hester, Bayard, and Chrystie streets. Then came the Italians and they drove the Irish from Mulberry and Park streets and took full possession of the "Bend." Last of all came the manufacturers with their big factories and dispersed our people from Elm, Leonard, and Franklin streets so that at the end of twenty years we have in our parish limits scarcely eight hundred English-speaking people, and about one hundred and fifty children in our little primary school. The Italians, except those of the better class, will not amalgamate with the English-speaking in church services, and hence we have three masses in the basement chapel for them every Sunday which are attended by over one thousand of Madonna's chosen people.

"Our upstairs congregation is the 'pusillus grex' that is held together by bonds of love and sympathy for the dear old church where they and their parents have worshiped for so many years, and they propose to stand by it till it is obliged to close its doors forever. This part of my charge is of little interest to the outside world, except to say of them that it would be difficult to find a more devoted flock or one more generous according to their slender means or one more respectful to their priests than the people of Transfiguration parish.

"But what of the Italians? What of the Jews? What of the Chinese? I would stretch out this article beyond

the limits of the magazine if I attempted to give an account of the quaint doings and sayings of the first mentioned interesting portion of the flock, so must needs dismiss the topic. As to the other two peoples I might say with St. Paul: 'Quid mihi de iis qui foris sunt judicare?' However, I must say in regard to the children of the Jews and Chinese, that the priests of this church are as well known to them as their own fathers and mothers and many of them salute us just like Christian children.

"We have in our school, several little half-breed Chinese who are very bright and who will make good Catholics some day, but as to their parents whether Christian or Pagan, there is I fear, little hope. 'John' comes here for the sole object of making money, and he has the poorest idea of the spiritual world that it is possible for a human being to have. I do not wonder that an eminent traveler has gone so far as to say that he considers the Chinese as a nation of atheists, for they acknowledge no Supreme Being and simply pay a superstitious cult to their dead heroes. As for making Christians of them I think it would require an angel from heaven in every case to bring them to a knowledge of God and the Trinity.

"But, some will tell me that the Protestant missionaries are making converts among them. I shall not venture to give a full solution of the question; I shall not venture to say that none of their conversions are real; but I will say that the Protestant missions have lots of money to start with and I will say that most of their converts still carry the queue, which is a sign that they still hold to their own superstitions. A little incident that came under my observation some time ago may serve to explain to those who can read between the lines the reason of some of the conversions. We held a bazaar for the benefit of our church to which several of the Chinese merchants sent

fancy articles, boxes of tea, etc., and not a few came in person and spent their money freely. The pretty girls soon gathered around the Celestials, to relieve them of their surplus cash, as is customary at fairs, when the most modest and retiring young lady in the parish suddenly acquires a *savoir faire* we never dreamed of her possessing. The visitors were so pleased that two of them came to me and said 'Fodda, me and my fien wanbee Cattlic alle samee you.' I answered that I was delighted to hear it, but said that a course of instructions in the catechism would be necessary prior to their admittance in the church. 'Oh,' he answered, 'dat all lightee me an' my fien we likee instluction, we bin at Plotestant Sunna' School befo' see?' 'Very well,' I replied, 'if you come on next Sunday at two o'clock I shall give you your first lesson and after that two lessons a week. I shall take full charge of you myself.' With that the countenances of the two would-be neophytes fell and even their eyes seemed to droop as one of them quaintly asked with a vain attempt at concealing his disappointment; 'Fodda, you no havee de young ladi teacha Chinamen 'n you Sunna' School?' 'No,' I answered, 'the Chinamen I reserve to myself.' I have not seen either of these gentlemen since, but I have learned that in one of the Bible classes of the neighborhood, the attendance is so small that they have individual teachers for the Chinese pupils and the newspapers occasionally regale us with the result of such a system of imparting the truths of Christianity.

"I have said there is little hope for the parents, whether Christian or pagan; I must modify this remark, for some of our sick-call work is among those who are the mothers of these children. No one but the Catholic priest really knows how the 'other half' lives. In his quest for souls that may be won back to God he gains a saddening knowledge of the depths of human misery. I have had varied

experiences in hospital work in Bellevue but Bellevue could never reveal the death-bed scenes of the pest holes of Chinatown. Poor, unfortunate Magdalens! It would seem that she after whom they are named must be ever pleading at the foot of the Eternal Crucifix in their behalf for they rarely die without the priest, and if Catholics, they invariably call for him at the end. Surely the vengeance of a just God on the men who first robbed them of that pearl without price, must be as terrible in its severity as is His wondrous mercy infinite to the poor forsaken victims.

"Ashamed am I to confess that a few of those unfortunates are Catholics. What brought them to these lowest depths of infamy? It was generally the brutality of a drunken father or mother, the neglect of a drunken husband or the false hearted lying promises of a guilty lover.

"In a short time after their advent to the slums, these girls, some of them only seventeen years of age, develop, in addition to the inherited whisky habit, a love of opium, and they become what is termed 'dope fiends.' There may be some chance to reform a drunkard, but once a woman acquires the opium or morphine habit it is almost impossible to make her mend her ways. I remember being sent for in the dead of night to administer the sacraments to such a one. Chinatown was all ablaze even at that hour—half past one in the morning. Three white girls saw me approach, the word was passed along, a scampering of feet was heard, and at each landing I heard a slamming of doors till I arrived on the fourth floor when two of the white slaves, not besotted, not bloated, but with all the grace of ladies, said gently: 'This way, Father,' and led me to a small bed-room ten feet square. On a little table in the corner was a small statue of the Blessed Virgin while not far distant hung a picture of Confucius, surely an unhappy combination! On the bed lay a girl of about

twenty once doubtless a beauty, but now a skeleton of skin and bone and who had apparently but about twenty-four hours to live. I shall never forget how those great black eyes glared at me out of the sunken sockets as she tried to speak to me. She spoke with gasping breath choked with phlegm; but even then, helped by a Chinaman, she was endeavoring to suck in the nauseating fumes of the 'dope' from a large bamboo pipe which he was lighting for her at a small lamp. I begged of her to go to a hospital and leave this abode of vice but it was useless. After a long appeal, first kind words and then by threats, I finally told her I could not give her the sacraments unless she promised to leave the place. 'Well,' said she, 'I leave myself in the hands of God. I hope He will be more merciful to me than you. I know He will forgive me.' I went home with the awful eyes following me. I looked up my theology on the point, and the voice still rang in my ears. 'I know He will forgive me,' and I returned, saying 'Sacraments are to help man, I'll give her the benefit of the doubt provided she makes certain promises.' She made them, God rest her soul! Perhaps it was the presence of that little image that saved her.

"Among the well-known celebrities of Chinatown are Li Chung, better known as 'Boston' and Lee Yen commonly known as 'Irish' who is a stockholder in a restaurant. Both of these men are especially friendly to the church in a financial way, and the latter even expressed a wish to join our communion. Gambling seems to form the chief amusement of the Chinese and they are at it from morning till night and from night till morning. When we lived in 30 Mott street, which was the home of the Transfiguration priests for thirty years, often was I kept awake for hours by the slamming of the big ivory dominoes on the tables of the gaming houses. A raid takes place on a Sunday afternoon, twenty Chinamen are

carried off to the police station and immediately twenty others rush upstairs to continue the game. So cute are they that with some games they do not go near the 'resort' at all. A select committee composed of members from hostile factions meet, play the game and then hang a signal out of the window which informs the street who are the lucky ones at 'fantan.' The zeal displayed by the police in trying to close the gambling shops which do no harm to any save to the Chinese themselves, is as amusing to me as the story of Don Quixote and the windmills.

"Can anything be done to check the great evil in this section? Nothing except strict legislation to keep it within bounds and to prevent its becoming a public nuisance. We are told, however, that the New York Rescue Band are doing noble work with their mission in Doyer street by holding services from ten until twelve, and sometimes later every night. Far be it from me to say that they are not in good faith. Neither can I say that they are not accomplishing good in their own way, but where, in fact are the women to go, when they leave there at 12.15 A.M.? The night mission does not solve the problem. What then? Patience! Old Transfiguration stands in Chinatown with its cross pointing upwards, always in their sight. The statue of the Saviour is ever in front of the building with outstretched arms welcoming the penitent Magdalen. Perhaps she has often passed the church and seeing the reproachful saddened look on the statue has said 'Have patience with me and I will pay thee all.' The Confessional is the only means of bringing these unfortunates to a true knowledge of their state, and making them turn from sinners into saints; but alas! these priestly consolations come but rarely in Chinatown, except when death knocks at the door.

"In passing through Mott street one is astonished at the queer-looking vegetables he sees; odd-looking cucumbers,



covered with immense warts, lettuce that would easily pass for celery, curiously shaped potatoes, beans, etc. 'John' wants his own vegetables and as a result some Chinese farmers in Long Island are reaping a fortune, by planting seeds of all kinds imported from the Flowery Kingdom.

"Their weddings are very simple and consist, as far as I can comprehend them, in the groom being presented to the bride, having never met before, of saying 'I'm glad to make your acquaintance,' and of taking a ride around the block in a carriage. Their funerals are more elaborate, for when a Chinaman dies, immediately is heard the bang-bang of the cymbals to drive away the evil spirits and the noise is kept up till the body is borne to the undertaker's. There it rests for twenty-four hours and then the immediate relatives and friends of the deceased go in two carriages, playing on those ungodly instruments mentioned previously in this article, and from here to Evergreen Cemetery in Long Island, one of the body-guard continually throws printed slips of paper on the street to divert the attention of the devils both of hell and of New York, and prevent them from following the body. In one of the carriages are two roast fowls, a bottle of rice wine, some preserved ginger and dried fruits, all of which are brought to the cemetery and placed on top of the grave. This is to enable the departed to enjoy a hearty meal before he starts on his long journey to the home of Joss and Confucius. What becomes of the delicate lunch placed on the grave you may ask? It disappears miraculously, so many of the Celestials think; not so in reality, for it is well known that the workmen in a neighboring factory are in the habit of watching these peculiar funerals and when the mourners have departed, they secure the viands and enjoy a right good feast of these funeral meats. Many wonder why the Chinese persist in wearing the

pigtail. It is because they expect to be hauled up into heaven by that very convenient appendage, and without it, they believe they cannot enter into immortal life.

"It is not generally known that, besides the various clubs and secret societies that exist among the Mongolians, they have laws and governors of their own and this explains why they so seldom appear in our courts in questions of litigation. The Council Chamber, where the Mayor presides is a model of neatness, the walls being covered with pictures, and the large armchairs made of beautifully carved dark colored wood. The Mayor was in a bad humor when I called and would not allow me to photograph either himself or the room.

"Do they ever come to have the babies baptized? Yes, very frequently and sometimes the principal races of the world are represented at the baptism. For instance, lately when a child was presented for baptism the grandfather was Irish, the grandmother Scotch, the father Chinese, the mother an American, the godfather an Italian, and the godmother a negress. Surely, Europe, Asia, and Africa have come very closely together in this little section of America.

"To conclude I must say that I find the Chinese, as far as my dealings go with them, shrewd but honest; generous but usually with anticipation of some future return, apparently childlike and bland, but clever diplomatists; clean physically, though looking exactly the opposite; moral—well, just as moral as most of their white brethren and certainly a great deal more so than civilized Christians of the Seeley type. Can anything be done to make them converts to the faith of Christ? I fear not, under existing circumstances, for in the first place, we do not speak their language, and very few of them have even a limited knowledge of English; secondly, the experiment has been tried in San Francisco and proven a dead failure, and in that

instance the missionary spoke Chinese with a very good accent. The Lord has picked out, in His unsearchable ways, some two or three of them in this city, and they are practical Catholics, though not members of this congregation. Why then send money to China to support the missionaries? Because they have there the outcast children and are bringing up a race of stalwart Christians, well imbued from childhood with the principles of our Holy Religion and these in time will become fathers and mothers of an Apostolic race, that will in God's own good time, exert such a wonderful influence over that immense nation of four hundred million souls that through the intercession of the blood of her martyred children, crying for pity to God the Father, she will come to a knowledge of Christ and of His Church and will be forced to cry out as have other nations that have persecuted those professing Christianity: 'Too late have we known Thee, O Lord, too late have we loved Thee.' This is our hope for the children of the Chinese Empire. Meanwhile all we can do for them is to pray earnestly for them as prayed the prophets of old: Thy Kingdom Come."

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SINGING PRIEST

"OH, the magical power of a song! Whose heart is insensible to the touching tenderness of that air which mourns the loneliness of the summer's last rose? What soul is not exalted by the strains of *Nearer my God to Thee?* On what breast can sorrow sit when the fiddler plays *The Bonnie Dundee*. What mind is not inspired with a higher and a deeper love of country by the majestic glory of the *Star Spangled Banner?* What spirit is not fired with martial zeal when the quick step of *Garryowen* is beaten out with the crash of brass and the thunder of drums? The reason is the simple one that music is expression, yet the expression of instrumental music is not quite definite except to the educated musician. The human voice upraised in song is a necessary supplemental vehicle of perfect musical expression, when the words and the notes are in harmony, which is the unalterable rule in all good vocal composing. I have no hesitation in saying that more souls have been turned to righteousness, or kept steadfast in the path of virtue, by the sweet sway of sacred song than by all the eloquence and fervor expressed in painting the horrors of hell. The effectiveness of a sermon depends not so much on the words spoken as upon the fervor and fire and unmistakable earnestness of the speaker. But the hymn, the soul filling hymn! It addresses not the cold reason of men but their emotions. A portion of heaven's joy is revealed to them in the glorious strain,

the happy blend of voice and reed; they feel a communion with the blest. Faith is held firm by this realization, hope blossoms anew and the refining flame of the music burns out of the heart what is sensual and selfish, making room for the third great virtue, abounding charity. To sacred song I would give a wider range of definition than would confine it to church and choir. There is a sacredness, ennobling to her, in the mother's crooning lullaby, a conserving sanctity in the love song of true spiritual affection, a holiness in the battle hymn which nerves men to lay down their lives for God and country. Song will live forever, the greatest force in all nature for the uplifting, the ennobling, the spiritualizing of mankind."

These sentiments, expressed by Father Tom in an essay on the magical power of song, are an index of the high purpose which inspired him in taking up the study of the sacred songs of Holy Mother Church and the folk songs of many countries and appearing before the public in the rôle of a lecturer and singer. It was with some trepidation, and with a slight misgiving as to the propriety of a priest singing on the stage of a theater or hall, that Father Tom undertook his first musical lecture. Up to that time no Catholic priest had appeared before the public in the manner he set out to do. Blessed, as he felt himself to be, with the gift of a sweet voice, he believed much good might be accomplished in affording those outside his immediate congregation an opportunity of listening to the very best in church and secular music rendered by a priest of the true church, whose sole aim was to win souls to God and to teach men that:

This world is all a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow  
There's nothing true but heaven.

As a boy, Father Tom displayed some talent as a singer of comic songs, but his good mother, who was extremely fond of sacred music, helped to develop his taste along higher lines by teaching him those sweet hymns of the church which he afterwards sang in exquisite fashion, *See the Paraclete Descending* and *Fading Still Fading*. It may have been a song his mother used to sing that suggested to Father Tom the number of erring souls that might be reached by him as a singer of simple ballads:

The melodies of many lands ere'while have charmed my ear  
Yet there's but one among them all that still my heart holds  
dear.

I heard it first from lips I loved, its words my tears beguiled  
It was the song my mother sang when I was but a child.  
Its words I well remember now, were fraught with precepts  
old

And every line a maxim held of far more worth than gold.  
A lesson 'twas, tho simply taught, that cannot pass away  
It is my guiding star by night, my comfort in the day.

A number of programs of Class entertainments at Fordham show that Tom McLoughlin frequently sang humorous songs, and also sang duets in company with Mr. Austin O'Malley. In Rome he received vocal instructions from Fiorentino the basso, and his letters from the Eternal City frequently told of many delightful musical evenings in which he always took a leading part:

"AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME,  
" May 21, 1883.

"Last night we gave an entertainment to the new priests. Bishop Dwenger of Fort Wayne and Bishop Rogers of Chatham, Ontario, the correspondent of the Boston *Pilot* and others were present. We had several select original poems, two duets and a solo and chorus. The last named was *Juravit Dominus*, composed by one

of the students (Cardinal O'Connell), the solo being written especially for my voice, and it is needless to say that I tried my best to make the affair a success. I also sang Schubert's *Ave Maria*. I suppose the *Pilot* will have an account of the entertainment but I trust they will not find out the names of those who took part, for much as I desire to see my name in print when I succeed with my studies, I dislike very much to be in print as being good at these optional frivolities."

It was while pastor in Mott Street that Father Tom gained fame as "The Singing Priest of Chinatown." Whilst a curate in St. Patrick's, Newburgh he had made his first appearance as a lecturer, choosing a subject which, on account of early associations, was an inspiring one to him, "John Hughes, Churchman and Statesman." His success in this effort prompted him to utilize his spare time in perfecting himself as a platform orator, and cultivating his exceptional voice. He received vocal instruction from Professors Tamaro and Dossert in New York, and followed the Italian method. His clear enunciation, and the sympathetic tones of his voice, appealed alike to those who were musical critics as well as to those who knew they were listening to melodious song which pleased them, and thrilled them, and raised their thoughts from the sordid things of earth to something higher.

What a valuable possession is an unselfish friend. Emerson says that "Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue is in us. How he flings wide the door of existence." In addition to making us do a thing the true generous friend aids us in doing it. Father Tom was fortunate in his friendships. It was one of his sincere friends and earnest well-wishers, Rev. Francis H. Wall, who with a recollection of the songs he

used to sing in happy seminary days in the American College in Rome, urged him to try out his first musical lecture, "Ireland the Home of Music and Song," in the little parish hall in Mount Kisco, Westchester County. With that fervid enthusiasm and impulsive generosity, which ever characterized him, Dr. Wall pronounced Father Tom's initial effort a splendid success, and assured him that a great field of usefulness in God's service was before him. This lecture on Ireland's music at once became exceedingly popular, largely on account of the superb rendition of those gems of Moore's melodies *Believe Me*, *The Meeting of the Waters*, and *The Minstrel Boy*. The latter song always roused his audience to the highest enthusiasm especially when the singer reached high C at the climax:

Thy songs were made for the pure and free  
They shall never, never sound in slavery.

Invitations came pouring in on Father Tom and from time to time he delivered this lecture in several New York City parishes, in Brooklyn, in Newark, N. J., Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., and during his stay on the Pacific Coast in Metropolitan Hall, San Francisco, where an enthusiastic audience of three thousand applauded him to the echo at its conclusion.

From San Francisco he sailed to Hawaii and while there on May 6, 1901 lectured on music in the rooms of the Catholic Benevolent Society, and *The Pacific Commercial Advertiser* of Honolulu gave this account of his appearance:

The reverend father is of almost military carriage, apparently in the prime of life; his hair is turning slightly gray, with a florid complexion and mobile, clearly cut features. Singing, to his own accompaniment, with equal facility, in French, Italian, German, and Latin, he has a rich, high baritone of peculiar sweetness and great compass. The Bishop of Pano-



polis introduced the lecturer to his expectant audience, and in fluent speech the lecturer proceeded. "Monsignor, I am thankful to your lordship for the invitation so kindly extended me to speak to these dwellers in your beautiful islands. The subject of my talk is one, I am sure, dear to all Hawaiian hearts—music. In all the wide scope of music's power nothing appeals more closely, more quickly to the very heartstrings than the folk songs of a country; not even a thorough understanding of the works of such masters of harmony as Wagner can assist in bringing out our real feelings as these songs of country. Music is the outpouring of our natural expressions; we have all experienced the universal wish to compose something beautiful when listening to some well-rendered piece of music. The power of song whether with or without music, affects the human breast as no other power can. The words are often foolish, as in *Dixie* with its lively music and trashy words yet, thirty years after the Civil War, the playing of *Dixie* in a Southern community will arouse an enthusiasm that shows the onlooker that to them the music of *Dixie* is a melody attuned to their heart strings. I had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Roosevelt some time ago and he told me of the power that music possessed to bring back to his jaded soldiers the springy step and upright head. When the troops lagged, the present Vice-President ordered the band to play and the tune that sent them uphill in a quickstep was not *Columbia* nor *The Star Spangled Banner* but *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night*."

The speaker went on to speak of the foundation of all good church music in the simple harmonies of St. Ambrose and St. Gregory in the fourth and sixth centuries, illustrating it with a *Salva Regina* of the eighth century in the time of Charlemagne.

Outside the church the oldest records of music come from Ireland. Bigoted historians have omitted the claims of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and declared in favor of the French troubadours, Italian trovatores, and German meistersingers, who in reality came hundreds of years after Ireland was renowned for its music, and its poetry. The ancient

banner of Ireland bore the harp as the emblem of the only land that dared claim it for her right. Not all historians have slighted her claims, however, as the witness of the eminent Montelambert will testify.

*Eileen Aroon* the melody which Handel is said to have wished he had composed rather than all his oratorios, was sung as a selection of the oldest Irish airs to the words of Moore commencing "Erin the tear and the smile in thine eye" and was followed by *The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls*.

Scotland, with an almost equally ancient musical history furnished as an example *The Land o' the Leal*. Italy was represented by a Neapolitan barcarole and the well-known *Funiculi, Funicula*, the singer using the Italian and translating for the benefit of his audience. Italy was named by the lecturer as the modern nation that had advanced the most among the more modern nations producing numberless folk songs. America came last with Foster's *Suwanee River* and a pretty darkey lullaby, *Doan You Cry, Ma Honey*.

Mr. Alapal, accompanied by Father Valentin, sang *Aloha Oe* for the benefit of the lecturer, and a rising vote of thanks was then tendered Father McLoughlin for his entertaining lecture.

Much of Father Tom's success on the platform, as a musical lecturer, was due to the generous and unselfish aid of an accomplished young New York musician, Professor Charles Clark Dunn. During Father Tom's pastorate in old Transfiguration, Professor Dunn was organist there, and being a finished pianist, he delighted in playing accompaniments for his pastor whose talent he greatly admired and fostered in every way. Professor Dunn, in addition to his regular duties as choir director, gave unsparingly of his time and talent to the proper selection and rehearsal of the many songs introduced by the lecturer to illustrate the beauty of the music and songs of various countries. Mr. Dunn was Father Tom's accompanist on all of his public appearances and was cherished by the Singing Priest as a welcome companion and sincere friend.

Another admirer of Father Tom's voice and personality was his teacher Professor Tamaro, who paid Father Tom the high compliment of composing a piece especially for his voice. This selection, published in 1899 bears upon its title page the inscription "'Pater Noster' (God is Gracious) composed expressly for the voice of my pupil Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin, Pastor of Transfiguration Church, New York and dedicated to him by the composer Joseph Tamaro."

Father Tom prepared a course of lectures on the folk songs of Ireland, Scotland, England, Italy, and the Sunny South which he delivered as morning round table talks at the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven on Lake Champlain. The preparation of these lectures required an immense amount of research along musical lines. The manuscript, written in his own strong, legible hand, shows that each and every word of the lecture, as well as every word of the verses of all the songs introduced, were laboriously written out and afterwards committed to memory. Perhaps the most delightful of these round table talks was the one on the songs of Sunny Italy. Father Tom seemed to revel in the soft, liquid tones of the Italian language and those who heard him frequently became quite familiar with the words of such sweet sounding ballads as *La Partenza*, *La Smortina*, *Santa Lucia*, and many were able to join in the rollicking chorus of *Funiculi, Funicula*.

Father Tom's personality on the platform was often commented upon by newspaper critics in cities where his musical lectures, always for the benefit of charity, were given, as:

An orator whose audience smiled and wept under his magnetic influence. "A brilliant elocutionist," "A sweet singer," "A polished orator and a cultured gentleman."

It is not often that a single individual is endowed with such

varied accomplishments. One may be able to write well, yet spoil his essay in the delivery; he may have a good delivery yet become tiresome through lack of action on the platform; he may love music and yet be unable to sing a note, but Father McLoughlin can write entertainingly, has a pleasing address and is a vocalist with few equals.

But there is one other gem to be recorded. *The Bells of Shandon*, which he recited most charmingly. I have often heard Father Prout's delightful melody, as it may well be called, recited, but on this occasion it acquired new beauties for so exquisitely modulated was the lecturer's voice that the music of the bells was actually reproduced in his words. They were tingling that night through my dreams.

Father McLoughlin possesses a voice whose magnetism is irresistible. Its unfailing sweetness is as delightful to the ear as an aeolian harp, and its sympathetic vibrations stir the soul of the listener to its very depths. It is a cultivated voice and its possessor knows how to use it to the best advantage without any appearance of straining or effort.

His lecture all through was one of the most polished efforts that it has ever been my pleasure to hear, at once simple, concise, and elegant. He sings in a charmingly, sympathetic voice, and from the quaint old plain chants of Gregory in the sixth century to the modern *Hosanna* of Granier his musical illustrations were rendered with much simple grace.

Father McLoughlin's peroration consisted of an impassioned declaration that to us there is but one banner to which Americans owe undying allegiance—*The Star Spangled Banner*. This was the signal for the audience to arise, the lights changed until the colors showed in red, white and blue, a large American flag was dropped from above the stage and the chorus, led by the priest, sang the words of the national anthem.

But, Oh! the heart of Dixie's Summer School is laid at the feet of Father McLoughlin, the well-known musical lecturer. Of course, he's popular wherever he goes, but here he is a conquering hero. At the close of the entertainment on Thursday evening he made the whole audience sing *Dixie Land* and then *Maryland, my Maryland*. Enthusiasm? Pshaw! The word

is too pale and mild. Then we stood and sang with him *Holy God We Praise Thy Name*.

In all of his lectures Father Tom strongly advocated banishing secular music from the church, urged congregational singing, and denounced the prevailing ragtime which he said was illegitimate in the extreme on account of obnoxious prevalence of the syncopation. "It is used rather to degrade than uplift and in all the cities of the country is used principally by the lowest characters, being a select medium for clothing slang and double meaning terms, and the general tone of it smacks much of looseness. Another objection is the fact that it makes a buffoon of the negro race.

"I believe in teaching the young to appreciate the ballads of our forefathers—the simple old songs that breathe pure love and that incite them to the right ideas of patriotism. To my mind the most beautiful ballads written are those of Ireland and Scotland, but there is one man of our own country whose work I consider preëminent for heart songs and that is Stephen Foster, author of *Suwanee River* and *Old Kentucky Home*.

"As to church music, which is a hobby of mine, I am in favor of a return to the original plain chant as a solid basis for church music.

"Theatrical or operatic music is out of place in church, and as for ballet music which we sometimes hear in the Catholic churches, I think it an abomination in the house of God. What is wanted in our churches is that which will make the head and heart bend low. Such was the music of St. Ambrose in the fourth century of which St. Augustine speaking, said: 'It moved my eyes to tears and my heart to repentance.'

"I have tried, especially in our English-speaking congregations to bring about congregational singing, particularly at the evening services. Shall we have the quartet

in church? Yes, sometimes. The chorus? Yes, certainly. But let there be congregational singing always and all the time."

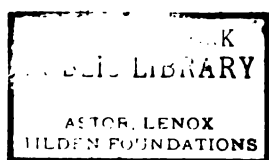
Many newspaper articles were written of the work of the "Singing Priest." A special writer for the *New York Herald* in 1899 said of Father Tom:

In all New York there is not a man who occupies so anomalous a position as this godly man who dwells beneath the sign of the cross in the midst of Chinatown. He inveighs against the Chinaman's vices and commends him for his virtues. He is merciless in denunciation and yet compassionate and gentle. At his approach the loungers before the saloons remove their hats and stand in line as he passes by. Vice looks down from the windows and withdraws abashed when "The Singing Priest of Chinatown" goes about the streets. The Chinamen get off the narrow sidewalk to make room for "Father Glock." He has a voice of exceptional clearness and quality. He sings the ballads of Ireland with such feeling that they bring tears to the eye. For years he has made the songs of the common people a study. He is recognized as an authority on the folklore of Ireland, Scotland, and Italy. He leaves the little rectory at times to deliver lectures on his favorite topic before large audiences in Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. At the entertainments which he gives for his church his singing is one of the features of the program. He has good Italians in his parish. To them he is one of their own people. To the Chinaman he is a friend who may be invited to state dinners. To the Irishman he is a descendant of one of the old families of the Emerald Isle. He has journeyed to every county of the land of Erin and his voice is attuned to its minstrelsy. To Irish, Italian, and Chinamen "the Singing Priest" is the same. He is the foe of sin and the friend of the sick and needy.

An article written for *Men and Women* in August, 1905, by the well-known journalist, Owen Kildare, describes a chance meeting and an interview with the "Singing Priest of Chinatown."



FATHER TOM AND HIS BROTHERS  
PETER, MAURICE, GERALD, FATHER TOM, FRANCIS, EDWARD





We of the metropolis are close neighbors to misery, ignorance, and utter wickedness, and we have learned to respect and admire the men and women who slave day and night to relieve the most heart-rending conditions and to teach their unfortunate fellow-beings the sublime art of living. I will yield to no one in my respect of these toilers; but, while I esteem them all, the one who stands out to me the strongest from these servitors of duty is Father McLoughlin, the Singing Priest of the Church of the Transfiguration in Mott Street.

It is three years ago since I had the privilege of meeting this good and noble man. After a period of reportorial training, I had been promoted to the position of special writer and investigator on a metropolitan daily newspaper. Until I had been promoted to this position, my belief in human kind had been all embracing. It took but a very few days of my new work to prove to me that shams, cheats, and frauds were rampant in the land. And—let me be honest about this—I fairly began to loathe my fellows. In this mood I found myself one day in the slums of Chinatown, where I had gone to verify a report of a most woeful tale, which had been told to me with most minute detail at my office. Alas, again it was a fraudulent scheme, and bittered to the very core of my heart, I stepped into Mott Street, like Diogenes of old, asking myself: "Is there not one honest man among them?" Instinctively my glance reverted to the Church of the Transfiguration, right opposite to where I stood, and through the half-open door the coolth and quiet within seemed to whisper an invitation to enter the ever accessible temple. Twilight was fast approaching, and only here and there the sun found prismatic reflection on sculptured frieze or bas-relief. I deemed myself alone; all was quiet, and never better moment for reflection and retrospection had been mine. Sharing the silence of the venerable sanctum I sat enchanted, moved away from earth's cares, until strains of ineffably sweet music prepared me for—I know not what. Can you not feel the impress of that moment, as I there was, bereft of moods and travails? And, if you can, you will believe me that, when a voice softly blended with the harmony of the reeds, I gave up reasoning, gave up skeptic

searching and felt, as you would have done, in touch with the Infinite.

But, even the sweetest spells find ending and, as softly as they had been intoned, the strains, at last, merged themselves again into silence and back to earth once more I came; but it seemed a better earth.

To leave the church without ascertaining to whom I had been indebted for this inspiring half hour was out of the question and I rose to seek information. There was an organ loft—alas, it was bare and empty. But, at the other end of the church, quite near the altar, there was a small parlor organ and a man before it. Although he had stopped singing and playing, his fingers were still resting on the keys, while his fine profile was turned to the last straggling ray of the homing sun. I had no right to intrude or to prevent that train of thought from rounding itself and I stood quietly waiting. At last, just as the sun took final leave, the priest rose, and carefully covering the instrument, he turned to meet me with outstretched hand and a smile, which was a replica of the sunshine, so recently departed. It took but a few words before I was most cordially invited to accompany him to the rectory for a chat. As soon as we were in the modest parlor, I took a good look at Father McLoughlin and the aftermath of my bluish mood took wings unto itself. Five minutes later I laughed more heartily than I had laughed in months. Ah, indeed, he is a fine body of a man. And the clasp of his hand, the first few words of conversation prove that there is a very fine soul in this fine body, with a mind and head—a very level head—as companions. His personality alone makes him a force. He is still young about forty—a big man, broad shouldered, with one of those round symmetrical heads, which looks as if every nook and cranny were full of brains and common sense. Framed by light hair and rosy cheeks, his blue eyes twinkle merrily or glow with earnest fire and tell of the wholesome man within.

The work of Father McLoughlin was not accomplished in a day. For over ten years Father McLoughlin had been the rector over this old church—the fourth oldest Catholic church

in the city—and it has been a tremendous and continued struggle to keep his parish together. . . .

In place of the banished choir, Father McLoughlin offered his services—and the parishioners eventually, began to ask themselves if they "hadn't got the best of the bargain." Then the Litany was sung, and not in the usual singsong tone. It had a distinct rhythm and carried its own conviction. The Masses fared as well. But that which makes the congregation sit up straight in their pews and glad with anticipation is when the rector steps from the altar to take his seat at the organ. For not only as the choir, but also as the organist, serves this many-sided priest. It is likely that there are singers who excel him in artistic perfection and pyrotechnical roudades, but in the song of the rector something wafts to you which never comes from stage or concert platform. An indescribable something it is, but it tells its own tale of devotion and truth and love of fellowman.

His congregation is not alone in its endorsements of the pastor's vocal accomplishment. Quite frequently Father McLoughlin is invited to sing at other places outside of his church, and he has even been induced to make short tours through the country. And, perhaps in this lies the key for the mystery of the reduction of the church debt.

Do not conceive the impression that Father McLoughlin's time is given entirely to singing and dreaming at the organ; parishes in the slums do not leave much time for those pleasures. There is much work, and the great heart of the man is never left untroubled. And it is his big-heartedness which has made some deem Father McLoughlin a sentimentalist, an easy prey to designing schemers. It is true that Father McLoughlin cares for and helps Christian and pagan, the respectable and the disreputable, with the same unselfish devotion; it is true that he has gone to the death beds of the unfortunate women of Chinatown; that he is glad to answer a summons from anywhere, if he can be of assistance, but he is rarely deceived and very little sentimentality finds lodging in his strong and balanced brain. He is known throughout the slums, and no more beautiful picture can

## Father Tom

be seen than to watch this splendid man coming through the narrow streets and alleys, followed and surrounded by the little people, whom he is trying his very best to make good men and women.

When I rose to leave, thanks to the rector's inspiring intercourse, my loathing for my fellowman had vanished. My normality had been restored by the sanity of Father McLoughlin. And when I wended my way uptown I thought what a fortunate thing it was for the parishioners of old Transfiguration to have a man like Father McLoughlin for their shepherd, and also thought how great the heart of a man must be who, according to accepted standards, which are measured by dollars and cents, was "wasting" the best years of his life and his brilliant attainments in the narrow environment of a slum parish.

Father Tom received compliments from many sources on his service to the cause of the church and the Irish people by his singing lectures, but nothing did he treasure more than a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, thanking him for a lecture delivered in Chickering Hall, N. Y., which netted a goodly sum for the Armagh Cathedral.

ARA COELI, ARMAGH,  
February 10, 1900.

MY DEAR FR. McLOUGHLIN:

Canon Rogers has written to tell me of your great kindness to him and of the very material assistance you have given his mission by your interesting lecture. The very least I can do is to assure you of my heartfelt gratitude. I know mere thanks is but a poor return for all your kindness and trouble, but I doubt not you will find a reward which you appreciate much more in the satisfaction of having done so much for the beauty of God's house and the honour of our National Apostle. I trust God will bestow a special blessing on you and your faithful people in return for your great charity, and that St. Patrick,

to whom all Irish children are so dear, will watch over you and your flock with special care.

Wishing you every blessing, I am, dear Father McLoughlin,

Yours most gratefully,

MICHAEL CARD. LOGUE.

Father Tom during his trip West in 1901 spent a few days in viewing the wonders of Yellowstone Park and Yosemite Valley. This letter tells of his singing the praises of the Almighty in a temple of natural beauty:

"Yesterday we took a sixteen mile drive around the floor of the Yosemite Valley. What is the use of trying to describe the beauties of that ride. I shall try, however, to tell you of our Sabbath day in the Valley. We arose about six A.M., and after breakfast, started at seven o'clock for Mirror Lake where we saw the sun rise over the top of the mountains and took some exquisite views.

"At eight A.M. we started a climb of about a mile up to Vernal Falls and about half way up the mountain path we rested in a shady spot overlooking one of the grandest views of the Valley. High precipitous peaks towered up on all sides of us, while in front of us about half a mile away a cataract came tumbling down for nearly three thousand feet. Above us was the blue vault of heaven, around us the green trees with birds singing therein; at our feet swiftly flowed the murmuring Merced. It was an ideal spot, the center of the sanctuary of one of God's grandest temples, not made by hands, but direct from the eternal designs of the Supreme Architect, a fitting place to offer Him a sacrifice of prayer and praise. My little flock sat on the rocks around me and we recited aloud the morning prayers after which I read a portion of the Scriptures and then preached a ten minutes' sermon, inspired by the wonderful beauty of the enchanting scene. I closed our little service with the singing of *Nearer My God to Thee* making the hillsides ring, as I put my whole soul into the

sacred song, and finished with spiritual communion and blessing. It was a 'golden hour' that can never pass from the memory of those who participated in it. Would that you were here! The view of Vernal Falls was superb but we could not snap it very well as the sun was in our eyes.

"The Bridal Veil is perhaps the most beautiful of all the cataracts, and on the opposite side of the valley flows the Virgin's Tears!

"I am writing this on the back porch of our cottage, and directly in front of us rises an immense cliff, while over it topples the great falls of the Yosemite, four thousand feet in height, and they seem to sing as they have sung for thousands of years 'Praise the Lord all ye waters of the earth; Praise Him ye fountains and waterfalls. Praise Him and extol Him forever.' "

## CHAPTER IX

### HAPPY DAYS

FATHER TOM while at Transfiguration had gained renown throughout the country as the "Singing Priest," he had been the recipient of the applause of thousands who attended his musical lectures and had become a prominent figure in the life of the great metropolis; but withal he was never altogether happy while residing in that abandoned quarter of lower New York known as Chinatown. He had done his utmost for the spiritual uplift of a fast dwindling flock, but the field of activity along these lines was too circumscribed to satisfy the earnest longing of his priestly heart. The number of English-speaking families in the old parish grew less and less as the years passed by. The few who remained were loyal to their faith and dearly loved their pastor, yet he yearned for more and still more of the real work he had been ordained to do—to help others lead good lives in order that they might merit eternal life. It was, therefore, with a feeling of sincere joy that Father Tom learned, early in 1902, that his Grace Archbishop Corrigan had decided to establish a new parish uptown in the heart of the theatrical district and had designated the pastor of Transfiguration to undertake the work. The boundaries of this new parish were Seventh to Eighth avenues, 46th to 54th and Eighth to Ninth avenues, 54th to 49th streets. Three houses were purchased by Father Tom on the north side of 49th Street

between Broadway and 7th Avenue, one of which was to be used as a rectory and upon the space occupied by the other two a modest church was to be built. The name selected for this new parish was that of St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, which diocese included in its boundaries the County Louth from whence Father Tom's ancestors came.

The new pastor had just started an energetic campaign to gather funds with which to erect this church in honor of St. Malachy when the death of old Father Tom in New Rochelle, in December, changed his plans, and the completion of what is now known as the Actor's Church in New York was left to other, but no less willing and competent hands.

While the good Catholic people of New Rochelle were mourning the sudden taking off of the devoted priest who for fifty years had baptized their children, solemnized marriages between their sons and daughters, and buried their beloved dead, their grief was somewhat mitigated when news came that his Grace, the Archbishop of New York with singular kindness and graceful tact had selected young Father Tom to take the place of his revered uncle as pastor of the Blessed Sacrament, New Rochelle.

"ST. MALACHY'S,  
" Dec. 17, 1902.

"Yesterday P.M. I received a note from the Archbishop asking me to call to-day at 9:30 A.M. He praised my laborious work in Mott street, and said he thought I deserved easier work than building a church after my eighteen years on the mission. After leaving his Grace I took the train to New Rochelle and called on the trustees and on other parishioners. It made me feel happy to know that my coming among them gives them joy. I take the reins Christmas eve by the Archbishop's orders."



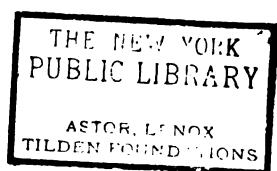
Archbishop's House,  
452 Madison Avenue,  
New York.

Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> 1902

Dear Rev. Father McLaughlin,

I take great  
pleasure in hereby appointing you  
Pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacra-  
ment, New Rochelle, in succession to  
your lately deceased uncle, the faithful  
shepherd of a devoted flock for half a century.  
May your own days be as long in  
the land, and ever filled with bless-  
ings. - Very sincerely yrs in Xp  
Geo. M. Farley Arch. Bp.

FACSIMILE OF ARCHBISHOP FARLEY'S LETTER



# Happy Days

123

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,  
452 MADISON AVE., N. Y.,  
Dec. 17, 1902.

DEAR REV. FATHER MCLOUGHLIN:

I take great pleasure in hereby appointing you pastor of the Blessed Sacrament, New Rochelle, in succession to your lately deceased uncle, the faithful shepherd of a devoted flock for half a century.

May your own days be as long in the land, and no less filled with blessings.

Very sincerely yours in Xt.,  
JOHN M. FARLEY, Abp., N. Y.

"NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1902.

"A Merry Christmas to you all. The year of 1902 has been a very sad one for us, but God is good, and let us hope that the next year will be filled with new blessings. If Father Hughes wishes to go home to his folks Christmas night, I shall let him go (as I was young once myself) and I shall put a log on the fire in Uncle's room, and sit and think over it all, and wonder how many years till we have all passed away to see the angel faces smile again which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

It was Christmas morning in New Rochelle! The hillsides, roads and lanes of the village were covered with snow; the leafless trees were laden with glistening icicles, stars shone brilliantly in the heavens; the sky was a clear, limpid blue, and a spirit of prayer and peace floated through the atmosphere. The day of days had not yet dawned when from out cosy cottages on Pelham Road, from comfortable homes on the streets sloping down to the water, and even from far away Jerusalem Woods came the worthy sons and daughters of the hardy pioneers who had made many sacrifices to build the beautiful white marble church towards which their eager steps were now directed. Bright-faced children trudged along through

the snow by the side of fond parents, and they did not seem to mind the cold wind blowing in from the Sound, which made their blood tingle and placed roses in their cheeks. As these devoted Catholics hurried along through the streets, cheery Christmas greetings were exchanged between relatives, neighbors, and friends. In the distance could be seen the beckoning lights in the windows of the church of the Blessed Sacrament, and the clear notes of the sweetly sounding bell admonished those, who, like the shepherds of old, were hastening to adore Him, that the first Mass of Christmas day was soon to begin. With anxious hearts they enter the church and reverently kneel in adoration of the new-born Christ-child as did their fathers and grandfathers before them.

A hush of expectancy falls over the congregation as the eyes of all are fixed upon the sacristy door just to the left of the Blessed Virgin's altar. It now softly opens and the Cross bearer followed by the sweet, innocent faces of the altar boys, robed in cassock and surplice, appear. The opening notes of the familiar and inspiring Christmas hymn *Adeste Fideles* come from the organ. The procession files slowly towards the gate in the sanctuary rail in front of the main altar. The sub-deacon and deacon pass out of the sacristy and then—with moist eyes many of the older members of the congregation look and see the serious yet kindly face of Father Tom, their new shepherd, coming to them in the fullness of his manhood, ready to serve them as a devoted friend whose ardent desire is their eternal welfare, and whose heart, they feel assured, is filled with the tenderest love for them and their children. He stands at the foot of the altar and in solemn tones begins the *Introibo ad altare Dei*. He ascends the altar and they watch his every movement as he proceeds with the solemn sacrifice of the Mass. They realize the harmonious beauty of the tones of his voice as he raises it to sing the

*Gloria in Excelsis Deo* and the *Pater Noster*. A few words of Christmas greeting, a tribute to his beloved uncle, their departed pastor, and a promise to follow in his footsteps so far as his ability and God's grace will allow, is all that Father Tom finds himself able to say on this blessed Christmas morning. After the Mass he is warmly welcomed by many who knew him as a boy in old St. Matthew's school and he is truly happy.

With energy and a real love of the work before him, Father Tom began his labors as pastor of the Blessed Sacrament. The magnificent marble temple had been completed by his uncle, but Father Tom soon had plans under way for the decoration of the interior of the church, the selection and putting in place of ornate stained-glass windows, the placing of a tympanum, representing our Lord with outstretched hands, in the front of the church, and the building of a modern and comfortable rectory in keeping with the needs of the parish. In the choice of the windows, Father Tom's first thought was to place one over the main altar, picturing St. Thomas saying "My Lord and My God" in memory of the founder of the parish. Another depicting the death of St. Joseph in memory of his beloved grandmother, Jane McLoughlin, was placed on the right-hand side of the church, and still another, the gift of Father Tom's aunt, Mrs. Bridget Whitehead, showing St. Patrick demonstrating the doctrine of the Trinity, in memory of Patrick and Peter McLoughlin, his sturdy ancestors, whose faith was transmitted in undiluted strength unto the third generation personified in himself.

Other windows donated by faithful parishioners are—The Annunciation, in memory of John and Anne Havey Dillon.

Rose window, in memory of Helen S. Lenane.

The Nativity, in memory of John and Sarah Murray Molloy.

## Father Tom

Christ at Emmaus, in memory of William V. Molloy.  
Christ blessing little children, in thanksgiving from  
F. A. Bucknam and wife.

The Institution of the Blessed Sacrament, in memory of  
Ellen A. Kreidler and Ollie G. Molloy.

The Wedding Feast at Cana, gift of Anne Hutchinson.  
Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, in memory of John  
Bartnett and Jane O'Leary.

The Offering of Melchisedec, in memory of Patrick  
Rogers.

Apparition to Blessed Margaret Mary, in memory of  
Joaquin, Cæsar, and Henry de Figaniere.

The Sistine Madonna in memory of James Drought and  
Bridget Dillon Drought.

The Blessed Virgin's altar was the gift of Michael J.  
Tierney and his wife; the St. Joseph's altar the gift of  
the Holy Name Society; the Sanctuary Lamp and Pulpit  
the gift of Mrs. Richard Burnett; a smaller window repre-  
senting St. Joseph, the gift of the Immaculate Heart  
Sodality in memory of Father Maxcy; and the bell in the  
tower the gift of Mrs. Margaret Murray.

While attending zealously to all the material wants of  
a well-regulated parish, Father Tom devoted most of his  
time to the spiritual side of his work. He adopted a  
plan of reading a portion of the Scriptures every Sunday  
evening; he established a society known as the Queen's  
Daughters, a women's auxiliary of the St. Vincent de Paul  
Society; he frequently sang in the choir at vespers on  
Sunday evenings; he took a vital interest in upbuilding  
the Holy Name Society urging all the men in the parish  
to join it; he attended meetings and aided in every good  
work undertaken by the local council of the Knights of  
Columbus; he became chaplain of the Ancient Order of  
Hibernians in Westchester County.

He followed the example of his uncle in his affectionate

interest in the little ones of the flock, particularly in preparing them for first Holy Communion and Confirmation. He conceived the idea of building a chapel for the Catholic soldiers on David's Island, Fort Slocum, and carried it through to completion. Father Tom took the greatest pride in this work for the soldiers. In order to carry it out, it was necessary for him to secure permission from the War Department. Armed with letters of introduction, Father Tom made a trip to Washington and had a personal interview with President Roosevelt, who received him most graciously, heartily indorsed his plan for a chapel in which the Catholic soldiers could worship, and speedily saw to it that the requisite permission from the War Department was forthcoming.

THE WHITE HOUSE,  
- Washington,  
June 18, 1908.

MY DEAR FATHER McLOUGHLIN:

That is a mighty nice letter of yours and I want to say how pleased I am that you are going to erect at Fort Slocum such a building as you describe. As you say, a chapel could only be used on Sunday, whereas in this building, what I firmly believe will be work good for their souls as well as for their bodies will be done for the soldiers all the time. Indeed, my dear Father McLoughlin, I did not need your assurance that you would do all in your power to make better men not only of the Catholic soldiers, but of all who are willing to accept of your ministrations.

With all good wishes, believe me,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Rev. T. P. McLOUGHLIN,  
Church of the Blessed Sacrament,  
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Father Tom was an enthusiastic admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, not alone because of his kindly reception of him and his aid in securing the necessary permission to build the soldier's chapel, but during all his public career, as Governor and President, he had admired his splendid Americanism and his spirit of religious toleration in dealing with all classes. Attending the annual dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at Delmonico's on March 17, 1905, Father Tom joined most enthusiastically in the applause and cheers which greeted Colonel Roosevelt as he rose to speak. And turning to a companion seated at the table with him, he said, "Ah, it does one good to shout and cheer once in a while. The Italians love to shout out. We all feel better after we have gotten a good cheer out of our system. It makes us boys once again."

Writing in the *Parish Monthly*, in August, 1908, Father Tom made this striking appeal for funds for the soldiers' chapel:

"The rector now makes this formal appeal for funds. It is a real work of charity on behalf of the enlisted men, for the Catholic soldiers first, and then for all the rest. How much will you give now? If you cannot give now, how much will you promise to give within six months or within a year? Whatever you give, give with a cheerful heart—give it to God. 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!' We see by the 'ad' on the back page of the *Parish Monthly* that the National City Bank gives four per cent. on deposits. The Almighty is a more philanthropic banker. He promised a hundred per cent. on all investments. Think over this you that have been caught on ten-cent and twenty-five cent shares of copper mines in Mexico and Spain and in the air. With the Lord there is no watered stock. It is all gold nuggets, gilt-edge securities, fully paid and non-assessable, and your dividend of one hundred per cent. guaranteed by the Infallible Word of



God. One gentleman has taken 500. Two have taken 250 each. Some have made application for 100 shares; some for 50. Don't wait for the Rector to call on you personally; write him a note saying; 'Put me down for five hundred dollars, or five dollars,' as the case may be. If you cannot afford to give anything—well, God bless you all the same, if we have your good will and your prayers. Sometimes it is some good old woman's Rosary recited by her bedside, that causes God to touch some rich man's heart, and make him loosen his purse-strings, and causes him to send along a big, generous cheque that makes matters easy for those who are endeavoring to do something for His greater honor and glory and the salvation of souls. What a consolation it will be when the end comes, and you ask yourself: 'What have I done for God, what for my fellow-man during life?' to be able to say, 'Well, for one thing, I helped to build the chapel at Fort Slocum, and in doing this I had the intention not only of helping along the Catholic soldiers, but of doing good for my fellow-man without regard to nationality, creed or color.' See how active the Protestant Y. M. C. A. are! See how in earnest in their endeavors to do good for the men. See the millions spent by them throughout the United States in their buildings, gymnasiums, etc. Shame on any Catholic man or woman, possessed of the true faith of Christ, who will refuse to contribute to this magnificent work. Wake up! This is but the beginning of a movement that shall spread through the whole country wherever there exists an Army Post. Here the soldiers will have Mass and Benediction on Sundays. Here they will square up accounts with their Maker and receive the Viaticum of Life Eternal before setting out for the Philippines or Samoa or the Sandwich Islands. Here the priest will write a letter for some poor fellow home to his mother in Ireland, or elsewhere, and tell her that her boy had made his duty, that he started

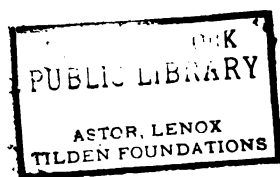
off with the blessing of God on him, with a knapsack on his back, but with the scapular of Our Lady over his shoulder and a little crucifix in his pocket. Here the Word of God will be preached in season, and out of season, and many 'a sheep that is not of this fold' will be brought to the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ."

The solemn blessing of the Chapel of St. Sebastian, Soldier and Martyr, at Fort Slocum, took place on Sunday, morning, November 14, 1909. The military band was followed by an escort of fifty soldiers, who saluted Archbishop Farley as he appeared in full pontificals on the front porch of Major Dugan's residence. The acolytes, followed by the priests and the Monsignori and His Grace, with his two little train-bearers, formed a very impressive picture as they marched across the parade-ground to the chapel. After the preliminary prayers in front of the open door, the priests chanted the *Miserere* and the Archbishop sprinkled the outer walls with holy water, all the clergy accompanying him around the building. The inner walls were then sprinkled and the Litany of the Saints chanted. Then came the Solemn Mass, His Grace presiding on the throne in "Cappa Magna."

The celebrant was the Rev. Rector; deacon, Rev. Father McCormick, of Tuckahoe; sub-deacon, Rev. Thomas Lynch, of Dunwoodie Seminary; master of ceremonies, Very Rev. Monsignor Lewis, secretary to His Grace; second master of ceremonies, Mr. George Betts, of Cathedral College. After the Gospel, Father Tom spoke a few words of congratulation on the happy completion of the work, and thanked one and all who contributed to bring it to such a successful issue. He then introduced the preacher of the day, Monsignor Hayes, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, who preached an eloquent sermon on the Gospel of the centurion and his sick servant, and showed that the two great forces that rule the world are



THE CHAPEL OF ST. SEBASTIAN, FORT SLOCUM, N. Y.



authority and obedience, for without these forces nothing is left but anarchy.

At the close of the service the Archbishop congratulated the Rector and the soldiers and the assembled visitors on the great work accomplished by them, and imparted to one and all the Papal Benediction. Most of the officers of the Post and their wives were present at the services and seemed deeply impressed by all they saw and heard. St. Sebastian's Chapel was built by Peter Doern, whose father, Valentine Doern, assisted by his sons, Peter and Jacob, had built the beautiful Church of the Blessed Sacrament.

Including its furnishings, vestments, ornaments, etc., the total cost of the chapel was about eight thousand dollars, and stands as a monument to the deep interest which Father Tom took in the men in the service of the United States Army.

Still pursuing his philosophy of life to enjoy every hour he lived in a rational way, Father Tom planned some agreeable work or a pleasant visit for each day. Rising at six-thirty he said daily Mass at seven, and after a light breakfast read his office, received callers, superintended any work about the church or grounds that might be in progress, spent half an hour with the little ones in the primary school, telling them some interesting story from Bible history or testing their knowledge of the catechism. He had a fund of amusing stories and anecdotes which never failed to interest the children. A favorite one was of the catechism class where each boy in line was asked a question in turn. On a particular Sunday, the boy who had the first place in the line was absent, and the priest coming in started and asked the first question, "Who made you" and quickly the boy whose usual place was second replied, "To know Him, to love Him, and to serve

Him."—"No," said the priest, "God made you."—"No, Father," replied the youngster, "the boy that God made ain't here to-day." Another favorite story was of a Protestant minister who was walking along a road in an Irish village on Sunday and stopped for a moment to listen to a fiddler who was playing away for dear life. "Do you know this is the Lord's Day?" said the minister. "No, your reverence," said the fiddler, "but if you whistle it I'll play it for you."

He also taught the little ones a few simple rules of conduct which his good uncle had constantly taught other children now grown, like himself, to manhood. "Mind your own business; mind nobody else's business."—"Do what you're told and do it right away."—"Eat an apple a day and keep the doctor away."

Possessing a cheerful sunshiny disposition himself he tried to make others happy wherever he went, and he usually succeeded. He believed that, after all, it is not the big things or the great deeds of heroism that make up life. The lives of most people are made up of little things, the kind word spoken, the pleasant smile, the friendly shake of the hand. By precept and example he taught his people, and indeed everyone with whom he came in contact, that there was not a day of their lives that they could not bring a ray of sunshine into some other person's life by doing a kind act, by saying a cheering word, by forgetting and forgiving some slight offense and making up with some friend who had drifted away. Father Tom's cheerfulness and kindly disposition was not something assumed in public, for in the bosom of his family, where he delighted to be, he was the same genial, light-hearted man that he appeared to an audience, telling one of his most amusing anecdotes on the platform, his face lighted with a smile.

While attached to all the members of his family, Father

Tom had a special affection for his youngest sister, Ellen, who, on June 7, 1908, entered the novitiate at Mount Hope, Maryland, and became Sister Ellen of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Two cousins of Father Tom, Isabelle and Irene McSweeney, daughters of Dr. Daniel E. McSweeney, a noted New York physician, had joined the same order a few years before. An aunt of these three cousins, now Sisters of Charity, Ellen McSweeney, was one of the early members of Mother Seton's order. While Father Tom at first missed the companionship of his youngest sister, a letter written by him after a visit to her at the mother-house of the order in Emmitsburg, shows that he found her so happy in her choice of a religious life that he rejoiced that she, like himself, had "chosen the better part."

"MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,  
"EMMITSBURG, MD.,  
"Oct. 13, '08.

"I have seen her and she is as pretty a picture as you'd wish to look at. Was she glad to see me? She ran towards me and hugged me till I nearly fell over. She seemed to laugh and cry at the same time. She asked for everyone by name and sent bushels of love. It did me good to hear the sound of her merry little laugh. And then sweet little Sister Isabelle came in, and you can imagine that I did not do all the talking. God bless her. I feel as happy as she does now."

All three cousins Sister Irene, Sister Isabelle and Sister Ellen, now daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, are doing noble work in the care of God's little ones.

Father Tom's sermons were at once profound and simple, and he explained the text of the Gospel in such language that even the little children could understand. His well modulated and superbly trained voice reached every part of the church without any apparent effort on

his part. His sole desire in his preaching seemed to be to communicate to those listening to him, something of the thoughts and feelings which filled his own soul, and he usually brought home the points of his sermon with an apt illustration that everyone could comprehend.

Father Tom became Vice-President of New Rochelle College and took a deep interest in every undertaking of the Ursulines, who established the first Catholic Women's college in New York. He heartily encouraged Mr. Nelson Hume in his project to establish a Catholic preparatory school for boys on Pelham Road, New Rochelle. Filled with a desire to foster vocations for the priesthood, he aided several youths in their studies at Cathedral College, the preparatory seminary established by Archbishop Farley.

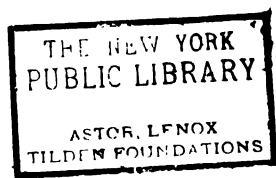
Again following the example of his uncle he devoted a great deal of time to the work of laying out roads and otherwise beautifying Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, and encouraged his people to honor their dead by holding memorial services in the cemetery on Decoration Day. He took an active part in the civic affairs of the City of New Rochelle. He mingled on terms of Christian amity with the ministers of the various denominations and was respected by them all. On one Fourth of July he delivered a patriotic address in the parish house attached to Trinity Church. He aided in the work of providing a hospital for the city and attended the Catholic sick who were sent there.

With all these various activities, Father Tom found time to enjoy the company of genial friends among the clergy at his own home, as well as to occasionally join delightful clerical gatherings at the home of the hospitable Father Meister in Mamaroneck. He delighted in bathing in the refreshing waters of the Sound; now and then enjoyed a fishing trip in the company of some of his boyhood friends,





FATHER TOM AND A FIRST COMMUNION CLASS AT THE HUME SCHOOL



and found pleasure in drives around the hills and valleys of the surrounding country, behind a very sedate and slow going horse, whose pace was in marked contrast to the high powered automobiles which continually passed him on the road.

Father Tom was always popular with his assistants, was beloved by them, and life in the comfortable rectory was harmonious and homelike in the real sense of the word. On one occasion in speaking of Fathers James T. Hughes and Joseph Maxcy, he said, "I believe I have two of the best assistants that ever lived. During the six years of our life together, Father Hughes and I have not been to each other like pastor and assistant, not even like an elder and a younger brother, but just like two brothers. And the boy of our family is Father Maxcy." Father Hughes, first assistant at the Blessed Sacrament for eleven years, and who was much beloved by all the parishioners, said of his life and association with Father Tom:

I think you don't know a man until you live with him, and the real friends a man has are those who have lived with him and know him best. I speak on the subject with a full heart. I don't think any priest can realize the relations existing between Father McLoughlin, Father Maxcy, and myself. Our pastor is one of those men who believe in exercising authority not as much as possible, but as little as possible. Not a single cloud has obscured the sunshine of our existence during the six years I have lived with him. I can say from my heart that there is not any place the diocese has to give me that I would take in preference to being an assistant right here with Father Tom. The relations existing between us are a sacred thing. He has always been a good brother, a kindly brother to me. He has given me his confidence and I have given him mine. We have worked together in perfect harmony. I don't know myself all his kindly deeds but I know they will have a lasting influence on my career, and if there is any thing that promises

success to my priestly work it will be, after the grace of God, due to the good example of my pastor.

Busy, and happy in being so, with all the varied duties of his parish work, Father Tom seldom found time, while pastor of the Blessed Sacrament, to accept invitations to deliver his musical lectures. Exceptions, however, were made in the case of old and valued friends who wished his aid for some deserving charity. Father Wm. J. Donohue, Father Tom's devoted assistant at Transfiguration, having become pastor of the Church of the Most Sacred Heart, Port Jervis, a struggling parish, prevailed upon him to come out of his retirement and once more appear on the lecture platform. An immense audience assembled at Terrace Garden, New York, was entertained by Father Tom, with all his old time charm, singing all the familiar Irish melodies with the same sweetness and arousing the same enthusiasm as he had done so often in days gone by.

While it might not, speaking in a worldly sense, have been considered a happy occasion, nevertheless, Father Tom regarded it as quite a happy day from a spiritual standpoint, when he was invited on November 7, 1904, to deliver the eulogy over the remains of Rev. Benjamin De Costa, at the requiem mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Dr. De Costa, who was a well-known figure in New York as pastor of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, and who after forty years' service in the Protestant Episcopal ministry, became a convert to the faith, regarded Father Tom with sincere admiration and as a friend and counselor. It was Father Tom who received him into the church in 1899.

Being a married man at that time, Dr. De Costa was, of course, not eligible for ordination to the priesthood. His wife died in 1901 and shortly afterwards he went to Rome, where, in November 1903, he was ordained a priest. His

health was very poor and he only lived a year after his ordination. These extracts from Father Tom's sermon tell of his meeting and association with this distinguished Protestant divine who became a Catholic priest:

"About ten years ago I met Dr. De Costa while on a trip to the Holy Land. I then lost sight of him for a number of years. One day he called to see me at the Transfiguration rectory, and he said, 'Father McLoughlin, am I a priest?' I told him that according to the teachings of the Catholic Church, he was not a priest. A few days later he came to see me again, and said: 'Father, I want to be a Catholic.' The great sacrifice was made, and he stood the test manfully. He was a man who had conquered himself, and showed fortitude equal to Newman, Manning, and Faber. He asked me if there was any reason why he could not become a Catholic, and I told him there was none. Shortly afterwards I received him into the Church. God cleared the way. The reward was to come at last. After his good wife died his one prayer was, 'I'd like to die a priest.' His prayer was heard, for some months later he was ordained. He was a priest, not only with orders, but with jurisdiction.

"And what words of eulogy shall I pronounce over the remains? Which of the virtues of a well spent life shall I admire the most? Shall I tell of his childlike faith and hope in God? Shall I refer to his unbounded charity, or his gentle, Christlike treatment of his fellow-men? No; I will rather say that whether we consider Dr. De Costa as a minister or as a man, or as a priest, we shall always find in him two dominant qualities that should characterize a perfect Christian, namely, intense zeal for God's glory and wonderful fortitude.

"Dr. De Costa was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1831. His mother, although throughout her life a Protestant, was baptized in the Catholic Church. What

manner of man was he? Ask the flock so dear to his heart in the Church of St. John. They will answer, 'He led us by word and example.' Ask the little children, now grown up, to whom he wrote so beautifully from the Holy Land. Ask the young men of the White Cross League if his was not a pure, beautiful, white soul, one who hated hypocrisy, show, and iniquity. Ask the many hundreds to whom he has administered words of consolation in grief, whom he baptized, whom he married.

"His life as a minister was all that could be desired. A minister may be ideal in life before his congregation, and because not tempted, be zealous and courageous, but it is trial, hardship, persecution that tries the just man, and his trial came and brought out the real character of the man, the hero and the martyr. He knew what it was to face shot and shell and serve his country in time of danger as chaplain in a Massachusetts regiment in the Civil War. But that was child's play; his real trial was to come.

"One night at prayer, like St. Paul going to Damascus, in the quiet and solitude of his own room, he prayed long and earnestly for the True Light. He was overcome with confusion, blindness, uncertainty, doubt. He cried out, 'Lord, that I may see; I want light, the night is dark, lead Thou me on. Lord, what wishest Thou me to do? Lead, kindly Light.' Then the answer came, 'You have served me faithfully these years, your prayers are answered.' A flood of light seemed to break through the gloom, and he was overwhelmed and exclaimed: 'Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me. What! am I not a priest? I must go over to Rome? Must I break the friendships of a life time? Have I been really blind and a leader of the blind? Let the chalice pass, O God! Think of my little flock that I have ministered to so carefully. I shall scandalize them. I shall do injury to religion.' Again the answer: 'Come, give up all things; follow Me.'

---

"Men have praised the heroes of the charge of the Light Brigade and of other gallant deeds. Ah! but what was their courage to that which gained the great moral victory. How many a man in similar circumstances has turned off the current and shut out the light and would not let it enter his soul.

"And now we are assembled to pay the last tribute of respect and brotherly love to a fellow priest; to one who, like ourselves, has stood at the altar of God and offered sacrifice for the living and the dead; to one who, like ourselves, has paused to say at the foot of the altar, 'Judge me, O God, and discern my cause,' and yet who would not dare to ascend to the Mountain of the Lord till he had said aloud, before all the people, 'I confess to Almighty God and to all the saints that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my most grievous fault.'

"So great is the dignity of the priesthood of the new law that the expression '*Sacerdos alter Christus*' (the priest is another Christ), has been adopted by the Church as expressing fully the high position he occupied in the world. When the Saviour, the night before He suffered, took bread into His holy and venerable hands and said, 'This is My body, this is My blood, do this for commemoration of Me,' He gave to his newly ordained priests the power to do what He had done. And what was the meaning of that power? St. Paul in his Epistle to the Corinthians tells us where he says, 'As often as ye shall eat of this bread and drink of this chalice ye shall show forth the death of the Lord till He come. Wherefore, whoever eateth this bread or drinketh the chalice of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself and so let him eat of this bread and drink of this chalice, for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord!' A priest, therefore, if he be a priest

---

at all, must be connected with a visible sacrifice, and the reason I lay stress on this point is because it was deep and prayerful meditation on these words that brought our dear departed friend where he is to-day.

"His body lies here in this Catholic Cathedral, clad in all the sacred vestments of his high and holy office, honored in death by so large a number of his fellow-priests, few of whom knew him personally, sprinkled with holy water, incensed with precious perfumes, not only because his body was once the temple of the Holy Ghost, but because of the eternal priesthood of Christ of whom it was said, 'Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec' and hence to-day we honor this faithful servant of God, this priest who conjointly with the great High Priest is like Him a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec."



## CHAPTER X

### THE TRAVELER

ONE of the great pleasures in life is travel. Father Tom believed that the world belonged to the man who had seen it, and during the days of his curacy and as a pastor, all of his spare time, and most of his slender income, was spent in travel. As a student and a newly ordained priest he had seen many of the beautiful cities and towns of Italy. He reveled in describing the blue Italian skies and the sparkling waters of the Adriatic.

These experiences made him yearn to gaze upon the beauties of earth wherever they were to be found. Of the delights of travel he said in one of his lectures:

The Irish, the English, and the Germans are great travelers, and the American of to-day, who is a mixture of the three, is the greatest of all and has earned for himself the title of globe-trotter. Every one has a desire to travel, some in a greater and some in a less degree, and it comes from our studies. The more history and historical romances we read, the scenes of which are laid in old countries, the more we long to gaze upon the places rendered famous by the lives and deaths of men. We have magnificent scenery right here in the United States. Our Hudson River is far the superior of the Rhine, our Lake George is fully the peer of Killarney, and more beautiful than Como. The Catskills are more delightful than the Alban Hills, the Rocky Mountains just as impressive as the Alps or the Himalayas. Why then is it that we are anxious to go abroad, when we have all these things at our own door? It is

principally because of their historical connections. It is because we can read history of centuries in the old stones that lie toppling over one another in the ancient round towers or the grand old cathedrals or university buildings that speak to us most eloquently of times gone by. All of us cannot gratify this ambition to travel, so that those of us who can do so ought to feel it a duty to give others the benefit of our travels and to make all participate in the delights which travel gives to both mind and heart.

Father Tom made four trips through Europe, first in 1884, returning from Rome, again in 1896 when he visited Egypt and the Holy Land, in 1905 touring the Cathedral-towns of England, and visiting Spain and finally in 1910 when in failing health he sought rest and relief at Aix-les-Bains in France, at Bad Nauheim in Germany, and found strength, consolation, and comfort at the shrine of Our Lady, to whom he had a special devotion, in Lourdes.

As a young priest returning from Rome, Father Tom's travels brought him through Italy, Germany, France, England, and Ireland. His impressions were noted at length in a diary which he kept of each day's experience. A few extracts will show the earnest religious feeling which inspired him as he gazed upon the famous cathedrals, and the superb natural beauties of the Old World.

"We have just had a glorious ride through the grand majestic Alps—fertile valleys, gorgeous mountains, pretty streams—but everything Italian as yet. How high the mountains tower. How high the birds fly, the wild animals climb! Man alone clings to the valleys. All nature would fain come nearer its creator. Man, the noblest of all creatures, seems to be content to remain low down. What a lesson we might learn from nature.

"As we passed through this wonderful snow-clad mountain scenery, and I saw the frequent streams and cascades rushing down from high mountains, I realized that the

mountains soaring so high and becoming covered with snow, the snow melting rushes down and makes fertile the valleys below. So it is when some blessed in God ascend to the height of perfection and love, they obtain for themselves and others abundant showers of blessings and graces from on high.

"The Milan Cathedral is magnificent—Gothic at its best, in a word. Few pictures, for it needs them not, fine stained-glass windows. Saw the solid silver tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, the great choir, and organs. I remained for part of the High Mass, saw the strange vestments, listened to the strange chants, and watched the strange ceremonies. Visited the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, and in a hall nearby looked for some time on the famous Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. It is very well preserved, but the fact that so little of the original is left, after so many restorations, detracts greatly from its value as a work of art. One thing I noticed was that in the original there exists no salt cellar of any shape. This addition, no doubt, is the work of some unscrupulous fanciful artist.

"Cologne Cathedral is the grandest Gothic structure I ever saw. It is simply magnificent as regards exterior and St. Patrick's, New York, resembles it somewhat. The columns and the aisles of the interior are grand, as are likewise the windows. We visited the tomb of the three Magi, a great square mausoleum and very simple. Visited the church of St. Ursula and saw there the great collection of bones of the eleven thousand virgins who were martyred with her by the Huns in the twelfth century. The walls of the church are filled with bones. The sacristan showed us a relic of the true cross. At Aix-la-Chapelle we also saw some precious relics, the girdle of Our Lord, part of a garment of Our Lady, part of the rope wherewith Our Saviour was whipped, rich chalices, ciboriums, and reliquaries."

In 1896, Father Tom, having as a companion his friend and classmate, Rev. James F. Crowley, made a trip to Egypt and the Holy Land. The company on board the *Fuerst Bismarck*, which sailed from New York on a Mediterranean tour in February of that year, included many distinguished Americans, with all of whom Father Tom became a favorite as he frequently entertained them with his singing, and on one Sunday evening at the request of the Captain gave services in the saloon at which many Protestants attended. It was on this trip that Father Tom made the acquaintance of Rev. Benjamin F. De Costa, the noted New York Protestant clergyman who later became a Catholic priest. The diary which Father Tom kept of part of this trip unfortunately was lost, and only two letters are available to tell of his feelings while at the spot hallowed by the footsteps of Our Savior. One is dated,

“OFF BEYROUT, SYRIA,  
“ March 1, 1896.

“We have been like Moses of old for the last two days, in view of the Promised Land. There was cholera in Alexandria, and consequently a five days' quarantine is set in Turkish dominions against all vessels coming from Egypt. Here we are at anchor in the beautiful harbor of Beyrout forty miles north of Jaffa. The tall rugged mountains of Lebanon, backed by the perennial snow-clad range of the anti-Lebanon Mountains, are right before us. They are no longer covered with the grand cedars which Hiram, King of Tyre, sent to Jerusalem for the building of the temple, but have a deserted, burnt-out look. Yesterday we passed by the coast of Tyre and Sidon, of which Christ speaks in the Gospel, and whose people rejected His teaching. The sunset on the snow-clad hills was a sight never to be forgotten. For half an hour after the red sun had

set for us on the horizon, we could still see that it shone brightly on snowy Lebanon. Scarcely had the light disappeared when over the same range of hills arose the full moon in all her silvery glory. We felt rewarded for our visit to Beyrout.

"At nine o'clock we were treated to a total eclipse of fair Luna, and we all declared that nature is simply spreading herself for us during all this trip.

"At Alexandria we visited the famous Pompey's Pillar, and we were more interested in the glories of the past than in the dirty city through which we passed on our way to Cairo. Egypt astounded me, in its sepulchral monuments but principally in the fertility of its soil. It rains only one inch a year in Egypt, and yet very often they get three crops from the earth. The Nile overflows annually and deposits mud, the people press the button by sowing the seed, and nature does the rest.

"The streets of Cairo at the World's Fair, in 1892, gave but a faint idea of the real streets, for the real streets are dirty, and the people are like the streets in every respect. There are no sewers in Cairo, and yet it is a city of four hundred thousand people. We made three excursions, first to the Pyramids, the second to the ruins of Heliopolis where we saw an obelisk and the 'Virgin's Tree' under which the Holy Family rested during the flight into Egypt, as also the 'Virgin's Well' near the tree where the Blessed Virgin washed the Divine Infant, and the third excursion to the Pyramids of Isccarah, where we had a donkey ride for five hours through palm groves, and then over the burning sands of the desert to the ruins of Memphis and the tombs of the Sacred Hills and Pyramids, and the tomb of 'Ti.' Oh, it was an awfully hot ride, still we saw it and paid our respects to the Sheik of the Tombs. The Mosques at Cairo are grand, but most of them are in a state of decay because the government is bankrupt, and

unable to keep them going. In old Cairo on the banks of the Nile we saw the spot where Moses was found in the bulrushes."

A second letter is dated Bethlehem, March 6, 1896. Writing to his youngest brother he said:

"You are the privileged one of the family, the Benjamin, to receive a letter from this holy of holies, Bethlehem, where Christ, Our Lord, was born. It is impossible to realize it all, but to-day we saw the very cave of Bethlehem, which I have known and pictured to myself since childhood, and words fail me to speak of the thoughts that filled my heart, for they were unspeakable. To-morrow we hope to have the supreme pleasure of celebrating Mass in the holy grotto itself, and I shall make an earnest memento for mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and all. We saw also to-day the fields where tradition says the shepherds saw the vision of the angels when they announced the glad tidings. Bethlehem has become a reality and the mystery of God made man a more wonderful mystery than ever. This morning I celebrated Mass on Mount Calvary where Jesus died upon the cross for man's salvation, and to-day we visited the Holy Sepulchre, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, the Church of the Ascension, the Tomb of Lazarus, and the house of Martha and Mary in Bethany, the place of Ecce Homo, the temple of Solomon (ruins), the wailing place of the Jews, and the original Stations of the Cross. To-morrow we start for Smyrna, thence to Constantinople. This is a very picturesque country, high mountains, shepherds, sheep, goats, wells, tombs, and so on."

On the return trip from the Holy Land Father Tom traveled extensively through Europe and these extracts from a diary written on board the steamer give his impressions:

"Munich is a very clean progressive city, the capital of

Bavaria. A fine large German church with pews, and the services conducted with German decorum and solemnity. The Royal Palace is very fine. The King's stables—most of the horses from Ireland. The State carriages and sleighs are the finest in the world. We have seen others since, even in the Tuileries, and they could not compare with those of Bavaria. The poor King is mad and a regent rules in his stead. We saw the change of guard at the Royal Palace and it was a truly comical sight to see the soldiers go through what they term dress parade. The opera in Munich begins at six P.M. and is over about nine-thirty, then all adjourn to the beer halls and gardens to drink beer and eat sandwiches. Our guide spoke French and brought us through the Royal Treasury and the old palace of paintings, and the King's palace with its state-room of Pius VII. We went also to the Royal Hofbrau Kellar and a smoky dingy place it was. Horses all through Germany draw the wagon by one shaft. Dogs, helping men and women to draw wagons, are very common. The park is equal to the Bois de Bologne. The King's palace is very fine, yet strange to say William prefers to live in the old palace at Potsdam, a city about half an hour's ride from Berlin. We went there Good Friday P.M. and visited the old palace of Frederick the Great and the beautiful Queen Louise and saw her suite of rooms and her private apartments and the 'Tree of Appeal.' Visited the new palace where the present Emperor lives and saw the wonderful dining-room, built to represent the ocean caves, and covered with shells and large precious stones. From there to the tomb of Unser Fritz, made of Carrara marble representing him lying in state. We went by fast express from Berlin to Cologne and it was as good traveling as one could have on the Central at home. Fine rolling country, large manufacturing towns, neat little villages, church spires in every village, women at work in the fields, all the flower

of the country in the army, fooling away their lives in idleness.

"Dresden is another city more beautiful than Paris, and cleaner though smaller. Protestant with a Catholic King. We attended Mass in the church Holy Thursday and saw the King and suite. Attended Protestant service for five minutes in the great Lutheran Church. A statue of Martin Luther in the square erected two years ago.

"Oh! let me not forget the *Sistine Madonna* of Raphael and Hoffman's *Christ in the Temple*, the latter, the picture that impressed me more than any I have seen in my travels. Munkacsy's *Christ on the Cross* did not impress me at all but Hoffman's *Christ Preaching from Peter's Boat* to the people on the shore did affect me.

"From Dresden we went to Berlin through a rather flat country with many large prosperous towns. Berlin is the finest city in Europe. Grand buildings and temples of art, great galleries, palaces, colonnades and bridges, statues and parks, fountains, theaters, boulevards, clean streets, parliament houses, propylæa, etc. Its people stout, healthy, happy, beer drinking, fond of rational pleasure. We said Mass Easter Sunday in the principal Catholic church. Very edifying sight to see the Catholics there both Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. A Protestant city and consequently the Catholics are devout and practical."

Under date of April 14, 1896, there is found these interesting items.

"To-morrow night, please God, we shall be in 'homesweet home,' dear old New York. As to Paris what shall I say. From the use of soft coal it has become dirty like London. So different from the Paris I saw in 1878. The streets are alive with people day and night. The Boulevard des Italiens especially seems the favorite promenade. We ascended the Eiffel tower over eight hundred feet by the elevator and had a superb view of the city. Drove



through the Champs Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne, Arc de Triomphe, visited the great church of Sacred Heart at Montmartre; fine outside but cheerless within. Notre Dame Cathedral is the same as ever, saw its treasury with coronation robes of Napoleon first. Soutane worn by Abp. Darbois when he was shot by the commune. Versailles Palace and grounds a great disappointment, likewise the Trianon and Petit Trianon, which cannot be compared to Sans Souci of Potsdam for beauty of art. The state carriages and sleighs of Napoleon, Marie Antoinette, Louis, etc. (Oh! the humbug of it all!), could not be compared to those of Bavaria's crazy king. The people are light-spirited, gay, frivolous as you see them at night. But in the daytime as you see them at business and as you meet the crowds of shop girls going to their work or coming home, and minding their own business or as you see them crowding around the favorite shrines of their Madonna (Notre Dame), they appear to be an industrious, sober-minded, devout people. If a person retired to his hotel at sundown he might come away with a very good impression of Paris—but at night—it is different from Berlin, from Dresden, from Vienna, and to be candid, the only city that reminded me of Paris at night is New York!—up town. London I do not remember well as I did not see it by night to advantage—Paris is retrograding every day. Many dirty streets, and while they are enjoying life, *the Germans are preparing for war*, and enjoying life moderately. (1896.)

"The greatest, most sublime sight of our whole trip was reserved for this morning, we were awakened at 6:30 by the voice of the stewardess in the next stateroom saying to our next door neighbors, 'You should get up once and see the icebergs.' I hastened on deck and witnessed a spectacle never to be forgotten. About four miles away was a field of ice reaching—so the captain said—nearly a

hundred miles in length. We counted in this immense field no less than eighteen bergs and afterwards at least six individual bergs which had floated off and each must have been at least a hundred feet out of the water. As they shone resplendent in the light of the morning sun they resembled at one time towers, at another time cathedrals, at another sublime ruins of old abbeys and stairways, and the sunlight causing effects of shadow and light made even broken arches and oriel windows appear without any stretch of imagination. The Parthenon and Acropolis were not to be even thought of when we gazed on these handiworks of God. It taught me at least that the greatest work of man cannot be compared even to one of God's icebergs floating in mid-ocean to give him glory. It was truly a glorious sight."

The trip which Father Tom took to Europe in 1905 was made principally to tour the Cathedral towns of England and to visit Spain. A few of the most interesting letters of the many written by him during his three months of travel are these:

"THE ROYAL HOTEL, PLYMOUTH,

"July 9, 1905.

"Here I am in Plymouth, having just returned from a charming drive through the town whence the Pilgrim Fathers sailed. I visited the pier this morning where those sturdy men, fleeing persecution, boarded the *Mayflower* and braved the unknown seas. Persecuted themselves, it is passing strange that they did not learn the lesson of religious toleration. I found Plymouth a large flourishing city of nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants with fine clean streets, troops of Tommy Atkins and crowds of well-dressed civilians. Double-decker tram-trolleys filled with gay people meet you everywhere. I said Mass in the cathedral this morning at 9 o'clock and preached

a short homily on obedience. 'Lord we have labored all the night and have caught nothing, nevertheless at Thy word I shall let down the net.' It would have done Mother's heart good to see the regiment of fine strapping red-coated soldiers march into church, making music with their own heels on the tiled pavement. They listened with great attention to the stranger as he held them up as models of obedience to the rest of the congregation, and heard him say that that's the kind of obedience, united to love, that God wants from all of us.

"His Lordship, Bishop Graham, received me very courteously and sat with me at a breakfast of 'am and eggs.' He told me that Father Sheehan was under him, an assistant at Exeter, and that many of the characters in *Luke Delmege* are real ones copied from originals, the old Canon merely changing the names."

"ROUGEMONT HOTEL, EXETER,

" July 9, 1905.

"My first Sunday in England gives me the impression that this is a very religious country (at least on Sunday), and furthers the impression indelibly made on me years ago, that religious toleration wins more souls to the love of Christ than all the thumbscrews and racks and slow fires ever invented by Catholic Spain or Protestant England. Everywhere to-day in Plymouth and Exeter, shops were shut and the prince and peasant were dressed in their Sunday clothes, hastening to church and thence to rational enjoyment at the seaside or open field. I can understand better now the phrase 'running to church' because this morning I saw a great number of well-dressed people prayer books in hand, hurrying on for dear life, to be in time. Many of the men wore high hats and Prince Albert coats and many of the women of the medium and lower class wore hats like my straw, good big ones

that reached their ears and in many instances pushed their faces down a bit.

"A pleasant ride of two hours through a rolling country brought me to this first of the Cathedral towns. It is like Plymouth but smaller, the same sense of prosperity appearing everywhere especially in the neat cottages of the working classes. The Cathedral I found large, very old and crumbling, but disappointing in the interior. When I entered it was filled with worshipers, many devout, many looking around like myself. A clergyman was reading away at a sermon above the heads of his people. They came for bread, perhaps, and they got some Scotch granite instead. What he talked of I know not for my mind was busy with other things. I thought how a few centuries ago those same arches rang with the 'Glorias' and 'Hosannas' and 'Allelujas' of the monks of old, and how the people of Merry England received the true Bread of Life both in the Gospel and in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. But now! The preacher reads, the organ grandly swells, but there is no soul in it all. The life is gone. God's angels have fled from the desecrated temple and in the place of the Holy of Holies rises a great organ. The service is over, all were ordered out of the church, and 'twas just as well. Why remain? The Presence was not there. The Princess Frederica attended the service with her husband. Who is she? I know not. Perhaps the lineal descendant of Henry VIII who put Christ out of His temples in England."

"LONDON, July 15, 1905.

"Yesterday we had a delightful experience in the shape of a row on the Thames. We took the train to Windsor, about half an hour's ride and saw the grand old castle which looks just as beautiful as the pictures represent it. The quiet flowing river, with its green banks, dotted here

and there with clumps of big oak trees; the graceful swans called 'the King's birds' swimming around the daintily decorated house boats and other pleasure craft, the children paddling on the shore or fishing for fish that never bite, the river curving every now and then and giving new surprises in the way of charming bits of scenery, and the immense turreted castle towering high up above the whole scene, formed a picture never to be forgotten. I said Mass this morning in the crypt of St. Etheldreda's chapel, one of the few ancient shrines in possession of our church."

After leaving Exeter, Father Tom visited Salisbury, Canterbury, Ely, Peterborough, Lincoln, Durham, and York. How his heart was thrilled at quaint old Canterbury when a venerable verger pointed out the spot before the side altar upon which saintly Thomas à Becket knelt when he was slain at the behest of the king by the murderous knights. And here at Canterbury as well he was privileged to sit in the chair in which St. Augustine of Canterbury sat when he was enthroned as its first Archbishop. He stood and gazed in admiration at the beautiful lines of those wonderful cathedrals of Ely and Peterborough; reverently prayed at the tomb of the Venerable Bede at Durham, but declared Lincoln was the crowning glory of them all.

"Surely a visit to these ancient English Cathedrals is a rare treat to the lover of Gothic architecture as well as a delight to the student of Church history. While it is sad to think of the way in which the English people were robbed of their faith under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and whilst difficult to understand how such a change was brought about, yet it is a source of pride to think that the faith once so strong was perpetuated in these marvelous monuments of stone which for centuries have resisted the slow but sure destructive power of the elements. It is

also a pleasure to think that within the last thirty years a wonderful change has come over the religious thought and tendencies of the Anglican body, so that now in many of those glorious temples one sees the high altar and reredos again in its place, adorned with figures of Christ and Our Lady and the saints, while in the center of the altar surrounded by lighted candles, stands the crucifix, and at Vespers the sweet odor of incense is observed, as in days of old. Some day we feel certain, when Parliament realizes that it is only the Church of Rome that can safely direct the masses of the common people and hold them in control, the grand real sacrifice will be offered again on those altars, and the choir stalls will be filled with the black friars and white friars, as in the days of Merrie England."

During this same trip, in 1905, Father Tom spent nine happy days at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, he visited the tomb of the celebrated Curé of Ars, and the shrine of Notre Dame de Fourvières at Lyons. Amongst other places of interest visited was the well-known watering place of Biarritz, the Pyrenees of Pau and Cauterets, and the cities of Burgos, Madrid, Toledo, and Barcelona in Spain.

In a letter from Lourdes he wrote:

"I arrived here Saturday evening after a long and sleepless night ride from Paris and a rest of a few hours at Pau. Lourdes goes entirely beyond my expectation, and is without doubt the grandest shrine in all the world. As I approached the great square in front of the Basilica, I witnessed a procession of about a thousand pilgrims from Strasbourg, all carrying lighted candles and singing a peculiar litany in German, the refrain being the words 'Ave Maria!' Most of the pilgrims were men and the effect produced by the magnificent volume of voices, and the evident intense faith of the pilgrims cannot be expressed in words. I was not the only one in whose eyes there were

tears. A visit to the famous grotto seemed to produce the same effect on many who came there for the first time—for you are living in an atmosphere of simple faith, and feel that this indeed is a wonderful place—this is the House of God, and the Gate of Heaven. My first Mass was on Sunday and was offered for all the members of the parish of the Blessed Sacrament (living and dead). My second Mass, said on Monday was for a member of the parish who for many long years has been a gentle, patient sufferer from a grievous malady, and my third, to-day, I endeavored to say for myself, but instinctively my prayer was, 'Lord, hear the fervent prayers of those praying for me at home, for I don't know how to pray for myself.' To tell the truth, there are here so many poor, suffering examples of helpless humanity a hundred per cent. worse off than I am, that I would rather pray for them than for myself, for they really need the help. I must away now for the grand Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. If I wanted to wish any Catholic the greatest treat of his life—even greater than a view of the Pope and of Rome—I would say, 'See Lourdes and die happy.'"

"HOTEL TERMINUS NORD,  
" PARIS.

"Arrived in the poor little village of Ars, we visited the tomb of the great parish priest. He is now 'Blessed' and his body was conveyed with great pomp, on August 4, 1905, and placed in a rich golden casket over the altar of a side chapel. A thin mask of wax gives a bona fide representation of his face as he reposed in death, for when they removed the body from its original casket of lead, after being buried nearly fifty years, it was found practically incorrupt. The Curé was like Leo XIII, so thin and frail that there was little left but skin and bones. I said Mass at his shrine at 5.30 this morning and then visited the

little rectory with its relics. I prayed hard for everything except my physical wants."

"AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND,

"Aug. 31, '05.

"We reached Antwerp shortly after one o'clock and I spent the afternoon seeing the city. I had the pleasure of seeing Rubens's famous paintings of the *Ascent* and *Descent from the Cross* together with several other of his works. The Cathedral itself was very large and impressive interiorly but, like many Catholic monuments of the days of faith, it has been ruined by tawdry cheap statuary. The pulpit is one of the many specimens of intricate wood carving for which Belgium is famous. The city of Antwerp is by all odds the cleanest city I have ever visited. It is simply a case of 'Spotless Town,' and I know it, for I walked the whole time. One of the strange sights of Belgium is to see the work of horses and mules done by dogs and not over large ones at that. I saw two dogs to-day pulling along a little dog cart in which sat a farmer and his boy. These animals certainly lead a dog's life of it. Just think of it last Sunday afternoon at five o'clock I was at a bull fight in Madrid and here four days later I am in Amsterdam, Holland, having in the meantime visited Lyons, said Mass at Ars, and spent a night in Paris."

While always enthusiastic over the surpassing natural beauties of the countries he visited, Father Tom, being a natural born mimic, often delighted his intimate friends with a description of people he met on his travels whose mannerisms and foibles were depicted in such a clever way that one was able to picture them in imagination as persons actually met.

"Scarcely had we landed from a delightful row on the beautiful Thames when we saw a little red-faced butcher boy of about eighteen and a tall baker boy of about twenty, with a pale face, indulging in some personal compliments



of a questionable nature. In a flash 'little Reddy' threw off his jacket and started in to square off at lanky Bob. The little fellow was like a game cock and dodged around at a great rate and endeavored to scratch his antagonist. We watched the fight for about four minutes till we saw the big fellow strike little Red in the jaw. The next thing we knew they shook hands, lanky Bob put on 'Reddy's' coat, Reddy jumped on his butcher's cart and they both went on their way apparently as cheerful as though nothing had occurred. And this took place under the shadow of Windsor Castle! It made me reflect that it was this spirit of fighting and then making up again quickly that has made England what she is. The opposite spirit on the other hand, is what leaves Ireland on the flat of her back. Her chieftains and people have fought among themselves for centuries but neither side ever gives in, even when beaten."

Father Tom was most kindly received by His Eminence Cardinal Logue of Armagh, and spent two very pleasant days in his company. Of Ireland he said, that while it is unsurpassed in the beauty of its scenery, the words of the song are only too true:

She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen.

Thousands of acres of rich lands were lying idle and the country outside of the cities appeared deserted. So far as the future of Ireland was concerned his opinion was that if some rich American capitalists would undertake to revive Irish industries and start the valuable mines going, it would prevent the great emigration that was fast depopulating the country.

"In Belfast I was obliged to hear Mass like one of the faithful. A little chap came running out of the church in his bare feet. I said, 'Where's your shoes, my lad?'

'I have none, sir.' 'Well how do you keep warm in winter?' And looking up at me with his smiling Irish eyes he replied, 'Oh, sir, I just kape runnin' round.'

"A jarvey drove us around Belfast and pointed out the principal sights, among others the new Post Office. 'That's a fine public building!' said I. 'Yes, your Reverence,' said the driver, 'but that's the back of it, you ought to see the front of it, it's behind!'

"When we arrived in Dublin it began to rain and I asked the jarvey what he did when it rained. 'What do you mane,' says he, 'is it the car—how do I protect the car?' 'No,' said I. 'How do you protect yourself?' 'Oh, let it rain all it wants to on meself.'—'This is a very wet country,' said I. 'It's been raining steadily now for a week.'—'Oh, that's nothing sir,' said the jarvey, 'last year it rained steadily for eighteen months.'

"In some parts of Ireland they still talk of Cromwell, particularly in the ancient city of Drogheda where the recollection of his butcheries will never die out as long as there lives the son or grandson of an Irishman to tell the sad tale. An English lady viewing the sights in Drogheda asked a jaunting-car driver, 'Who is this Mr. Cromwell, does he live anywhere hereabouts?' 'Faith ma'am,' replied the driver, 'he lives now where he can light his pipe with the tip of his fingers.'

"Last evening we sauntered up the main street of Calender (Scotland) and entered a kirk. We heard an organ recital by some fellow from Edinburgh University and incidentally witnessed an innocent flirtation between a swain and a girl of his. He would mark a chapter and verse in his Bible and slip it back to her and she would mark a place in hers and pass it to him and both would smile significantly. The Bible is a wonderful book.

"The glorious Fourth at sea! The presence on board of a Father Kessler of Detroit, a splendid type of a German

American priest, reminds us forcibly of a memorable Fourth of July at sea when our own Father Kessler, of St. Joseph's, New York, knelt with the crucifix in his uplifted hands and fervently besought God's mercy for the unfortunate souls on board *La Bourgogne* as that ill-fated French liner gradually disappeared beneath the waves, and a terrified ship's company sank into eternity. The only event to mark the day were some athletic games, refereed by a former pugilist, who seemed to be the principal attraction. A small committee of gentlemen, headed by a well-known member of the New York bar, waited on the Captain and requested permission to hold a brief patriotic celebration in the saloon. The Captain declined, giving as his reason that on the preceding Decoration Day a celebration was held and a Western Congressman had the temerity to make some remarks about an event that occurred in 1776 and it gave offense to so many that he decided there would be no more patriotic American celebrations on board his ship. And this is the American line and the beautiful Stars and Stripes float in the breeze at the stern!

"Spent a delightful couple of hours with Canon Denis McSwiney (that's how he says the family name is spelled on ancient tombstones) pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's in Cork. He told me of his life while parish priest in Bandon and one of his works, of which he spoke with animation and pride, was the placing of a statue of the Blessed Virgin at the spot on the walls of the town where some scoffer had written, 'Turk, Jew, or Atheist may enter here, but not a Papist.'—'You will remember,' said the Canon, now eighty-four, 'that underneath those offensive words Dean Swift wrote, "Who wrote these lines wrote them well for the same are written on the gates of hell."' "

"At Glasnevin cemetery I felt a thrill of patriotic and religious fervor as I reverently placed my hand on the wood of Daniel O'Connell's coffin, and then stood admir-

ing the graceful lines of the tall round tower marking the resting place of Ireland's emancipator. In a remote corner of the cemetery my eyes happened by pure chance to rest upon an inscription which so excited my interest that I copied it. 'Erected to the memory of Anne Devlin, Emmett's faithful servant who possessed some rare and many noble qualities, who lived in obscurity and poverty and so died. September 18, 1851.' Recalling the untold indignities which this woman, as a girl of twenty-four, suffered, because of her loyalty to Robert Emmett and her fortitude when faced with the bayonets of the British soldiers, I realized that I was standing at the grave of one of Ireland's greatest heroines. Anne Devlin in the face of humiliation and bitter suffering would not disclose Emmett's hiding-place in the Wicklow Mountains and it was left for a man to turn informer. It is unfortunately true that Ireland's cause has often been hampered and hindered by some of her unworthy sons but the true nobility of nature displayed by this humble peasant girl, in the midst of torture, should be remembered by lovers of liberty the world over to the everlasting credit of woman-kind who, though termed the weaker sex, is often far stronger than the strongest man in loyalty, affection, and heroic devotion to those they love."

Father Tom visited the Pacific Coast in the spring of 1901 and spent several months in Southern California. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the scenery in all parts of the Golden State. An extract from a lecture entitled *The Old Mission Bells*, which he delivered shortly after his return, tells of the delight which he experienced in visiting the old Franciscan missions.

"The traveler who has seen California in the springtime has witnessed a picture of loveliness that cannot be surpassed in all the world. Cross over the Sierras and for hours you are in the midst of snow and ice and the accom-

panying severe cold of winter, for it is still the month of February.

"The summit reached the rapid descent begins; the train dashes along around curves overlooking precipices hundreds of feet in depth, and in less than three hours you find yourself in a veritable paradise, a land of sunshine and flowers. The mountains and the hills and the valleys are covered with golden poppies, and wild flowers of purple, red, yellow, blue, and pink as far as the eye can reach. Calla lilies and geraniums are as common as weeds in this land of abundance, and as for roses they fill the country with their color and sweetness the whole year 'round. From the delicate little wild rose to the great luscious American beauty, we find this favorite flower everywhere. Frequently instead of a wooden fence in front of a dwelling, there is a low hedge of rose bushes and vines covered with thousands of flowers, pink, white and blood red filling the air with their fragrance day and night. Immediately the traveler becomes poetic, but when he descends farther into the plains, and rides through the San Joaquin or Santa Clara or Salinas valley, and passes through miles of orange groves, with luscious golden fruit ready to drop from the overladen branches, and again through miles of peach, prune, apricot, and plum orchards, with their delicate white and pink blossoms, he is forced to exclaim, 'This is truly the land of sunshine and flowers.'

"If, however, your journey leads up at eventide to one of the old Franciscan missions, then is the poetic soul up-raised in joy and exultation. Never can we forget while life lasts our approach to the old mission of Santa Barbara, situated on an eminence in an ideal garden spot, with the high Sierras as a background and the immense waves of the Pacific dashing against the rocks in full view of the convent cloisters. It was a perfect evening in the month of January. The warm sun was sinking to rest over the

boundless ocean, and its golden rays were reflected over the blue waters, as we came near the hallowed monastery.

"When, hark! What are those Heavenly sounds that greet our ears? They are like the voices of angels out of dreamland. They form harmonies such as we have never heard before—so sweet, so pathetic, so full of romance and poetry and reminiscence, that they almost make one a believer in the transmigration of souls; for one feels that sometime far away in the dim and distant past, he has heard sounds that exercised the same influence over his soul, but when or where he cannot tell.

"When I heard the old mission bells of Santa Barbara, therefore, they spoke to me a story of a long ago. On the summit of a hill at Monterey stands a marble statue of a man clad in the habit of a poor follower of St. Francis of Assisi. He bears aloft the sign of our redemption, and seems to invoke a blessing on both sea and land.

"Looking at the inscription we find that the monument is dedicated to the memory of the venerable Father Junipero Serra, founder of the Franciscan Missions in upper California. Junipero Serra was a delicate youth but was so filled with the spirit of his divine vocation that he spent most of his time in reading the lives of the saints. He was accustomed to scourge himself regularly with an iron chain and to burning his flesh with a lighted candle. He was merely taking in a literal sense the words of the Master: 'If thy right hand scandalize thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee. For it is better to enter heaven marred than to be cast forever into hell.'

"On December 6, 1749, Father Serra landed at Vera Cruz whence he proceeded on foot to Mexico, walking twenty-six days to reach there. For over eighteen years he labored among the Indians of Mexico, and then established the missions in upper California.

"There had been Franciscan Fathers among the In-

dians in Lower California as far back as 1596, over three hundred years ago, preaching the Gospel, administering the Sacraments, and leading mortified lives while peacefully converting the Indians, and this was twenty-four years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock and began their systematic slaughtering of the Indians on the eastern coast.

"The first mission in upper California was founded by Father Junipero in San Diego, July 16, 1769, and we can picture his coming among the Indians. Down near the seashore at Monterey there is a large grove of gnarled live oaks, interspersed with tall pine trees and under their wide-spreading branches the native savages were assembled to hold a council of war. Far out on the ocean they perceive a great vessel with white sails such as they have never seen before, and one of their old men has declared that it is filled with war-like men who come to rob them of their land, and that if they permit them to disembark they will lose their country forever.

"As the ship approaches they become more apprehensive. At length the vessel, carrying Father Junipero and his monks, drops anchor in the bay and fires a salute three times in honor of the blessed Trinity, and most of the poor savages fall prostrate on the ground with fear, for they think it is the voice of a God that has spoken. A wonderful spell comes over them as they see the Franciscan Fathers and the Spanish soldiers come ashore with their bright armor and their carbines and their wonderful banners held in the hand of the leading soldier who takes possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain. Their prophet has foreseen aright! Great is their astonishment when they see some of the men cut down two large trees, and stripping them of their branches raise them in the form of a cross for thus the Fathers claim the souls of the Indians in the name of Jesus, King of Kings.

"Softened suddenly are the savage natures of these men when they hear the monks chant their hymns of thanksgiving to God:

Te Deum Laudamus  
Te Dominum confitemur  
Te Aeternum Patrem  
Omnis terra veneratur  
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,  
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.

"No less moved are they as they listen to the song of the monks invoking the blessing and the guidance of the Holy Ghost as they chant the *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Neither do these holy men forget to sound the praises of their Virgin Queen of Heaven under whose special patronage they have taken their journey. For now the chant takes another turn and they hear the inspiring *Magnificat*.

"Very soon a rude altar is set up. The Gothic arches of the gigantic firs and redwoods and pines forming a wonderful nave and chancel, while the transept is filled with naked savages who look on awe-stricken at the bright colored vestments of Father Junipero who is singing the first High Mass ever heard in that virgin forest. The birds are warbling sweetly in the branches and the odor of the incense mingles with the sweet perfume of the flowers and ascends as a sacrifice of prayer to God.

"Now a hush comes over the frightened Indians, because for the first time in their existence they hear the tinkling of the little silver Mass bell as the celebrant says, 'Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,' and a moment later they see the Fathers all bowed down in prayer to the ground and, while Father Junipero raises the sacred host on high, the soldiers fire a volley in honor of the King of highest Heaven who has



come down to ransom the captive souls held in bondage under the yoke of the enemy of mankind.

“‘Peace on earth to men of good will’ is the message that the Eucharistic God brings to these poor people and they, unconsciously bending low at the sacred mysteries, fulfill again the prophetic words of Malachias; ‘From the rising of the sun to the going down there is sacrifice in every place, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation, for my name is great among the gentiles, saith the Lord God of Hosts.’

“Thus was the standard of the cross raised in Monterey in Upper California, and the first seeds of the Catholic religion planted; and whatever may have been the motives of the Spanish conquerors in acquiring new territory for the crown of Castile, we know from the Protestant historian Bancroft that the sole motive that moved the saintly Junipero and his companions was to win souls to the knowledge and love of God by preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified.

“Missions were founded at San Diego, San Bonaventura, San Carlo, Santa Barbara, Carmel, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, Santa Inez, and San Francisco, and thousands of Indians were taught by the missionaries not only how to keep the commandments of God, but also to give up their savage warfare, to cultivate their fields by planting wheat and corn and vegetables of all kinds, and at the same time they were instructed in reading and writing.

“It is only on the great judgment day, when the books are opened, that the world will know all the sufferings, all the privations and hardships, all the hunger and thirst and cold, all the persecution and bitterness and ingratitude that these sturdy warriors of the cross had to endure in order that the Indians of the far West might be brought under the sweet yoke of Christ.”

"PASO ROBLES, CAL.,

"Feb. 22, 1901.

"I never spoke of the car driver, did I? He's the proprietor, sole owner, President, and whole company of the Paso Robles Railway. The rolling stock consists of an old time jigger car, on both sides of which appears the legend: 'Mud Baths' and the top and back and front, and in fact every spot not covered by the aforesaid legend is covered with advertising signs such as 'Go to Helder for your axle grease,' 'Feed your hens with Whiskey Cocktails,' 'Have your sheep sheared by Tony the barber,' 'Clean towel with every three shakes of a lamb's tail,' etc. His two horses are called the 'Blue and the Gray' because they are so old and 'Hack Kneed.'

"Old Whiskers himself came out of a gopher hole originally and never knew nothin' before nor since. He is more spavined than either of his horses; but he mounts the back platform and rings the husky bell several times and then in a wheezy voice, his nose in the key of 'high G' says 'Beord' which being translated signifies 'All aboard.' Seeing no one budge from the hotel piazza he takes a walk down to the pump, has a drink, strokes out his whiskers and has a chat with the doctor or the druggist or anyone who happens to be near. Mounting again the front platform he says: 'Well ef ther ain't no one goin' I guess I'll be movin' back t' ther stable.' This is a signal that he really intends to start, so there is a rush on the part of four or five people who want to catch the car for the Mud Baths. He shouts 'Whoa thar!' and turns around the brakes as if grinding coffee so that one would imagine the car was on a very steep grade instead of on the dead level and the horses walking at a snail's pace. Then he turns around with a chuckle and says, 'Wall I come put' near leavin' ye behin' this time, I'm twenty minutes behin' time now.' When he arrives at the baths, two miles

away, he unhitches the steeds and lets them out to grass and then gets into the car and reads the *Examiner* or the *Lady's Home Journal* until the last man has had his bath. He must wait or lose his fare, for he collects the fare (20 cents) before he starts on the return trip.

"An Englishman and his wife who live in Los Angeles boarded the train at Spokane. The first thing I heard him say to the conductor was, 'How much is it to Yellowstone?' 'How much if we go in the ordinary coach and then into the sleeper just at night?' 'How much to go in the observation car and ordinary coach?' Next morning I met him at the station lunch counter and the questions were as follows: 'How much would I have to pay if I went over to the Hotel for breakfast?' 'Seventy-five cents? That's too much!' 'What can I get here to eat?' 'How much for scrambled eggs?' 'Twenty cents! Does that mean for two?' 'All right! let us have scrambled eggs for two. What, only two eggs for twenty cents! That's too much. Well, all right, my wife won't have any eggs, just bring me two for myself. Fresh ones don't you know?'

"I met him after breakfast and he said, 'They charge too much for everything around here. I'm not going to the Hotels in the Park, they charge too much. I am going to the camp it is much cheaper.' Then followed a long history of cheap things and bargains he had purchased, and an inquiry as to how much the fellow charged me for breakfast. When leaving for the camp he said, 'I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed your company.' I should say about five cents' worth judging by his usual standards."

"YELLOWSTONE PARK,  
June 16, 1901.

"Yosemite the beautiful will ever linger in my memory as a vision of Paradise; Yellowstone Park, so far will

always make me think of hell. Wonderful beyond words are the manifestations of nature in action all through the Park. Thousands of wells that are forever boiling and bubbling and throwing the scalding water sixty to a hundred and sixty feet in the air; paint pots a hundred feet in circumference that keep spluttering up white mud from a thousand different places. Hot steam coming out of large craters and emitting a sound greater than that of the safety valve of an ocean steamer. It is all marvelous, weird, uncanny. It makes one think of Dante's *Inferno*. It is like the hell he pictures, without the flames. The natural fountains seen at Mammoth Springs are something that must be seen to be appreciated. Traveling alone is not pleasant, unless you strike in with agreeable people as I did going to Hawaii. Beside me on the stage to-day was a German from Germany, who spoke scarcely a word of English. We stopped at one of the thousand springs and had a drink of Apollinaris. It was delicious. When we returned to the stage I said to him, 'The water is very good,' a simple sentence. His answer was, 'Yes it is werry refreshment.'

"Yesterday an enthusiastic lady was seated beside me, and when we were gazing at the crystal waters that came toppling over the exquisitely tinted fountains she exclaimed, 'Isn't it beautiful, it looks so spongy, don't you know?'

"At Norris Station to-day we were very much amused by Larry Matthews who is mine host! He is a jolly Irishman full of wit and humor who keeps up a running comment all through the lunch and shakes hands with every male diner. 'This way ladies, that's it, sit down. You're heartily welcome, and if you're a baron or a duke and pay down the dollar, you can eat as much as you please. Three soups there Jimmy! That's right! Don't fill yourselves with soup for there's meat and vegetables and

pie yet. Fire away all of ye and when ye git through off wid ye to th' geezers! Well, good-bye I hope I'll see you all again. My home is in Heaven, Call and see me!' etc. He spotted me and said, 'I beg pardon sir, where's your name on the register?' I pointed it out and said, 'It's a French name like your own.'—'I thought so,' he said, 'for I saw a thrace of the map in your face—I'm from County Louth.'"

Father Tom visited Mexico in 1909, and some of his impressions on the condition of the Church there were given in an article published in the *Catholic World* in January, 1910.

"My visit to Mexico was made to see the country, its inhabitants, and its works of art, and, to study the actual condition of the Catholic Church within its borders. I had read various accounts of the sad condition of religion among the Mexicans. Their worship was represented as a mass of idle superstitions; their priests were pictured as immoral; their children were represented as ignorant. To test the truth or falsehood of these statements, we visited several clergymen, notably two American born priests who had no reason to misrepresent the actual state of affairs.

"I received my first impressions of Mexico on a Sunday morning. As I walked along through the quiet streets of Orizaba there was an air of Christian Sabbath about the town. Ten minutes' walk from our hotel brought us to the church called 'Dolores' the church of the Seven Sorrows of our Lady, and as we entered we saw a sight fit for the brush of an artist. A Mexican, clad in ragged garments, with his peculiar shoulder covering which strongly resembled in shape a priest's chasuble, his tall-peaked Mexican hat on the ground beside him, his scapular of Mount Carmel hanging outside his clothing, knelt near the door, and with outstretched hands and eyes directed

towards the tabernacle, devoutly said his prayers, paying no attention to those who passed in or out. As we stood there for a moment in admiration at the simple prayerful attitude of this publican, we saw a woman, with her baby strapped to her back, as is their custom, enter the church, devoutly cross herself with holy water, and dexterously reach her right hand over her left shoulder to sprinkle her little baby with the same.

"The church was very bright and cheerful and clean, the priest in charge most hospitable, the altar linen immaculately white, the chalice and paten perfectly polished, the tabernacle with its draperies, bespoke a real living faith in the Blessed Sacrament. The congregation was composed, for the most part, of women; poorly clad, it is true, but most devout. Next we visited a Jesuit Church, and witnessed a scene that few travelers have recorded. In one part of the church a large catechism class of little Mexican boys sat on the ground barefooted, of course, their eyes bright and full of intelligence, their hair unkempt; their hands and faces, in some instances at least, manifesting the utter absence of the use of soap and water; but their hearts, like those of their parents were in the right place. Their sisters on the opposite side of the church sat on little benches and their Sunday School teachers, just like our own, were seated with catechism in hand and made the pupils repeat them the answers to the questions; the most profound that can be proposed to the human mind.

"When the lesson was over, the children said the morning prayers, after which the good Father put them through a series of catechetical gymnastics on the five principal mysteries of religion and on the ten commandments, all of which they recited in chorus. The session ended with the singing of a hymn.

"From this church we wended our way to the principal

square of the city, a beautiful park or alameda alongside of the cathedral-like structure known as the parish church. Entering this edifice we found it filled with devout worshipers who were attending the Forty Hours' Adoration. Noting that the worshipers were nearly all women and children I said to my companion: 'The Mexicans, as far as the devout female sex is concerned, are certainly faithful in their attendance at Sunday Mass; but where are the men?'

"At half past twelve while sitting in the park looking towards the parish church, I saw issuing from its immense portals, hundreds upon hundreds of men, and I learned from the parish priest that the twelve o'clock Mass was for the men only, and the attendance was always large. Mentally I said to myself; 'Let no one in future tell me that the Mexicans in general are an irreligious people. Let no one venture to assert that the priests as a rule are not men of godly lives.' If the old saying be true: 'As the priest so the people,' then I would conclude as far as my observation went in Orizaba, that the city must be blessed with a band of zealous, untiring priests.

"On Monday morning I offered Mass in the Jesuit Church, and was astonished to see upwards of one hundred young women approaching Holy Communion; and on asking the father in charge what was the meaning of this on a Monday morning, he explained to me that this was the Sodality of the Children of Mary, and that they were making a Novena of Holy Communions in preparation for the first celebration of the feast of our Lady of Lourdes in Mexico.

"I found out later, in a conversation with one of the secular clergy, the real explanation of all the devotion which I had witnessed in various parts of the Republic. An atheistic Masonic government, which hates the church, has persecuted the religious orders of men and women and

driven them out into an unsympathetic world. Their convents and monasteries and colleges and churches and schools have been confiscated and declared government property. After the manner of the French Republic, the government kindly consented to allow those whom they had robbed to buy back their own property; and as many of the wealthy Spaniards and Mexicans availed themselves of this privilege, the result is that several churches in the larger towns are open for Christian worship. The government strictly forbids the clergy to appear on the streets with their soutanes visible, hence the custom of wearing long black cloaks.

"The present government has forbidden all ecclesiastical processions in the streets, even in towns where the entire population is in favor of them. On the other hand it allows carnival processions, not only during the ten days preceding Ash Wednesday, but on all Sundays during Lent, and in these processions, indecency of costume as well as of action is not only not frowned upon but receives the fullest sanction of the government. As if to emphasize more fully the determination of the minority in power, after closing up all the churches they are erecting at the expense of an oppressed people, what is supposed to be the largest theater in the world where the ballet and vaudeville and light comedy will be offered to the public. 'They that sow the wind reap the whirlwind,' and so it will be in Mexico. The good padres used all their influence for upholding the hands of the secular government; the unwise legislators under the most absolute of dictators, President Diaz, have rejected the aid of Holy Church with the result that Socialism is fast making itself a power throughout the land. Even now leaders in the army are plotting a revolution against Diaz and his chosen friends.

"Throughout Mexico the same infamous methods are



in vogue that have disgraced the French Government. Sisters and brothers and priests are not allowed to teach in the schools; in the hospitals and industrial homes and reformatories, where these noble men and women exercised such a power for good, it is strictly forbidden to mention the name of God; there must be absolutely no religious training whatever for the children; the sacred emblems of the crucifix and the images of the saints have been ruthlessly torn down and removed; many of the churches are rented by the government for storehouses for grain and liquor, or as stabling places for horses and wagons; yet for all that the large majority of the Mexicans are devoted children of Holy Mother Church.

"How do you support your churches?' I asked one of the priests, 'and what supports you?' He answered that they were dependent entirely upon the alms of the faithful; the poor laborers, out of their paltry wages, contributing generously to the support of religion.

"While I was talking to this priest two peons or laboring men came into the vestry and one of them slipped a large leather belt from his waist and said to the padre: 'I want a Mass said on next Friday at five o'clock in honor of St. Anthony, that God may bless my little farm.' He lifted the belt in the air until he had shaken out a Mexican dollar and handed it to the priest and waited for his receipt. 'That poor fellow,' said the priest, 'lives about six miles away and will be here bright and early on Friday before the church is opened to be present at the Mass.' The reason therefore, of the great piety of the Mexicans and their devotion to the church is that they are suffering persecution for justice' sake.

"I asked a Jesuit father in Orizaba if I might take that city as a fair example in religious matters of the cities of Mexico. He shook his head sadly and answered: 'No, I am sorry to say,' he continued, 'that Vera Cruz and

nearly all the seacoast towns are very irreligious; few of the people go to church at all; and,' he added significantly, 'I leave it to you to judge the real cause of this.' 'How about the city of Mexico itself?' I queried. 'As for Mexico,' he said, 'I will only answer for our own parish. During Lent we have a four weeks' retreat, the first for the women servants, the second for the men servants, the third for the ladies and the fourth for the gentlemen of the parish; and our church is crowded during those four weeks. During the last week we have between eight hundred and a thousand men who go to confession and receive Holy Communion; but I regret to say that for the rest of the year the great majority of the men never cross the threshold of the church.'

"In the cathedral of Mexico at the reception given to the new archbishop, we had the pleasure of seeing his Grace pass through the crowds of kneeling men and women, many richly dressed, while side by side knelt the humble barefooted ragged Mexican men, women, and children, all eager to kiss the hand of the bishop and to receive his blessing.

"At Cordova I met Father Krill, who was born in Pittsburgh. His father coming to Mexico on business settled there. After some years the young man was ordained for the diocese of Mexico, and accomplished such splendid work there that when his pastor was made bishop, he insisted that Father Krill should go with him to his new diocese.

"The wonderful results brought about during the six years of Father Krill's administration show to us very clearly why Christ was content to use only twelve Apostles for the conversion of the world. In Cordova and its environments there are some four or five secondary chapels, which, it is unnecessary to say, were in very poor condition. The bishop appointed Father Krill pastor, not only of the

cathedral but of the outlying parishes and five priests were appointed to assist him in his work. Each priest takes charge of a certain mission, and is responsible for it to the pastor. All the stipends, even the offerings for Masses, are handed over to him, while he in turn provides his community with a Mass stipend for every day and their board and lodging and their meagre salary of about ten dollars a month.

"To give some idea of the apostolic journeyings of the pastor himself, it is enough to state that four times in the year he takes the train to Vera Cruz, some sixty miles away, then goes on horseback thirty-nine miles each way over the mountain trails, to hear the confessions of an English speaking colony at one of the seacoast towns. As the roads are few and far between in the mountain districts most of his sick call work must be done on horseback or rather on muleback, and here again let us note the deep seated religious sentiments of the native Mexicans. Up the side of the mountain some nine miles away from the city live nearly nine hundred farm laborers and their families. Father Krill assured me that, except in case of sickness not one of these people would think of missing Mass on Sunday. Down the mountain slope they trudge nine miles and after Mass back they climb nine miles again to their wretched straw-covered huts.

"In the cathedral church Father Krill has established a society of perpetual adoration. When the church opens in the morning the members of the Guard of Honor begin their loving task and bands of six or more women succeed each other during the day. When the Angelus rings in the evening at six, the men come in large numbers and remain on guard like so many statues, gazing steadfastly at the tabernacle until the church is closed about nine o'clock. On Thursday evenings throughout the year over five hundred people attend the Holy Hour of Adora-

tion. Daily Communion is constantly on the increase, particularly among the Sodalities of our Lady and the League of the Holy Eucharist.

“Let us hope that, as the noon day sun melts the snow of Orizaba and sends it down in life giving streams to irrigate the valleys below, so may the faithful prayers of the devout Mexican Catholics serve to convert the hearts of the public enemies of religion and bring down God’s continued blessings upon the people of Mexico.”

## CHAPTER XI

### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A PRIEST

It is June, the month of roses, the most delightful month of the year in the country. In no suburb of the great city, in that first summer month, are the beauties of nature more bountifully displayed than in lovely New Rochelle, close by the sparkling waters of Long Island Sound. The various trees which cluster about the hill-sides, and the shade trees around the town now take on their summer dress, and the newly set out plants in the many gardens surrounding the houses on every street and avenue are beginning to blossom forth in all their beauty.

It is Sunday. How strange it is that even in the country there's a peculiar stillness in the air on the Sabbath day that is not true of any other day in the week. The silence is only broken by the sound of bells summoning worshipers to divine service. How dearly Father Tom loved the sounds of bells.

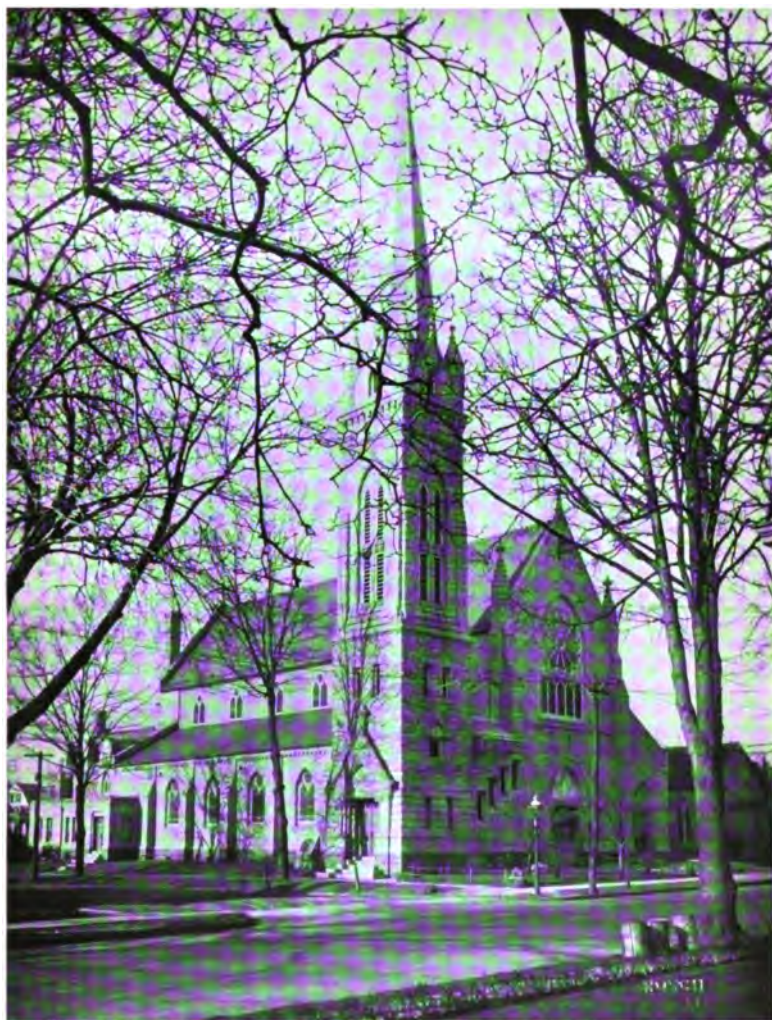
"Did you ever notice the influence of sound upon the human heart. It is generally a melody or a song and not infrequently the sound of a bell. There is nothing that will so quickly awaken memories as the sound of a bell whose tones were known to us in childhood. It may have been the sweetly sounding bell of the village church where we worshiped and learned our catechism as children. It may have been the tinkling of the little silvery Mass bell that rang us to our knees at the 'Sanctus' or

caused us to lowly bow our heads during the elevation or make us strike our breasts at the 'Domine Non Sum Dignus' as we approached the holy table. It may have been the dismal sound of the school bell rung by the precise hand of the teacher calling us unwillingly to our books, or the merry sound of the same bell telling us that noonday or three o'clock had come and we were free to romp to our heart's content. It may have been the tinkle of the merry sleigh bells in winter as we went 'dashing through the snow in a one-horse open sleigh.' It may have been the chimes in the cathedral that rang out a peal of blessing on the newly wedded couple as they came out from the Nuptial Mass, the harmonies of the chimes mingling with the sound of the wedding march."

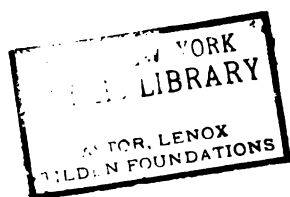
The pealing of the bell in the tower of the church of the Blessed Sacrament, on Sunday, June 6, 1909, was a joyous sound in Father Tom's ears and his heart was thrilled as he realized the bell was being rung to call the people of the parish to attend the solemn high Mass in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The early morning train from the city brought a distinguished company of ecclesiastical and lay friends of Father Tom, all eager to join with him in offering thanks to Almighty God for his goodness in sparing him to celebrate his silver jubilee. Father Tom was celebrant of the Mass, his uncle Rev. Edward McSweeny of Mt. St. Mary's, deacon, and Rev. James F. Crowley, subdeacon.

The jubilee sermon was preached by Rev. Cornelius Clifford, Father Tom's classmate at Fordham, and was a most eloquent presentation of the glory of the priesthood. Father Clifford took as his text:

"Sacrifice the Sacrifice of Righteousness. Put your hope in the Lord. Many there are that say: Who hath shown us good things. The light of Thy Countenance is sealed upon us,



**THE CHURCH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, NEW ROCHELLE**





O, Lord. Thou hast given gladness to my heart. By the fruit of their corn and wine and oil are Thy people multiplied. In peace, therefore, will I lay me down and rest, because Thou, O Lord, hast singularly established me in hope."

These words [said Father Clifford, in opening his sermon], seem to sum up in a very singular and stimulating way the thoughts that must inevitably rise to our hearts in the presence of the feast that we are keeping together to-day, a feast which is preëminently Catholic; and which needs a Catholic heart altogether to understand it, for it is the feast of one upon whom the light of God's Countenance has been sealed these five and twenty years past; the feast of a Levite soul who has during that time, in obedience to the burden that was laid upon his shoulders with the chasuble of his priesthood, sacrificed the one true Sacrifice of Righteousness. Upon him and upon you his people, there has been sealed in consequence, the Light of God's Countenance, the unction of that Spirit by which we know Jesus in the Eucharist, and come mysteriously and strangely close to Him, in the daily and most sacrosanct rite of his indefectible Church. You therefore, not less than he, have a right to say this morning that in the thought of that High Mystery your heart will take its rest. The seed of the spirit is never planted in vain. You and I and the children of the church of God who have shared in his ministry, or been recipients in any way of his mystical bounty during that period, have been singularly multiplied by the "corn and the wine and the oil" of the Church's fullness and gladness. Therefore, to-day, we are "singularly established in hope."

At the end of the Mass standing on the altar where he had stood twenty-five years before on his return from Rome, Father Tom, now the beloved pastor of a devoted flock, turned to his people and in these feeling words expressed his gratitude to God in being privileged to stand in a place which he valued more than many higher ecclesiastical honors—pastor of the Blessed Sacrament in dear old New Rochelle.

There are times in a man's life when he finds it hard to discover words to express the emotions of his heart. Words fail to express the joy, and at the same time the humiliation I feel standing before you to-day. Joy beyond measure because of the honor done to the Christian priesthood so beautifully spoken of by my friend and classmate Father Clifford, humiliation because of my utter unworthiness of any praise that has been spoken or may be spoken of me during this sacerdotal jubilee.

I feel honored by the presence of so many friends. I am certain that your minds go back to that beautiful day in August, some eight years ago, when the venerable jubilarian of fifty golden years stood in this same temple and rendered thanks after a blameless life which I could not begin to imitate. After Almighty God and a good father and mother it was he who made this celebration to-day possible. May they rest in peace.

I feel particularly honored by the presence of my venerable uncle Dr. McSweeney of Emmitsburg, and of one who may be termed the last of the old guard, Monsignor Burtzell. Their presence to-day brings back to many of us the early days of the Catholic Church in New Rochelle, the days that are associated with old Father McLoughlin, Dr. Patrick McSweeney, Father Nilan, Dr. McGlynn, Father McCarthy, and Father Thomas Farrell.

There is one other present to-day who is connected with the days of my childhood. I passed from the hands of the beloved Sister Marguerite into the hands of Brother Isidore, under him was made more and more perfect and by his guidance my footsteps were directed in the path that led me to the foot of God's altar.

There are amongst you many who in the old days in New Rochelle were companions of mine, when we roamed the fields together and played as children. To-day some of you have not only your children but your grandchildren here and you, with them, unite in calling me by the sweet name of father. That alone causes me to rejoice beyond words to-day. We are gradually growing old together but I think that our hearts are

about as young as they were in the happy days of Drake's Lane.

I was deeply touched by the rendition of the *Juravit Dominus* the Lord has sworn—the Lord has sworn and he will not repent. Thou art a priest forever according to the Order of Melchisedec. Twenty-six years ago that solo was written by the present Archbishop of Boston, my classmate, who would be here to-day but for his enforced absence in Rome. It has been sung in the American College at the ordination of students ever since and it brought back tender memories of that day, twenty-five years ago, when we knelt tremblingly before the feet of the Vicar General of Rome, Cardinal La Valletta and heard him pronounce the words that made us priests forever according to the order of Melchisedec.

During these years I have had many misgivings, many failures, many faults, and many sins in the sight of Almighty God, but I do not think that any one could ever accuse me of being false to a friend. I have made many dear friends among the clergy and laity and I have held them all because I never made a friend except of one whom I could trust with all my heart and who trusted me in the same measure.

I rejoice with you, my dear people, of the Blessed Sacrament whom I can truly call my joy and my crown. This magnificent church, its decorations, its windows, and marble altars and its ornaments are proofs of your generosity; and your response, when called upon to approach the sacraments, is evidence that the faith handed down to you by your ancestors is strong and active and that you in turn are handing it down with the same firm and practical belief in Jesus Christ, in the Blessed Sacrament, by teaching your children the practice of frequent Communion. It is in that Blessed Eucharist that you and I and your children are united and made one body here, and it will be by putting into practice the teachings that you hear regularly from this altar concerning the frequent reception of the Blessed Sacrament that you and I will one day be united in the heart of Jesus Christ.

Every Sunday since I have become your pastor, whether at home or abroad, I have offered up the sacrifice of the Mass

for you and your families, living and dead, and I felt that I was but returning the prayers that you, as a people, were offering for me. If the Lord spares my days, spares me for many years to come I hope the same relationships will continue, that we may persevere, perfecting ourselves in the spiritual life until we shall appear before the great throne of God when I shall be able to say, "These are my children whom I have taught the way and the truth and the light and they are with me returning."

My dear friends from the bottom of my heart I wish you God's blessing in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

At the silver jubilee banquet held in the rectory Rt. Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Chancellor of the New York diocese, brought greetings from Archbishop Farley:

I am here as a member of the Archbishop's immediate family. His Grace charged me in the following words: "When the jubilee of Father McLoughlin comes along you take care of this little souvenir that I am sending him. I regret that I cannot be there myself, but extend him my good wishes for many years of life in the priesthood, to accomplish great good for souls." The Archbishop's feeling towards Father McLoughlin is one that is well known. He has the confidence of his ecclesiastical superiors. The strength of a diocese is measured, not by the number of its institutions, not by the number of its clergy, nor again by the character of a great Bishop; but rather by the priest in the parish, and the kind of a parish spirit he fosters, determines its spiritual well-being. I know what we all feel in a man like Father McLoughlin, we have a true priest who measures up to the requirements demanded by this great arch-diocese. The Archbishop is the watchman in the tower looking out upon an immense field; he commissions his priests to go forth into that field; if they do well, the responsibility of the Bishop is all the lighter; if they fail, the Bishop's responsibilities and difficulties increase. When this

beautiful charge was assigned to Father McLoughlin, his superiors were not apprehensive of even the possibility of failure; they knew all would be well; the flock would be carefully tended; the lost sheep brought home; the little ones instructed properly, and the fold kept fast and secure against the enemy.

On Monday evening, June 7th, in the New Rochelle Theater there was a public celebration, arranged by the citizens of the town, in honor of Father Tom. Mr. Robert Emmet, one of New Rochelle's distinguished citizens presented Mr. George G. Raymond, Mayor of the City and a parishioner of the Blessed Sacrament, as Chairman. Dr. Conde B. Pallen, the eminent Catholic historian and publicist delivered an address on the dignity of the priesthood, which was so comprehensive and illuminating on the subject of the divine origin of the church and the sublimity of the priestly office, that it inspired and thrilled all who were privileged to hear it.

In the divine economy of the church [said Dr. Pallen] the priest stands in most immediate and most intimate relations to the people as an ambassador of Christ. In her divine economy the priest is the sacred channel of the treasures of her graces. He is the dispenser of her sacramental life to the faithful. From his hands flow the regenerating waters of baptism releasing the soul from the original bondage of the primal sin and recreating it in the divine image of the second Adam. It is his hand that is raised in blessing, as by the power of Christ he absolves the repentant sinner from the stain and burden of sin. It is the power of his voice that brings down the Incarnate Son of God upon her altars, and it is his holy hands which dispense to the faithful the sacred flesh and blood, of which if we do not eat neither shall we live. It is he who blesses and ratifies the solemn nuptial when man and woman are made twain in one flesh; it is he who comes to the departing soul with the sacred Viaticum when it is about to face its

God; it is he who anoints with the holy oils the failing members of the body, that the spirit, alone and beyond the aid of any human agency, may go forth divinely consoled and fortified on that last and solemn journey into the dread abyss of eternity; it is he who pronounces the solemn requiem above the lifeless clay and consigns it to earth with the last farewell of mortality, dust unto dust again. It is he, indeed, who is man's divinely appointed guardian from the cradle to the grave, the father of his people, the shepherd of his flock.

He is set up as a sign for us, a light to our feet and a voice to our understanding; in tribulation and in sorrow a father; in perplexities and darkness a counselor; in struggles and temptations, a tower of strength. He is at the same time our channel of grace and our intercessor, and as he stands at the altar robed for the solemn consecration and the Supreme Sacrifice which he offers for his people, he is the epitome of the Church immolating the living God for the sins of mankind and the salvation of the world.

This is why Catholics honor, revere, and love their priests. This is why on an occasion like this, we, the flock, gather around the shepherd to acclaim him and offer our testimonials of reverence and affection from our heart of hearts. For in him we indeed found a shepherd who gives his life for his flock, a shepherd whose constant care and tender solicitude has guarded his flock from all harm, guided them through all ways, prepared for them a bountiful and divine pasture. For a quarter of a century has he trod the way of Christ in the service of the people; true to his great vocation, faithful to its solemn vows, constant in his duty, and loyal to that heaviest of all burdens, the responsibility of the priestly office.

To-night we rejoice with you, Father, on this the silver jubilee of your ordination, knowing you as we do, and loving you as a faithful priest, than to say which there can be no greater praise from the lips of man to man. We pray for you many fruitful years yet to come in your great ministry, and pledge to you a thousand times our loyal support and our happy obedience, for we know full well that your single thought is your people's service and their eternal welfare.

## Twenty-Five Years a Priest 185

Rev. Daniel J. Quinn, President of Fordham University brought greetings from that great institution and in closing said:

Father McLoughlin understands better than anyone else that when he entered the priesthood it was not because he chose to do so, it was because he responded to a call from on high; he understands, "You have not chosen Me, I have chosen you that you go forth, bring forth good fruit and that your fruit shall remain." He has been a priest twenty-five years, but he has not grown old—the heart of a true priest never grows old, because he has children always around his knee, and he feels that he is still young, young even as the little ones that he is preparing for first communion. After he has spent twenty-five more years in the priesthood and still other years beyond that, he shall have the consolation of knowing that his work has not ended there, that his fruit shall remain and that the generations to come, more than fifty years hence, yes one hundred years hence, will tell of the good deeds done by a faithful priest here in New Rochelle, Father Thomas McLoughlin.

Rev. Benjamin T. Marshall said:

The tribute which I bring is not only my own, but the tribute of my people of the First Presbyterian Church of New Rochelle. As I seem to be the only representative of that element of our population that was so unfortunate as to be born outside of the pale of your Church, let me bring also the congratulations and greetings of all the non-Catholic people of New Rochelle. We are on common ground and our hearts are beating to-night in tune with the Infinite. What a blessed thing to bring our tribute to this dear man, not only for the heritage that is his in his noble uncle, but for himself.

I shall never forget the words he spoke in the High School a few weeks ago, when on the tenth anniversary of the incorporation of this city, a popular occasion which might call for wit and humor and bright remarks of which he would be a master,

he chose with wisdom, grace, and force, to preach one of the soundest sermons on civics, National and City righteousness, that I have ever had the pleasure to listen to. Though I was born a New England Congregationalist, I have never seen the day that I could not grasp hands with a Roman Catholic and tell him that I honor his Church, and never more so than tonight, when I see it personified in its best phase, the Catholic Church in America, in the person of the man we honor.

Hon. Martin J. Keogh, Justice of the Supreme Court said:

It is a great pleasure to us all to have this opportunity of telling Father McLoughlin what his neighbors and friends and flock think of him and of his work. Since he became a priest in 1884 until he became pastor of New Rochelle in 1902, he has served as working curate and zealous pastor in three New York parishes and in Yonkers and Newburgh. But whether he was called to work amidst squalor and the haunts of vice, or in the beautiful sister city on the Hudson, cheerful gladness, modest and efficient industry everywhere marked his priestly work.

You know better than I do how it was he came to New Rochelle. Father McLoughlin—I mean old Father Tom McLoughlin, as he was affectionately called—had died, had died on the very altar from which for upwards of fifty years he had blessed you and your fathers. He was a militant priest, he was the best of citizens; in the Nation's affairs his patriotism glowed like sunshine; his flock were the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, and he was proud of them.

It was while the whole community was mourning his loss and we heard on every side the familiar lamentation, "it is a long time before we shall see his like again"; it was then that the present Father McLoughlin was sent here to take up the burden his good uncle had laid down. How well he has borne that burden, how well he has done his duty, this great meeting is the splendid answer. But we must not forget that he was fortunate in the town to which he was sent; planted as it was

---



by the sturdy race of liberty loving and tolerant Huguenots, from that day to this the tradition and the spirit of our town has been one of complete religious toleration to every man who has sought an honest living within its borders—that spirit Father McLoughlin practiced, that tradition he respected, and of both this meeting is the very flower.

To have spent twenty-five years at any good work is praiseworthy, but to have spent twenty-five years as Father McLoughlin has done, in teaching honesty and truth and purity and charity, in visiting the sick and comforting those who sorrow, and all without hope of earthly reward, is to have spent a life modeled on that of the Master himself.

To-night, as he looks back upon his work, it recalls happy days, faithful friends, and daily reward with blessed and abundant fruit, but over no flock that he ever tended has he ever received gratitude more genuine, or affection more pure than from those who surround him to-night.

As an earnest of that gratitude and as proof that we mean what we say, his people, men, women, and children have united in a testimonial which I am now about to present him, but before doing so let me tell you, Father McLoughlin, that its value lies altogether almost in the loving spirit in which it was given. Your people, mostly poor people, vied with each other for the pleasure and the honor in taking part in it, and the very poor, those who could give nothing, never knew what an affliction poverty was until they were compelled to be content with sending you their blessings.

Father Tom, in expressing his gratitude said:

When I was very young, my lot was cast in a great measure with a man who has been reverently spoken of here to-night, old Father McLoughlin—or old Father Tom, as he was affectionately called—and I learned from him the principles to which Judge Keogh has referred. He was a man of liberal views in the strict sense of the word, liberal, inasmuch as anything that was of faith as defined by his church he was ready to give up his life for it, but apart from that on open questions

such as single tax or abolition of slavery, political or semi-religious questions, he was free to adopt his own opinions and he freely expressed them. The result of it was that under his tuition, when I was quite a little chap I learned to stamp my foot for good old Abraham Lincoln, and even in those days I imbibed not exactly a spirit of republicanism in the sense of partisanship, but a great deep seated love for the republic. I learned from him the lessons of patriotism which sank so deeply into my heart that they became a part and parcel of my religion. It was my good fortune even in those days to come in contact with brilliant minds in the circle of his near and dear friends.

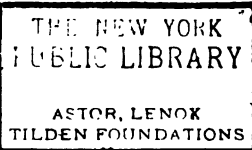
In their company, even as a boy I was never urged in the slightest way. I will say here that my good deceased uncle neither directly nor indirectly urged me one way or the other to become a priest. As was pointed out so eloquently to-night by the orator of the evening, I had nothing to do with it. It was God's voice I heard speak and I followed that voice, even as did Matthew when Christ said to him, "Come and follow Me."

I had the privilege of being associated during the first three years of my ministry with one of the most brilliant scholars and one of the most saintly men it has been my fortune to meet, a man who was honored and respected and loved by the people of all creeds and classes, because he was the champion of the poor, the Rev. Dr. McGlynn. According to my views of estimating men in those days if there was a saint amongst the priests it was that same good man. It was from him I learned the deep seated devotion to the Eucharist, the manifestation of that devotion by daily communion, and if the present Pontiff has surprised the world by his recent discourses on that subject I could point out with pride that I resided with a priest in the City of New York years ago, twenty-five years before that was promulgated, where we had over two hundred people coming every day to receive the Body and Blood of Christ at the altar. If I have been a success at all with the grace of God and the prayers of the people, it has been owing to the example that good man set me.

---



THE BLESSED SACRAMENT SCHOOL, NEW ROCHELLE



I cannot find words to express my gratitude for this testimonial that you have given me. I have not the remotest notion of how much it is, but I never judge anybody by the monetary standard. When I hear words of praise spoken of me, I don't think of myself, but I think of the priesthood in general whom you are honoring. I learned with holy joy that an immense congregation came to offer up their Holy Communion for me on my jubilee day

I talked to the dear little children, the lambs of my flock, this afternoon in school and I told them that I had learned out of the Bible from Christ's example how to treat little children, and I said Christ, when they wanted to put them away, simply told the apostles that the little children were to come and sit on his knee; he held them close to his heart and embraced them and kissed them. I love, with all the power of my heart and soul, the little children of my flock, and this I will say to you, that if it were necessary for me to-night to yield up my life to save one of them from a grievous sin, I, as a priest, would feel bound to do it.

Only a few weeks ago when I was in Mexico, one of the little boys of the congregation all unhelped by anyone else, sent me a postal card. On the postal card was a picture of a shepherd leading a lot of sheep in a pasture, and the little fellow wrote on the front of the card, "Dear Father, you are the shepherd, we are the sheep; I hope you will be home soon."

I know I have, and I can see it in the faces of my congregation, the love and the good will of my people; I know from what I have heard from various sources that I have, in general, the esteem of the people of this town. I hope to God that by His grace my life will always be so regulated as to deserve their esteem, affection and love.

I want to thank one and all of you for the part you have taken in this jubilee. I feel honored in the presence of the Mayor, Mr. Raymond, and also in the presence of the Ex-Mayor, Mr. Clark. I feel honored too, in the presence of Dr. Canedy, Mr. Marshall and the other gentlemen who have come to pay this tribute of respect to me. From my heart of hearts, one and all, I thank you. As the years go on and I find myself

going towards the setting sun, I hope that my heart will remain always young, and as I see the various generations of children growing up around me that they will make me young until the end and then when the end comes I trust that it will be like the end of my predecessor. There would be no more glorious death than dying at the foot of God's altar in His active service, and if that end is destined to be mine it will be a glorious one. God bless you all.

In closing the meeting Mayor Raymond said:

I might state here that it was hoped that \$2500 would be collected, but those who worked so zealously to get that amount together were somewhat disappointed, and instead of raising \$2500 they raised \$3500. It should be a source of great gratification to Father McLoughlin to know that that amount was donated by Catholics and non-Catholics as a genuine tribute of the love that they hold for him.

The prettiest feature of the celebration took place on Tuesday afternoon, on the lawn in front of Judge Keogh's residence, when one hundred little children of the school presented a fairy pantomime called *Golden Locks and the Bears*. There were over a thousand spectators and abundant refreshments were provided for all by the gracious and hospitable wife of the Judge. At the conclusion of the performance the children marched in single file past Father Tom. They each carried a big bouquet and as they passed every one of them tried to place his or her flowers in the hands of the pastor. The result was that when the last tot had passed the guest of honor was simply smothered with the blossoms. On Wednesday afternoon there was a reception at the rectory for the residents of New Rochelle and hundreds came and paid their respects and offered congratulations.

## CHAPTER XII

### ALL IS VANITY

WHEN Father Tom read of the death of his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, in 1902, he remarked to a friend: "I remember distinctly an occasion in 1880, while I was a student at the American College in Rome, when we were favored by a visit from His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Herbert Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford. He was a striking figure of perfect physical manhood. More than six feet tall with handsome features, and a voice of rare sweetness, he excited our intense admiration. He afterwards became a Prince of the Church and the head of one of the most important dioceses in the world. He had the highest ecclesiastical honors, he mingled in royal circles, he was an eloquent pulpit orator, and had most everything the heart could desire. And now he is dead. That majestic figure in our church has been stricken down. *Omnia vanitas!*"

How like his own case. Beloved by an affectionate and united family, esteemed by his non-Catholic fellow citizens, having attained a pastorate in New Rochelle, which he far preferred to some higher honors, gifted with a sweet voice that had charmed thousands, surrounded by a loyal and devoted flock, having the loving smiles of little children, and their daily prayers, this good priest was afflicted with a disease which seemed to baffle all medical skill, and this after all, was the great disappointment of his life.

He had consulted many eminent specialists in various parts of the country and had received treatment from celebrated masseurs, but the disease which was diagnosed as arterio-sclerosis seemed to persist, and affected his lower limbs to such an extent that he was unable to genuflect even at the most solemn moments of the holy sacrifice of the Mass. In 1910 he undertook a trip to Europe in search of a cure at the famous baths in Aix-les-Bains, France, and Bad Nauheim, Germany. Writing on board the German liner *Cincinnati*, on which he sailed in April, 1910, he pathetically speaks of the waning powers of his remarkable voice:

"We have a delightful orchestra on board and a fine brass band and several excellent musicians, vocalists, and instrumentalists. Père Crowley told one of the ladies that I was a singer, but I have resisted all persuasion to sing on board. Why? Because I don't care to for want of a better reason and I no longer care to sing except for those I love, my family, my congregation. I gave my best years of song to worldly music, the remainder shall be for God and His church. When I reach Rome, if my throat is in good order, I shall make the American College boys give me the old time applause that I rejoiced in long years ago when I sang *Funiculi, Funicula, l'Addio a Napoli, Santa Lucia*, and other favorites.

Writing from Aix-les-Bains on June 13, he said:

"We had a delightful trip to Annecy yesterday, about an hour's ride from here by train and visited the tombs of St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane Frances de Chantal. The immense convent with its high walls and presumably beautiful cloistered gardens has been seized on (of course) by the government and its peaceful inhabitants thrown out on the street. It makes one's blood boil. The whole thing is as mysterious as the crucifixion of Our Lord. Maybe a glorious resurrection awaits the church in France



as a result of the agony, the scourging, the crowning with thorns, through which she is going at present."

It was while taking the cure at Bad Nauheim that a German physician told him bluntly of his true condition of health. In a letter from that health resort he speaks of meeting Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco and talks of his daily routine:

"I rise about six forty-five, say Mass at seven-thirty, breakfast about eight-thirty, read my Office, walk slowly to the baths at ten-fifteen, come home and lie down till twelve thirty. Dinner at one, class in German with the professor at two, sleep from three till four. At four a visit to the Blessed Sacrament where we say our beads, then a slow walk through the park, or the Inhalatorium (Ozone), a drink of milk, supper at six-thirty or seven, up to the band concert from eight till ten. Home in five minutes, read in bed, sleep. The doctor has forbidden me the Zandor mechanical exercises at present, and says I must have absolute rest, with the exception of a short slow walk. He says I ought to eat a little white meat, such as chicken or veal every day, and adds that if I find myself very weak it is because I have stopped all meat suddenly for two months, after being used to it all my life. He still keeps me on a milk and vegetable diet. As for the meat, I have become so accustomed to omitting it, that I don't care for it. I would rather a dish of macaroni or *risotto à la Milanese* any time. I do hope and pray that I shall return home better than when I left, but at present I am making slow progress. The doctor here tells me the same as Doctor Brennan of New Rochelle and Dr. Blanc of Aix-les-Bains, namely, that I have enlargement of the heart brought on by kidney trouble. Nauheim is the most celebrated place in the world for the cure of such trouble and I look upon it as a duty to remain here as long as the doctor suggests, no matter how it may affect my

personal wish regarding a return home. I am cheerful because I suffer little or no pain and I am confident of a cure."

Again full of faith and devotion to the Blessed Mother Father Tom made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and from there he wrote:

"It is one continuation of thrills here, and I have a lump in my throat most of the time. Comparisons are odious, but all the same Lourdes, like Coney Island is at its best in the summer time when the large crowds make things more interesting and exciting, and miracles occur frequently. A pilgrimage of some four hundred Belgians has just left and edified us by their manifest piety and splendid singing. They were under the direction of a zealous young priest. When I saw him leading the singing I said to myself, 'It is only a few short years ago that I could do that just as well as he.' I tried to do it during Holy Week this year and it played me out. I am full of ambition yet, however, and will I hope, die in the harness. What is my constant prayer at the grotto? It is the only prayer befitting a Christian priest, 'Father if it be possible let this chalice pass, nevertheless "Thy will be done!"' . . . I'll go down now to the grotto and look up into the sweet smiling face of Our Lady and say, 'Be merciful to me a sinner and cure my poor soul.'"

Of his visit to Pope Pius X. he wrote most interestingly to his devoted assistant Father Hughes and this letter was read to the people of the Blessed Sacrament:

"ROME, June 30, 1910.

"MY DEAR FATHER HUGHES:

"As I have just returned from an audience with the Holy Father, I think it well to write you while the event is fresh in my mind, and I wish you would read this letter for the congregation the Sunday after you receive it. I owe a

debt of gratitude to Bishop Kennedy for his kindness in obtaining me an interview with the Holy Father such as is accorded only to Cardinals, Bishops, and other dignitaries. But let me tell you the whole story in detail. Before going to the Vatican I thought of the love and devotion of my flock in New Rochelle, and I went to a store where they sell religious articles and bought a little scapular medal for every one in the parish who received Holy Communion for me in my absence. These medals were afterwards blessed and indulgenced by the Pope, and they may be carried in the pocket, or attached to the dress and all the privileges of the five scapulars are attached to them, so that those who wear them or carry them need no longer wear the old style scapular.

"Well, to come back to our journey. We called at the American College and I donned a cassock, and a feriola or Roman cloak, and a three-corned hat, and Bishop Kennedy put on his purple sash and purple feriola, and his three-corned hat, with its green silk cords and tassels, and we drove off in state to the Vatican. Instead of having to climb a hundred and fifty steps, we were driven around St. Peter's into the Piazza of San Damaso, and there, instead of having to climb a hundred steps more, I was privileged to ascend in the elevator, reserved for Bishops and Cardinals. When we arrived in the first ante-room we found a large number of people, lay and cleric, standing around the walls waiting. A second crowd awaited in another large hall, priests, monks, ladies, and gentlemen, all waiting to see the Holy Father. In a third hall were a lot of girls in white who had made their first communion yesterday, and were accompanied by their teachers.

"Bishop Kennedy led the way and said to our party, consisting of a lady and gentleman from Philadelphia, my sister and myself: 'Follow me closely.' We walked through fully half a dozen more elegantly furnished

marble halls till we came to the throne-room. This was where Leo XIII received King Edward of England and King William of Germany. The Pope's golden chair rested on an elevated dais with a canopy all draped in red damask, and some of the noble guard and monsignori in their purple robes stood around and chatted as we did ourselves.

"After about half an hour, a Monsignor beckoned to the Bishop, and he turning to me, said: 'Father Tom come with me.' We walked through two more beautifully tapestried rooms, and on entering the third—there at his private desk, in his own private sanctum, where he receives only Cardinals and Bishops—there sat the Holy Father busy writing; and the Head of the Church, Christ's Vicar on earth, rose up from his seat and stood to receive the homage of the little parish priest of New Rochelle. Oh! how awfully small I felt in that great presence: 'Holy Father,' said I after the Bishop presented me, 'pardon me, but I cannot kneel because of a rheumatic muscular affection of the knees.' 'My dear Parroco (parish priest) don't let that worry you, sit right down beside me and make yourself at home.' I was so taken back at this wonderful familiarity, so much in contrast with the severe kingly dignity of Leo XIII that I started right in to talk. I told him all about the parish in New Rochelle, and our church and school and Sunday School, and our instructions in Christian doctrine for the children three times a week, and how mostly all the parishioners received Holy Communion for my recovery, and how the people built a pretty little chapel for the soldiers at Fort Slocum, and what good work was being accomplished there by the priests of the parish, and how we called it after St. Sebastian the Roman captain. I rattled all this off in Italian, and His Holiness, I dare say, was astonished if not amused at the American parish priest that had so much to say. I told him that

we had quite a number of Italians in our parish and that we were trying to do what we could for the children. When I spoke of my health, he asked me where I had been. I told him that I had spent a week at Lourdes and three weeks at Aix-les-Bains. 'Do you suffer much?' said he. 'No, Holy Father, very little.'—'Don't be discouraged, my son, you'll go home cured.' Oh! for a strong and mighty faith that I could have answered: 'Thou art another Christ. I believe the words thou hast spoken. Be it done unto me according to thy prophesy.'

"The Holy Father then talked with the Bishop for a while, and at length, turning to me again he said: 'Well, pastor, don't go back to your country and your people till you are entirely cured. Impart to all your people, young and old, the Apostolic benediction, and tell the soldiers and their captains that I send them my special blessing.' As he stood, I dropped on my knees, regardless of consequences, received his blessing, and he helped me up on my feet.

"Thus was the pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament honored by Pius X—the Pope of Rome and the Vicegerent of Christ on Earth.

'The Holy Father then went into the throne room where he blessed the rest of our little party, and then proceeded to the general audience.

"In the room where the first communicants were he gave the children a short address and presented to each one a medal (the exact counterpart of the ones I am bringing home).

"It may be a good while yet before I return to my beloved people, and therefore do I wish to send them in advance the story of my audience with the Holy Father. At the same time I wish to congratulate them on the magnificent tribute of esteem and affection they have shown in my absence to one who is filling my place so

admirably. With Father Hughes and Father Maxcy in charge I have no fear but that all will go well till my return.

"My love and my blessing to one and all, and renewed thanks for their continued prayers. Thank God, I am gaining strength every day.

"Faithfully yours,

"THOS. P. McLOUGHLIN."

In September, 1910, Father Tom returned to New Rochelle and on the Sunday evening of his arrival home a public reception was tendered him in the New Rochelle theater, where again, as at his silver jubilee, prominent citizens of the city, as well as the people of his own flock, paid him a tribute of affection and returned thanks to God for his safe return in what seemed to be a very much improved condition of health. He resumed his manifold duties as pastor and struggled to maintain his cheery disposition, although he knew that he was afflicted with a most serious disease. The sudden and unlooked for death, in 1912, of his young assistant Father Joseph Maxcy, to whom he was devotedly attached, affected him greatly especially as his own physical strength at the time did not allow him the consolation of officiating at the solemn requiem Mass, at the church of the Blessed Sacrament. The months passed, and from time to time Father Tom sought the most noted specialists in the hope of finding some one who could cure his ailment and lengthen his life, but in vain. He spent the summer months of 1912 at Point o' Woods, Long Island, which was recommended on account of being at sea level, and it was hoped that the bracing salt air would benefit his heart action.

One of the last works which Father Tom undertook, and completed in December, 1912, was the erection of a stone over the grave of his uncle, and the placing of a bronze

tablet upon it with an inscription which would remind the coming generations of the zeal and worth of one of the pioneer priests of Westchester County.

Again it was Christmas morning in New Rochelle and once more the church of the Blessed Sacrament was crowded with pious worshipers to rejoice on the birthday of the Savior of mankind. Their beloved pastor extended to them Christmas greetings and referring to his own physical ills told his people that if his health and strength would not permit him to work with them and for them he did not want to linger, but would accept with resignation the will of God.

Writing to his eldest sister on January 23, 1913, he said:

I ought to have known when the doctor ordered me two months' absolute rest in June, that my case was a serious one, or at least that I was not fit to undertake such work as I attempted at Christmas. I am conscious now that I worked as faithfully as I could until I had to give up. My breathing is fairly good some days and a little difficult other days. This is caused by the change in the atmosphere, as well as the effects of the strong drugs that I am taking in small doses as a means of keeping the heart going and they accomplish the desired result, but accompanied by a constant dozy feeling. Whatever be the result I am thoroughly resigned to the will of God, and my prayer all along has been "Father if it be possible let this chalice pass from me, nevertheless not my will but Thine be done." Monsignor Stafford who died this week in Jersey City succeeded me in the American College as the singer of the college and so we go one by one. When your work is done, the lingering on is the hard part, yet I managed to do some more work while lingering.

Father Tom faced the end bravely and with the true spirit of a Catholic priest. He had a sinking spell on February 1st and speaking to his sister who was seated at his bedside he said:

Will you see that everyone gets a little souvenir? I thought I was hardened enough but I must talk a little when I get the chance. I saw our dear Ed (his younger brother) die and I'm not afraid to die. I have always had great devotion to the Blessed Virgin and defended her on every occasion when others spoke against her, especially to our Lady of Lourdes. I always spoke of her on her feast days and I have been praying to die on her feast the second of February.

This was not to be, Father Tom rallied and lingered until the early morning of Monday, February 17th, when he quietly breathed his last, after receiving the last sacraments at the hands of his assistant, Rev. James T. Hughes.

The tolling of the bell on the Church of the Blessed Sacrament carried to the people of the city the sad tidings that Father Tom, the beloved priest, had "gone home." There was genuine sadness in the town, and among his friends everywhere, at the news of his death. Many tributes were paid to his memory. From them only a few are selected.

During his long and trying illness he showed the same gentleness, patience, and fortitude that ever characterized him. He bravely and uncomplainingly faced the end. His memory is enshrined in many a loving heart. I lost in him not only a gentle and kind superior but a very true friend. How happy we were together for the past ten years. And how fortunate I was to have had during those early and formative years of my ministry the example and encouragement of so earnest, so zealous, and so true a priest.—(Rev. James T. Hughes, Assistant, Blessed Sacrament, New Rochelle.)

It was at Tannersville in the Catskills, during the summer of 1889, that I had the pleasure of meeting Father Tom McLoughlin for the first time. The circumstances attending that meeting have left in my mind one of the most delightful pictures and one of the most pleasing memories of my life. Strolling down the road one afternoon I saw, under the shade of a big tree in an adjacent field, a great crowd of merry young-



sters. An Italian with his tamed bear I imagined the source of this merriment until I reached the spot and found, seated on a rock, a sweet-faced priest in the midst of an all-absorbing fairy tale. I endeavored to remain unobserved but the curiosity of the youngsters revealed my presence and Father McLoughlin stepped forward with a warm greeting. I quickly learned how the children loved him by their chorus of protesting "Oh-ohs" when I remarked that I had expected to find a bear the great attraction. Their regret at that day's parting was softened by the hope of the morrow's meeting as he said: "Run along now, children, and don't forget to be here again to-morrow at the same time."

"Are those all Catholic children?" I asked, as the youngsters were going forwards but looking backwards. "I don't know; to me they are just children into whose innocent faces I love to look and whose guileless prattle is music to my ear. It is easy to understand," he said, "why Our Lord commanded the Apostles to 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

That such was not a pleasing, passing fancy, but a genuine love for children, I had good reason to know during my ten years as his assistant. Only once did he permit me to have the coveted honor of giving children their first communion, and then only because he was confined to his room by sickness. He loved children and children loved him.

The evening of our first meeting I spent with him at La Touraine where he was stopping with his mother and two sisters. I was glad I had accepted his kindly invitation, for it gave me an opportunity to observe another beautiful trait in that grand character, the great respect and love Father Tom bore his refined and saintly mother. That filial attention he constantly showed to his mother until God was pleased to call her to Himself.

To know a man you have to live with him. I did not think then that I would ever again meet Father McLoughlin, but six years later, in 1894, with a letter from Archbishop Corrigan in my pocket I walked into Chinatown. I confess now that I was not at that moment the happiest mortal, even though I felt that I was a zealous young priest ready to convert the

whole world. The thought that Father McLoughlin was the pastor of Transfiguration did not take the lump out of my throat nor raise my heart to its normal heights. I would have smiled at anybody who might have said that I would refuse an offer to any other parish in the diocese, yet I refused three of the best. My refusals were caused by my admiration for Father Tom, a true gentleman and an ideal priest. I learned to know him more and more and to love him more and more, and experienced a real sorrow when his promotion to New Rochelle in 1902 separated us.

I found him on that day of my first visit to Transfiguration at the school gate with Irish, Italian, and Chinese children clinging to him. They may have been jealous of one another but they dared not show it, for he was impartial. There would be no possible doubt of a universal peace if the nations looked to the Church as those children of different races looked to Father McLoughlin, her priest.

He was a most zealous, faithful priest and the people idolized him. When they said: "God love you, Father Tom," they really meant to say: "I love you, Father Tom." The faith and faithfulness of those good people made him happy. With marvelous tact he multiplied their joys and lessened their sorrows. "The poor have a special claim on the sympathy of the priest," he said, and he gave it to them generously. He gave it to them in material assistance and spiritual consolation. His big heart went out to all:

"A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
With sympathies large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold."

He was an eloquent, convincing preacher and a sweet, charming singer. The congregation at Transfiguration had dwindled down to the hundreds, still the famous old church was crowded by people from far and near anxious to hear him sing or preach. He had the great happiness of admitting many Protestants, including ministers, to the faith. I expected on one occasion to hear him order out of the rectory a prominent English

Protestant who cursed God for the death of his beautiful little daughter. Father McLoughlin remained silent while the unfortunate man poured out his wrath and sorrow in words and tears and then quietly said: "Mr. P——, I am grieved by your sorrow but pained by your language. Don't you know the surest way to God is up the lonely stream of tears? Christ himself passed over the Via Dolorosa and Calvary to the glory of His resurrection. Now you loved your little girl and planned for her a happy future; God loved her, too, and has made that future certain. She is now asking that same good God to bring her daddy up to heaven after all his trials shall have ended." Two weeks later I saw that gentleman receive his first holy communion. In a like simple, gentle manner he touched the hearts of all and won people to God and to himself.

His friends were many. With his cheerful manner and winning disposition he could not avoid making friends, and to worthy friends he was enthusiastically loyal. The humble rectory in Mott Street did not deter men, prominent in the affairs of the world or high in the ranks of the Church from seeking his company. To them the most frugal fare with Father McLoughlin as host was a sumptuous banquet. Among those frequent visitors were Monsignors Wall, Canñon, Donnelly, and Stafford. The ones, however, to whom he seemed most devoted were his former American college classmates, Fathers Curry, Duhigg, Crowley, Galvin, and Conboy; all grand men, but I consider it no disparagement to them or fulsome praise for him when I say: "He was the finest Roman of them all."

"His true friends in sorrow will honor  
His grave; every tear is a gem,  
And their prayers round his brow in the heavens  
Will brighten his fair diadem.  
I kneel at his grave and remember  
In love, I am still one of them."

(REV. W. J. DONOHUE,  
Father Tom's Assistant at Transfiguration.)

The friendship of the much beloved Father Tom and that of his venerable uncle was always to me one of the choice graces of my life, while their example was a constant and effective inspiration of all that was best and holiest in the priesthood. To their people they stood for sixty long years as other Christs in the redemption of numerous immortal souls. No eulogy can surpass their unstained record. As we look heavenward, with tear-dimmed eyes, we find comfort in the thought that no one is too good for God and the blessed company of the just made perfect. Heaven is made brighter by their advent. Ours, indeed, is the blessedness of those who mourn, as our comfort will come from on high from Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life."—(Rev. Isidore Meister, Pastor Holy Trinity, Mamaroneck.)

Seldom does a man pass from life's mortal existence with a greater meed of praise from people of all and no faiths than is given to the late rector of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. He was as large of soul as he was of frame. He was as kindly of spirit as he was vigorous in his detestation of what he regarded as mean and unmanly. How many men are there in this "City of Parks," whose passing on to the other life would elicit such an outpouring of genuine respect and esteem, even outside his own parish, as the late Thomas P. McLoughlin? Loyal to the faith he espoused and whose tenets he taught, he was a man among men. He was a Catholic in heart as he was a Catholic in his faith and practice. Broad minded himself, no one could think of him from a bigoted standpoint. The tributes of business and professional men show the broad-mindedness of Christian brotherliness and neighborliness. The life of Father McLoughlin in this city and the spontaneous testimonies of love and affection from Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, make for Christian charity. The name and fame, coupled with good works of "Father Tom" will long live in the hearts and memory of New Rochelle's Catholics as well as of other good people in this beautiful city, and the Holy Sepulchre cemetery will long be the Mecca for the faithful and devout Catholic.—(New Rochelle *Standard*.)

New Rochelle needs such men as Father McLoughlin and is impoverished by his passing away. Men of his mold are all too few. Those intimate with him know of his kindly nature and of the love he bore for the members of his congregation. His friends were legion and no one in trouble or distress ever appealed to him in vain. The gentleness of his nature and the warmth of his smile are things that will live long in the hearts of those that knew him and valued his counsels.

The courteous Christian gentleman, gifted preacher, tender pastor, broad-visioned citizen, sympathetic friend and brother, will be held in grateful memory by the pastors and churches of every name in New Rochelle.—(New Rochelle *Pioneer*.)

Father McLoughlin had many noble virtues, particularly his great love of children. He was loved by people of all denominations and was most untiring in his efforts to uplift mankind by acts of kindness, charity, and brotherly love, a true disciple of Christ, spreading good will among men.—(Mayor George G. Raymond.)

Father McLoughlin was known as the beloved priest. He was loved not only by people of his own parish, but by members of other sects and creeds, and even by those who are not members of any church. If he had a known fault it was his generosity. Of all the money given him in presents it was said he left about \$2000 or perhaps a little more. Most of it he gave away to those who needed it more than he did. There is not a poor family in his parish, and there are few in other parishes, who will not remember Father McLoughlin for the help he has given them.—(New Rochelle *Press*.)

I cannot speak too highly of Father McLoughlin. Personally I had a very high regard for him, for he was one of the finest men in New Rochelle. I took a deep personal interest in him and spent many pleasant and happy hours in his company. He was a broad man in every sense and had the confidence of every one who knew him. His death means a great loss to the city. Even his church will not appreciate the

measure of the loss until it tries to realize his absence. He was one of the great men of the city.—(Henry M. Lester, President of the Huguenot Association.)

It is good to know such men as the late Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin [said Howard R. Ware, President of the Y. M. C. A.]. I count it a great privilege to have had that opportunity during all the years that he was in charge of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. I am glad to add my tribute to the sterling worth of the man who was not only beloved by his parishioners, but who was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. In the loss of such a man, all citizens of our city, of whatever creed or nationality, cannot help being deeply grieved at the taking away in the prime of life, of one so useful as a citizen and a leader of men, into the higher and more spiritual life that is the common heritage of us all.

For thirty-six years it has been a privilege to admire him. And to know him was to believe him worthy of more than the commonplaces of mere surface appreciation. Stereotyped phrases, in speaking of him, are to be regretted.

The elder priest of the name, will long be remembered for his fearlessness of character, for his passionate desire to reach the roots of poverty in order to apply a radical remedy, and for his ceaseless activities in the interests of all the people of his cure. His interpretation of personal friendship, with one and another of his own order, gave him honor. Above all the ceaseless shepherding of his flock brought him their deep affection which in turn influenced the whole community. These qualities of blood and training were in the nephew whose all too brief life here is now ended. For the nephew were provided, by the uncle, the very chiefest advantages of education and travel and long residence at Rome. It must suffice to say that, in turn, the nephew, honoring the uncle, blessed New Rochelle by exhibiting the same manly qualities with added brightness and grace.—(Rev. Charles F. Canedy, Pastor of the Episcopal Trinity Church.)

During those years, 1902 and 1912, the bonds of affection between pastor and people became stronger and stronger. He often prided himself that his parish was the best in the archdiocese and it gave him great joy to see thousands of people receive Holy Communion in a single day. He loved his God, his flag, his city, and his people. He did his work well, he was prepared to meet his God and who can doubt that he has earned the reward of the Just.—(Robert L. Forbes, editor of the *Paragraph*.)

The influence he exerted in his parish was great beyond question. Seldom has it been my privilege to minister in a city where a priest was more popular or more generally beloved. His genial spirit, his readiness to appreciate good qualities in others, his devotion to his people and to his church, endeared him to those to whom he ministered, while the public ovations tendered him, indicate his hold on citizens of all faiths.—(Rev. W. Wofford F. Duncan, pastor of St. John's Methodist Church.)

A number of students from Cathedral College formed a guard of honor beside the body of Father Tom in the rectory on Monday night. Tuesday night the guard was formed of members of New Rochelle Council, Knights of Columbus, and Wednesday night's guard, when the body lay in state in the church, was from the Holy Name Society.

On Thursday morning, February 20th, at the hour set for the Solemn High Mass of Requiem the church was overcrowded and hundreds of people stood in front of it during the time Mass was being celebrated. The Gregorian music was rendered by a double quartet from the Priests' choir, led by its director, the Rev. James E. Driscoll, rector of St. Gabriel's Church. Richard V. Mooney sang Father Tom's favorite hymn, *There is a Green Hill Far Away*, by Gounod. The recessional was Chopin's funeral march, played by Professor Bock.

The Mass was celebrated by Rev. James Crowley, rector of St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, director of the Catholic Protective Association, deacon; Rev. Wm. J. Donohue of Port Jervis, Father McLoughlin's assistant at Transfiguration, subdeacon. Rev. Henry Tracy of St. Stephen's New York, was master of ceremonies, Bishop Cusack and two hundred priests of the diocese were present in the sanctuary to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of their fellow laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

The eulogy was delivered by Rev. Thomas S. Duhigg, Father Tom's life long friend, and now pastor of the church of St. John the Evangelist, Brooklyn, the parish which Father Tom attended as a boy, where he received his early training at the hands of the Franciscan brothers, where he received his first Holy Communion and was confirmed.

## EULOGY

BY REV. THOMAS S. DUHIGG

My soul hath thirsted after the strong, living God; when shall I come and appear before His face . . . for I shall go over to the place of the wonderful tabernacle even to the very house of God.—Ps. 41.

The words just quoted and taken from the 41st Psalm were suggested by what happened about two weeks ago. Father McLoughlin had come out for a little while from the valley and shadow of death and I was admitted to see him. I told him that I had said Mass for him the day before, and had asked the people to pray for him. There was no mistaking his appreciation in the quiet, gentle "Thank you. My friends have all been very good to me." With a suddenness that was startling he asked, "Have you ever been near death and asked God to take you home? I have." Then, after a short pause, he added, "*Omnia vanitas*—we do not realize it soon enough." And so ended our last conversation in life: a fitting climax to a friendship entwined in boyhood's days and kept until now



unchangeable. A message to all, to you, Rt. Rev. and Rev. Fathers, and to you, beloved brethren of the laity. "All is vanity!" the soul-cry of Solomon, the wisest of men. "I wish to be dissolved and to be with Christ," the heart's desire of Paul, the vessel of election. Can any one doubt the first saying, and why do we find it so hard to enter into the spirit of the second? Why is it that we do not more ardently desire to be with Him, Who is the Author and Finisher of our Faith?

Let no one assume to himself the honor of the priesthood unless he be called by God as Aaron was. There can be no doubt but that entrance into the priesthood depends upon a call from on high. "Set apart Saul and Barnabas for the work to which I have called them" is the voice of God throughout the ages calling certain souls into the work of His ministry. It is not easy to determine how this call is manifested in the individual, but if God's work is to be properly done, it must be in every one who aspires to so great and exalted a dignity. With it the harvest of souls is gathered, the mysteries of God are dispensed and the work of salvation is carried on; without it, ruin, havoc, and desolation. I know not the day nor the hour when Father McLoughlin first realized that he was called unto the Eternal Priesthood of Jesus Christ. Many years have passed since he heard the voice of the Spirit of God saying, "I have chosen you," and he answered, *Ecce venio*, Behold I come. Yielding to the inspirations of Divine Grace and sustained by the example set him by members of his own family, great men and priests of the Archdiocese of New York, he never faltered nor doubted that he was called unto the part of the Gospel.

There is no need to speak of the years of preparation in school, college, and seminary, although hallowed memories gather about them all. In June, 1884, a Cardinal Prince of the Church in the Mother Church of the city and the world placed upon his shoulders the chasuble of the priesthood and in his hands the chalice of blessing and salvation. At last the ambition of a lifetime was realized, a dignity than which there is none greater finally attained. What tongue can fittingly describe the emotions in the heart and soul of the fervent young

priest as he stands for the first time at the foot of the altar and begins his *Introibo*? God and His holy angels alone can tell. We know, however, that at that moment there can be no room for any thought except to serve God and be a fitting instrument in His hands for the salvation of souls; not where is he to go to begin his work in the ministry; no personal selection or desire for any particular place, letting the matter rest entirely in God's hands.

"Let men so esteem you as ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God." "Ministers of Christ" implies association with our Blessed Lord and Master in work; "dispensers of the mysteries of God" spells service. Work, therefore, and service are the standards and ideals of the priesthood; from the day of ordination to the end of life constant, unremitting work; nothing else is of much account except to spend oneself and be spent in the service of souls.

To place personal ease, and honor, and comfort as dominant motives is nothing short of sacrilege. *Fatigatus in itinere sedet* was said of the dear Lord. The more mental and physical energy we can use for the glory of God in our vocation, the more fruitful our ministry and the greater the reward. There are times when one is inclined to grow weary and impatient because of unreasonable demands upon our time. The call will come at an inconvenient hour, our attention will be demanded for what appears to be trifling, while seemingly more urgent matters are pressing their claims upon us. "I have compassion on the multitude," is the answer. The Scriptures furnish us with examples of impatience on the part of the Apostles; but the Master was "meek and humble of heart." "Then were little children presented to Him, that He should lay His hands upon them and pray. Which, when the disciples saw, they rebuked them that brought them. And when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and calling them together, said to them: Suffer the little children to come to Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Amen, I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it. And embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them." The

Apostles rebuked—Jesus blessed! “And they came to Jericho; and as he went out of Jericho with His disciples, a great multitude followed him. And behold blind men sitting by the wayside begging (one of whom was); Bartimeus, the blind man, the son of Timeus. And when he heard the multitude passing by, he asked what this meant, and they told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, they began to cry out and say: O Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us. And many that went before rebuked them, that they might hold their peace. But they cried a great deal the more: Son of David, have mercy on us. And Jesus stood still and commanded them to be called. . . . What will ye that I should do to you? They say to Him: Lord, that our eyes may be opened. And Jesus having compassion on them, touched their eyes and saith: Go your way: your faith hath made you whole. And immediately they received sight, and followed Him in the way.” Haughty and angry rebuke of the poor unfortunates from the disciples, compassion and cure from the Master.

The lesson is plain. Is it hard to learn and practice? Let no one think that when a man receives the priesthood he assumes a light and easy burden. The contrary is so. Heavy and difficult is the burden, many the responsibilities and severe the judgment. But the helps are great and wonderful. “And when the morning was come Jesus stood on the shore: yet the disciples knew not that it was Jesus. That disciple, therefore, whom Jesus loved, said to Peter: *Dominus est*, ‘It is the Lord.’” On the shore of the priest’s day stands the Incarnate Son of God. The world cannot see through the veils of the Sacrament and understand Who is really and truly there: the disciple knows that it is the Lord. With hands uplifted he stands in the Holy of Holies and offers Sacrifice to the living God. He prays for the people that they may be preserved in righteousness, that the grace of repentance may come to them and that they may be spared from the consequences of their sins. In a little while, he holds in his hands the King of Glory; yet another little while and he receives Him for the food and nourishment of his soul. And with brightened countenance and soul strengthened by the vision of faith he comes

down from the holy mountain whereon he stood for a time and is ready for the work of the day. The thought of the morning Mass should never be altogether absent from the priest's whole day. It will give him the spirit of counsel, so that his advice may carry along with it a more than human wisdom; it will give the spirit of prudence when dealing with difficult problems presented for solution; it will provide strength against weariness, courage against trials, and a peace which the world cannot give. Whilst strength and health permitted, Father McLoughlin stood daily at the altar. You recall now the dignity, without affectation, of his bearing as he celebrated the Divine mysteries morning after morning. His was an intelligent appreciation of what he was called upon to do. His understanding of the beautiful prayers of the Missal, his reverence in every action, his strong faith in the Presence of his Master, his fervent reception of Holy Communion, stamped him before the people as one who had learned much of the secrets of the Sacred Heart. It was good to watch him as he said Mass, and I am sure that in this respect he was always a source of edification to his people.

"I adjure you by the living God: Preach the Word." In such strong words did St. Paul impress the lesson of the importance and necessity of preaching. It is an essential part of the pastoral office—it is the ordinary means of sanctification. It requires knowledge, for "the lips of the priest shall keep knowledge"; zeal for the betterment of souls, earnestness, because he is "cursed who doeth the work of the Lord negligently." In this are we Ambassadors of the King conveying His messages to His people. Not our opinions, not our ideas, but the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Our language must be not the persuasive words of human wisdom, nor loftiness of speech, but the showing forth of the spirit and power of God. And through all our preaching must ring the note of earnestness, else we become as sounding brasses and tinkling cymbals. Thoughts of self must be put aside as damaging to the very work we are trying to do. Our very best endeavors must be given to the doing of the work. It would be well, when that best is done and the sermon is over, not to forget that after all we are "unprofitable servants." Nor should the holy fear,

"lest having preached unto others we ourselves might become castaways," be long absent from our minds. In such spirit did Father McLoughlin appear before his people to instruct them. The sound of his sweet voice still rings in your ears as he spoke the words that "becometh sound doctrine." Not without serious thought and earnest preparation did he approach this important work. He did not believe in trusting to the impulse of the moment. Too much depends upon God's Word to justify such action. And as he spoke, his strong faith and earnestness communicated themselves to you, and you are better men and women for having heard and listened to him.

"God hath placed in us a ministry of reconciliation." There is a Divine institution committed to the care of the Church which is not understood by the world. Its influence is misrepresented, its power denied and its effect ridiculed. The unbelievers make a scandal of it, but the man of faith knows that it contains the mercy and goodness of God. "When the secrets of all hearts are revealed" we shall know how wonderful were the things accomplished through the Sacrament of Penance. In the exercise of this office how complex the obligations of the priest; how many duties rolled into the performance of this one action! He must be a father, a judge, a physician, a mediator, a teacher, and a guide of souls. As a father—not with stern visage, but with kindness of mien must he welcome back from the far-off land of sin the children who have squandered their substance living riotously; as a judge, while exposing the enormity and malice of sin, his decisions must be on the side of mercy; as a physician, he must be able to distinguish between leprosy and leprosy and must know the remedies and how to apply them; as a mediator, he must be a man of prayer, making up in himself the deficiencies of the sinner, grieving that God is so often offended, beseeching God to keep his penitents in innocence and holiness of life or grant them true sorrow and perseverance; as a teacher, his words must make for the coming of the Kingdom of God and the doing of His will on earth as it is in Heaven; as a guide, he must be sure of the directions he gives, and must lead the way. Who would be able for all this if the grace of office did not

supply every need? And from the exercise of this duty does the priest realize "the iniquity and contradiction in the city," while, on the other hand, sounds as if of angels' voices reach his ears. How Father McLoughlin performed this duty you know better than I. But I do know that he was the faithful keeper of the consciences of his people, that he had the grace of sympathy without which the hearing of confessions is an intolerable burden, and that he rejoiced and sorrowed with his people.

"When I was sick you visited me." Let me plead for the Apostolate of devotion to the sick and those who are in affliction. Our ministrations to the sick should be performed in the genuine spirit of love and sympathy; not the hurried giving of the Sacraments, and then forgetfulness, but real interest and anxiety. The end, upon which so much depends, is coming—the soul must be strengthened for the journey. The thought and prayer of the priest must be with that soul until the summons comes, and it passes on to judgment. It may not be a question of immediate danger, yet there is pain and suffering. The hours of the day and night are so long, it is so easy for those who are about the sick to grow weary and tired. There is no danger—therefore the attention need not be too exact. The people have a right to expect from their priests real consideration, the encouraging word and the wonderful messages of our holy Faith. I believe that many imperfections will be forgiven the priest who loves to visit the sick. And how pleased the people are to welcome us to their homes as we go on these errands of mercy! Let not, therefore, any consideration deter us in the performance of this important duty. Let us give freely of our time; let us put aside the thought of comfort and convenience and rest and recreation. God is calling us to the bedside of the sick and dying, and we must go. Father McLoughlin was kind to the sick. You were glad when you knew that he was coming. His cheery presence was like a tonic to all the household. The right words were said by him because he felt for those who were in affliction. And when the Angel of Death knocked at the door and sorrow came into the homes of his people, he knew how to comfort and console and to inspire the spirit of resignation to God's Holy Will.

---

What shall be the reward of the priest who performs all these duties well? Surely, at least, the grateful affection of his people. I know of few men in the priesthood who received so large a measure of praise as did Father McLoughlin. He deserved it. He liked the kind word and he appreciated the good will of the people. Four years ago the citizens of New Rochelle honored Father McLoughlin on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee. They paid him a splendid tribute, they honored him as a leader of his people, a model citizen and an earnest priest. He often spoke to me of the great kindness shown to him at that time. And to-day the people gather to honor him in death. If he had his share of appreciation, he did not escape blame and censure in his life, and I am glad that it was so. The priest of all men must be conformed to the image of the Son of God. How can that be unless the Cross comes into his life? And so when blame did come, I do not think that Father McLoughlin was surprised. He knew the life of his Lord and Master too well to wonder at his being misjudged and misunderstood. At the very time the dear Lord was promising to the people His greatest Gift "they shook their heads and walked no more with Him." The memory of all that He had done for them had grown dim, and they sought to cast stones at Him. "Many good works have I wrought among you; for which of them do you desire to stone Me?" "Hosanna to the Son of David, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," was quickly followed by "Crucify Him! His blood be upon us and upon our children." The Prætorium of Pilate should teach a lesson to every priest. The praise of the world is of little moment—for the "*Euge, serve bone*" of the Master must we work.

I am afraid that I was not as resigned to God's will as I should have been. I know now that I should have prayed that God would give him the grace of a happy death. I hoped and prayed that He would let him stay with us yet a little while longer. But the good fight had been fought, the faith had been kept, and the just Judge was waiting to give the crown. And so *ex umbris et imaginibus in lucem et veritatem* there passed a genial companion, a good friend, a splendid man

## Father Tom

and an earnest priest. We loved him during life, we shall not desert him until by our prayers we have brought him to "the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the very house of God." Spare him, therefore, O God! Sweet Jesus, Lord, grant him rest. Amen.

As the funeral procession passed through the streets of the town on its way to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery the post band from Fort Slocum played *Nearer My God to Thee*, the bells in the towers of churches of all denominations rang out a requiem in solemn tones, and the sidewalks were lined with his sorrowing parishioners, whose bowed heads and tear-stained eyes testified to the sincerity of their grief at the loss of Father Tom. His grave was made in a spot selected by himself fronting the main entrance to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. When the last prayer had been said, a soldier from Fort Slocum sounded taps, and Father Tom was at rest.

On Decoration Day, 1915, a magnificent granite monument, the generous tribute of the members of New Rochelle Council of the Knights of Columbus, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies and now marks the last resting place of the beloved pastor of the Blessed Sacrament.

The sweet voice of the Singing Priest is stilled and is heard on earth no more, but who can doubt that he who so gloriously sang the praises of the Almighty while here has realized the hope so often expressed by him in his favorite song, *The Chorister*.

Last night I dreamt of harps of gold;  
Heaven's gates were rolled asunder.  
I saw the dear sweet face of old  
Upraised in joy and wonder.  
He sings among the angels now  
Beside the crystal river,  
The light of God upon his brow  
Forever and forever.



## LECTURES



# I

## ARCHBISHOP HUGHES—CHURCHMAN AND STATESMAN<sup>1</sup>

ON the twenty-fourth of June of the present year there was witnessed a spectacle seldom, if ever, seen in the annals of the church in the United States. In the open air, under the lofty Cathedral arch of the grand old elms at Fordham College, with heaven's blue vault for a dome, a Pontifical Mass was sung by the Archbishop of New York, surrounded by large numbers of the hierarchy, the clergy and the laity. Standing in military array were the cadets of the college in their gray uniforms, and when at the consecration, the Bishop elevated the Sacred Host in the air they, at the word of command, presented arms to their God made man, and the only sounds heard in that vast assemblage were the sweet tinkling of the censer as it fell against its silver chains, and the chirping of the birds that flew about in the waving foliage overhead. It was a scene never to be forgotten. Nature's God, worshiped in Nature's temple surrounded by all that was beautiful in Nature, and the odor of the incense was outrivaled by the perfume of a thousand flowers that grew everywhere around. The spot on which we stood was hallowed ground. Here, over one hundred years ago, Washington had made his headquarters. Here the ground was made sacred by the blood of patriots who fought and died in the skirmishes which preceded the battle of White Plains, in the War of the Revolution. Here were the old and ever honored elms that have listened to the farewell speeches of the graduates of St. John's College. Here was the old Seminary that sent forth so many zealous missionaries in the

<sup>1</sup> Delivered in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Roseton, Orange Co., N. Y., Sunday, July 12, 1891.

by-gone days whose lives are an honor to the church of God. Here was to be seen the old Rose Hill Mansion whose broad parlors once echoed to the sound of revelry, where brave men and fair women in the old colonial days danced the stately minuet, but which are now consecrated to prayer and quiet by the saintly sons of Ignatius Loyola. With veneration do we gaze upon these ivy covered walls for they bring forcibly to our minds the memory of the man whose praises are sounded on every lip to-day. It is not the memory of the Father of His Country nor the memory of the founder of the Society of Jesus, that brings together these thousands of people. No! for—look! The Archbishop pulls a slender cord, the Stars and Stripes fall and amidst the plaudits and bravos of the multitude, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the booming of cannon, there stands unveiled the magnificent bronze statue of one of the grandest heroes of our age—a man who was a shining light in the Church of God in days of darkness and bigotry; a man who was the able champion and defender of religion in days of persecution; a man who was the advocate and founder of christian education in this State; a man who was a genuine American to the core, and who, when his country needed his services in the sad days of rebellion, undertook an arduous mission abroad, for the sake of bringing about peace and union to our afflicted country; a man who in the days when kingly power, subject to the church, held sway through Europe, would have been another Richelieu or Ximenes—a man—the greatest churchman and statesman that the Catholic Church in America has ever possessed, and this man was John Hughes, the first Archbishop of New York. Let us gaze but for a moment at the statue as it stands unveiled before us. Everything about it seems to recall to our minds something in connection with the man and with his character. It seems to spring up from a beautiful green mound of earth, just as he had his origin in the green Isle of Erin. It rests upon a large block of polished granite, which well serves to indicate his sterling, lasting good qualities and faith, firm as the rock of Peter, while at the same time he had all the polish that should characterize a Christian gentleman. He stands upon a square block of bronze

on which are engraven figures of the four evangelists, to show the gospel truths that John Hughes preached, the eternal unchanging truths of the Catholic Church. Look at the figure, you see him standing erect with head thrown slightly back, not afraid to look any man in the face, even his deadliest foe. Look at that noble, handsome, classic face, that piercing eye, that firm set yet gentle mouth. See the graceful gesture of his hand. One almost feels like Michael Angelo, when he stood before his masterpiece, the statue of Moses and struck it with his hammer saying, "Speak," so lifelike is the statue. One cannot help saying as he looks upon this great work of the sculptor, "God always raises up great men to defend his church in the hour of need." To the Israelites of old, he gave a Moses, an Aaron, a Saul, a David, and a Judas Maccabeus. To the Christian Church in trying times he gave a Hildebrand, a Pius V and a Leo XIII. In this age of trial he gave to Protestant England a Cardinal Manning, a Newman, and a Faber; to persecuted Germany a Windthorst, who fought singlehanded against an immense host of unbelievers; to Ireland has he given an O'Connell, a McHale, and a Croke; while in the United States has he raised up a Bishop Kenrick, a Bishop England, and the great Archbishop Hughes, great because whether we regard him as the defender of his faith, or as the champion of Christian education, or as the lover of his country, we shall find him a leader amongst men, always having the courage of his convictions, always honest and candid, always a true son of the church, a true lover of his country and the sincere friend of justice, truth and righteousness. Who was he? For the information of the younger generation I may state that he was the first Archbishop of New York and died about twenty-six years ago. Did he come from some great rich family? No! The greatest men of ancient and modern times have sprung from the people. Read the lives of the great men who have left an indelible mark of their individual character on the pages of the world's history, and you will find that they were all self-made men. They boasted no long lineage of Knighted ancestors; all that their fathers bequeathed to them was life, an honest name, and

honorable ambition. Read the life of the apostles who founded the church. Read the lives of nearly all the great saints and bishops and doctors of the church, read the life of Napoleon or of Washington or of Lincoln and you will find that they all sprang from the people, and many of them from the very poor.

So it was with John Hughes, destined by the will of Divine Providence to be a leader in Israel, and to guide the church's bark through the stormy days of persecution, he was of humble origin.

Listen to the story of his boyhood, and it may prove an incentive to some of our young friends here who, if they have the brains and the pluck to use well their God-given talents, may yet occupy prominent positions in the church or in the legislative halls of the nation.

John Hughes was born in Annaloghan, County Tyrone, Ireland, on the 24th day of June, 1797, and was the third of a family of seven. His father was an industrious Irish farmer and he brought up his children in the fear and love of God. John's childhood was passed in the midst of the harrowing scenes of the rebellion of '98, and the consequent bitter persecution of the Catholics by the English government, which seemed only too glad of an excuse to persecute this struggling people. The Archbishop used to tell a little bit of history of this time of his life to some of his intimate friends. "I remember," he says, "when I was quite a little boy, my sister Mary died, we walked to the dear old graveyard where our beloved departed lay, and the priest blessed a handful of earth and gave it to a layman to throw on the coffin of little Mary," and "Why?" he used to ask indignantly. "Because the cruel penal laws of England forbade the priests to enter into God's acre."

John Hughes went to school every day and studied hard, for even in early childhood he felt the call of God and longed to consecrate his life to Him. We may imagine how down-hearted he felt when, because of hard times, he was obliged to leave school and work on the farm with his father. He was then eighteen years old and he tells us that, when he was working on the farm, in order to help keep the wolf from the door,

"Many a time have I thrown down my rake in the meadow and kneeling behind a hayrick begged of God and the Blessed Virgin to let me become a priest."

God heard the fervent prayer in a way that he did not anticipate. At the age of twenty he set sail for America where his faith would prove no obstacle in the way of his advancement, and after laboring at building roads and bridges he went bravely one day to the college doors of Mt. St. Mary's in Emmitsburg, and was greeted by the kindly face of Father Dubois, whom he was one day to succeed as Bishop of New York. "Father," said he, "I am poor and I wish to become a priest. I will work my way through college if you only let me study." Dubois was pleased with him, and made him assistant gardener. Here the future Archbishop worked faithfully with the hoe and spade and the rake, and to this day they point out with pride at the old mountain the flower-beds once tended by Archbishop Hughes.

He studied very hard and even at meal times he would hasten away to store his mind with that knowledge that was to be of such great service to him in after life. Even here he began to show that spirit of controversy which afterwards distinguished him and made him worthy of the title of "Defender of the Faith." It seems the college took fire and he acted very bravely in trying to save the furniture and books. Not content with this he started out one day to collect for the repairs needed on the building. He entered a tavern in Chambersburg and stated his mission to a number of Maryland farmers and others seated around the stove. "Why," said one big fellow after expectorating across the floor, "do you think I'd give a cent to Anti-Christianity and Popery, no siree, I don't believe in no idolaters, I don't."—"Neither do I," said Hughes, "but I believe in God, the father of all Christians, and I believe we are all his children and I think if you were thrown out on the street to-morrow by a fire, I would not ask what your belief was but I'd lend you a helping hand." He then in a few words explained the general teachings of the church and received a substantial collection from all these men for the rebuilding of the college.

A story is told of Mr. Hughes when he was yet a deacon, that he went with Bishop Conwell through the diocese when he was giving confirmation. The Bishop said, "Mr. Hughes, be good enough to preach to the people to-day, I am not feeling well." Hughes, glad to get the opportunity, mounted the altar steps and preached a very fine sermon. The Bishop was so pleased that when they came to the next town, he said, "Mr. Hughes, you had better preach again to-day for it will give you practice." The poor deacon Hughes had only the one sermon so he gave it again and again and again for several days at the end of which time the Bishop said, "Well Mr. Hughes you are like a cuckoo, you have but the one note."

But John Hughes had more than one note, and he proved it shortly afterwards when he was sent to be Rector of St. Mary's Church, Philadelphia. At this time there was a steady influx of Irish emigrants to the hospitable shores of America. They were fleeing persecution and famine and hastened to settle in a land where

They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there.  
But [they added] we'll not forget old Ireland  
Though it's fifty times as fair.

The native Americans, who were in the majority, viewed with alarm the increasing numbers of Catholics or Papists as they tauntingly called them, and the spirit of bigotry became so violent, that the poor emigrants were forced to believe that they had stepped out of the frying pan into the fire. They were insulted on the streets, they were jeered at and made fun of even as the youngsters of to-day molest the unoffending Chinamen, but with the spirit of hatred not of the race but of their creed.

One of Philadelphia's ministers, a strongly bigoted Presbyterian, flung down the gauntlet, and challenged any Catholic to enter into controversy with him on these two questions.

What is the true rule of faith?

Is the Protestant religion the religion of Christ?

Mr. Hughes accepted the challenge, and stood as the able



champion and defender of his Mother Church. Oh! how proud the Catholics of Philadelphia were when they saw him stand upon the platform in the crowded hall and saw there the "soggarth aroon" handling his opponent without gloves. How they loved him, and would have died for him, as they saw him demolish one after another the arguments of his adversary.

They listened with rapture as their quick minds grasped his arguments in defense of the Catholic rule of faith. They heard him prove the absurdity of the Bible alone as a rule of faith and asked his hearers to look upon the fruits of that rule in the dissenting spirit visible in the hundred and one sects into which Protestantism was divided by private interpretation of the Scriptures. They followed him closely as he showed the necessity of adhering to Christian tradition handed down from Peter and Paul to Gregory XVI. They applauded vigorously when he told them of the infallible Church established by Christ. How He promised He would be with His church all days even to the consummation of the world, and that the gates of hell would never prevail against that Church. He showed to them that Christ made Peter head of his Church, and that where Peter is there is the church. Where Peter's successor is there is the Church. He proved that the Pope of Rome was considered the successor of St. Peter for sixteen centuries. He pointed out that the principal Protestant sects were founded in the sixteenth century, not by Christ. On, no! but in Germany by a renegade monk, in England by a sensual king, who had murdered several of his wives, in Switzerland by a religious bigot, who burned a man at the stake because he refused to embrace the doctrine of Presbyterianism. But when he came to speak of the endeavors of the reformers to introduce their new beliefs into Ireland their enthusiasm knew no bounds. He gave historical facts to show how the people suffered every kind of persecution that the ingenuity of man could invent rather than give up the old faith. He showed that they clung tenaciously to the faith handed them by Patrick in the fourth century. He showed them that the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition and St. Bartholomew's Massacre were as nothing compared to the centuries of systematic per-

secution inflicted on the Irish people and then he added, these faithful willing honest people, ready to work, ready to become peaceful law-abiding citizens of this free republic, emigrate, and instead of finding Columbia opening out her wide spreading mantle to receive the persecuted of every nation, she finds her with a scourge in her hand and her tongue filled with reproaches. Why? Because they are Catholics and supposed to be hostile to the government. Were not the Pilgrims that landed on Plymouth Rock obliged to flee from the persecutions of the same tyrannical government. Was it not the same story with the Huguenots? And who, the Archbishop would exclaim, who has a better right to this country than the Catholics? Did not Columbus discover this land? He was a Catholic, so were his sailors. A Catholic Mass was said in this land long before a Protestant service was held. Amerigo Vespucci who discovered North America was a Catholic, so were all the settlers he brought with him. On the Declaration of Independence we find the honored name of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was a staunch Catholic. Several of General Washington's aides in the War of the Revolution were Irishmen and Catholics. His Catholic soldiers acted so bravely in the war, that he as President of the United States wrote them a letter thanking them and praising their bravery. They have always proved a peaceful law-abiding people, and they practice the teachings of their Church and I have proved to you that that Church is the Church instituted by Christ. By such language as this did the priest succeed in vanquishing his adversary. The controversy was long and bitter on both sides and finally Breckenridge threw up the sponge defeated and in bad humor. Even the faculty of Princeton College are on record as having declared "Hughes had the best of the controversy, because Breckenridge was not the proper man to stand up as the exponent of Presbyterianism" and yet Breckenridge was by all odds the most learned and eloquent divine at that time in the city of Philadelphia.

"But even though conquered he could argue still," Breckenridge retired, but the party he represented were not going to allow themselves to be defeated and they said, "You may beat

us in argument and brains, but we will beat you by brute force," the argument of a wounded animal. Then began a sad day for Philadelphia and the other large cities which followed her example. Pardon me, my dear dissenting friend if there be any such present, if I touch upon this subject painful to both of us, but I speak of it only to bring out in a clearer light the true character of Rev. Mr. Hughes.

For several days organized mobs of Know-Nothings were around the city of so-called brotherly love, burning the churches and convents of Catholics, throwing into the flames most valuable libraries, the people were left without Mass on Sundays, the priests obliged to flee from the city or conceal themselves from the violence of the mob. The good Sisters left without a home to shelter them. The little orphans crying in the streets. This was the spectacle presented in Philadelphia in 1844, forty-seven years ago. Not so in New York, for Father Hughes had been transferred from Philadelphia and was now Bishop of New York. The spirit of what was called native Americanism was spreading to New York. Organizations were being formed having in view the same object as the Philadelphians; but they little imagined the leader they had to deal with. Bishop Hughes, seeing the turn affairs were taking, called a meeting of Catholics and told them to prepare for a struggle and be ready to fight in defense of their churches. A priest who had escaped from Philadelphia hearing of this, came to the Bishop and begged him to counsel peace to the Irish and ask them to be quiet, and this was his magnificent answer worthy of Saint Paul, "No, never. If a single church is burned in New York, this city will become another Moscow. I will not restrain my people in a just fight and Philadelphia Catholics should be ashamed of their cowardice in not defending God's Church. Theology tells us, we can resist violence by violence and if necessary kill an unjust aggressor. Go my men, arm yourselves, set guards in the churches, and if these violators of the rights of God and man lay unjust hands on you or God's Church, do your duty, only remember, don't strike the first blow."

As a result of this speech four thousand men guarded the

churches of New York City. The mob passed in procession but did not dare lay a hand on one of the Catholics or a single torch to their churches. Bishop Hughes well knew this, for he wrote to the *Freeman's Journal* at this time: "We well know the nature of a mob. They are cowards when met even by an inferior force. They won't dare to act in New York as they did in Philadelphia. My advisors and abettors are members of the Catholic Church who are just as much Americans in birth, in ancestry, and in liberal ideas as the Know-Nothings themselves, and more so because they are in favor of peace and believe in the true spirit of freedom and liberty, and the more intelligent Americans cannot but admire our courage." About this time a delegation from Philadelphia came on to New York with a flag which they said had been trampled on by savage foreigners. A large meeting of indignation was called to be held in City Hall Park. Bishop Hughes felt the crisis had come. If this meeting were held, he feared he would be unable to restrain the anger of his people. He went to Mayor Robert Morris, and spoke to him about suppressing the meeting. "Are you afraid," said the Mayor, "that some of your churches will be burned?" "No," answered the Bishop, "I am not a bit afraid of that, but I am afraid that if you don't stop this meeting, many of yours may be burned. We can protect our own, but I warn you for your own good. Call out the militia and stop this meeting or I cannot be responsible for my people. They have stood too much already." The meeting was stopped, there was no riot, and thus did the leader of his people bring about peace to the city and crush out the spirit of bigotry, before it had a chance to develop. There is one picture of the grand Archbishop, whose praises we are sounding to-night. Was he not a God sent man? Was he not an ornament to his church? Have we not reason as members of the Catholic Church to be proud of so noble and great an Archbishop?

Before I pass to other phases of his character and other works accomplished by him, some of you may ask, Was he always thus grave and serious? Always defending the Church, always fighting for his religion? No, not all the time. In his leisure moments after dinner, he was fond of a light con-

versation; he told many a good joke and story and would even sing a song for the entertainment of his immediate friends.

Let us consider for a moment John Hughes as the champion of Christian education. When he arrived home from Europe in 1840 he found the Catholics of New York agitated over the school question. He immediately took up the question and presided at a series of meetings held in St. James' Church and Carroll Hall. What were those Catholics complaining about now? Simply this. The school funds were in the hands of religious corporations and the Catholics were obliged to send their children to these schools or else have them grow up in ignorance. Rather than have them educated in a faith which they believed false, they established schools of their own and asked for a division of the funds—this was refused them. They objected to paying taxes for the common schools and supporting their own schools at the same time. The meetings referred to were crowded and enthusiastic and the speeches made by the Bishop were the best of his life. His whole soul was in the work. The eternal salvation of his children was at stake and he did not hesitate to expose himself to ridicule and sarcasm and insult for their sake. A friend advised him to remain away from a meeting where some of the Protestant ministers were prepared to attack him, and he answered, "I will go to the meeting, for so important is the question that I cannot be anywhere more in keeping with my character as Bishop than when I stand before you pleading the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and so near is the question to my heart, that I can bear insult from morning till night."

Some of his speeches occupied three hours and a half and these discussions went on for two years. A synopsis of them all may be made in a few words, "We as Catholics maintain that secular education and religion should go hand in hand. Divorce one from the other and you come naturally to atheism and infidelity. You say, 'Teach the common belief of all men in the schools, founded on the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount.' Absurd! for you cannot even say the Our Father in common because it is the teaching of Christ. Numbers of the scholars are Jews who do not believe in Christ. Teach a

common religion and you teach deism, but deism is not christianity, yet we profess to be Christians." "We protest," he said moreover, "against the reading of the King James version of the bible to our children with or without comment, for it is an injustice to them. We protest against the histories and the stories in the reading of the former of which we know to be false, the latter in many instances calculated to make a Catholic child ashamed of his faith, because of the slurs and libels on his religion. We protest on conscientious grounds against this spirit of indifference in religion, and looking out for the spiritual interests of our children, we demand in justice for our schools, a share of the school funds, not to be used to further our church but for the education of the children. We promise that no religion shall be taught in school hours, and that the teachers shall be examined by the board and found competent before appointment." The proposition seemed a just and fair one but for the broaching of it the Archbishop had to undergo the scathing sarcasm and deliberate insults of several of New York's prominent ministers. A final meeting was held in Washington Hall, and the Archbishop told his people that the only way to settle the question was to make it an issue at the polls by nominating an independent ticket. The nominations were made and the Archbishop read the list of names of the candidates to an enthusiastic throng amidst thunders of applause. Of course they had no chance of electing their ticket but they took the same stand as the Prohibitionists take, they stood for a principle, and if the genuine sentiment of the American people was against them, it was for want of foresight, and because of the then existing prejudice against foreigners. But, my friends, the day will come, and is fast approaching when true Americans, wiser in their generation than their forefathers, will vindicate the stand taken by Archbishop Hughes and will see the necessity of uniting religion to secular education. He fought the hardest battles of his life to gain this point and his successors will keep it before the minds of the people of the United States until some equitable solution of the problem is reached. Prominent ministers of New York are agitating the question of denomi-

national schools, for their eyes are being opened to their absolute necessity. What do they behold? They ask themselves and the public: Why are the benches in our churches empty? What can we do to make our services attractive? How can we encourage our young folks to attend church?

Now, on the other hand we Catholic clergy ask: "How shall we accommodate these crowds that come to Mass every Sunday?" Already we have five, six, and in some churches, eight services on Sunday morning, and yet at some of the Masses there are two or three hundred standing. There are thousands of Italians and Bohemians in New York City who do not go to church simply because we have not accommodations for them. What is the secret of all this? It is because we have united our religion to our education; it is because we teach the child that faith and the Kingdom of Heaven are to be esteemed before all the treasures of this life, and that success in this life is of no value whatever if the happy hereafter is not attained. The public school system, as far as secular training goes, is up to a high standard of perfection, but when you leave out dogmatic religious teaching you have nothing left but religious indifferentism, and religious indifferentism quickly degenerates into deism and deism into infidelity. The cry is: Teach the children morality; teach them to be honest, teach them to be good and obedient to their parents; teach them to do good to their fellow man. Leave out religion in its stricter sense. Let that be taught in the churches. Or if you must have it, read a chapter or two from the Bible, picked out at random. Now, my dear friends, I protest again that I respect every man's religion and honor him for worshipping God according to the dictates of his conscience; but I must say that if the different Protestant churches expect to hold together their congregations and make their children interested in church work there must be denominational teaching in the schools, or the result will be that in a hundred years from now this country will be divided into two large hostile camps—the Catholics and the infidels. These are only the old arguments given out by the Archbishop forty years ago, and his prophecy is becoming more and more true every day.

Fair play is all we ask and if it is not granted us for the asking, then we must beg for it. If it is not given as an alms, then we must demand it as a right. If it is still refused us then we can only wait patiently for twenty years more till we number four million in this state and then secure by force of ballot our God-given rights.

We now turn from the defender of his church and look upon the patriot, the lover of his native land, the greater lover of the land of his adoption—the defender of his country in the time of her trial.

Archbishop Hughes was a genuine American in every sense of the word. He loved with all the ardor of his soul her Declaration of Independence and her Constitution. He loved her as the orphan child loves the mother who takes him to her bosom and nourishes him. He loved her as the drowning man loves the hero who saves his life. He loved her with that love as deep-seated as the hatred which he bore toward England. He told the emigrant on his arrival here: "Renounce forever all allegiance to every foreign power and take out your papers as an American citizen. Remember now you are an American. Love Ireland and never forget the mother country that gave you life, but your country now is the United States and your flag is the Star Spangled Banner and you must be as ready to fight and die in defense of that flag as you were once ready in defense of the "Harp and the Shamrock." No wonder that these brave fellows coming over enlisted in our army in defense of the integrity of the States. No wonder that they marched bravely to the front, and that their bleached bones might be seen on every Southern battlefield. No wonder that for their bravery many of them rose in the ranks and became captains and lieutenants and majors. No wonder that the pet of the army and the one who in reality was the Napoleon of the war of the rebellion was the gallant Phil Sheridan. And yet although the Bishop who gave this advice to the newcomers was thoroughly an American, still he dearly loved the land of his birth and often wept over her sad trials and misfortunes. If a word of disparagement were said in his presence concerning her his eye would flash with indignation and he



would stoutly defend his native land. He would say: "Yes, she is poor and wretched and down trodden and backward, but it is owing to the cruel and accursed laws of her oppressor who chains her to the earth with heavy chains of iron; but look upon her past history; look upon the magnificent ruins scattered everywhere about you in the green isle, and you can read in these stones that she must have been at one time the grandest nation in Europe." Give an Irishman the proper opportunity and he rises to the highest point in every profession, whether it be in Church or State. The time was when Irishmen were looked upon in this country as we now look upon the Italians or the Chinese, but that day is gone. Sons of Irishmen have been Governors of the States. Sons of Irishmen have been and are mayors of the largest cities in the country. Sons of Irishmen are found in large numbers in the legislative halls in the state and national capitol. Sons of Irishmen are found filling the medical, legal, and ministerial professions. Sons of Irishmen are among the most prominent actors on the stage. Sons and daughters of Irishmen are numbered by thousands as teachers in the public schools throughout the land and are the teachers of the descendants of the "Know-Nothings."

These are only a few facts to prove to you that if Ireland was given the opportunity she could be once again the greatest nation intellectually in all Europe.

To show the love he bore to Ireland I will give but one example. In 1847 Archbishop Hughes took up a collection for his new seminary at Troy, which institution he regarded as the apple of his eye. The sad news came across the sea that there was a famine in Ireland and that the people were starving by the wayside. The bishop took the whole collection, fourteen thousand dollars, and sent it over to the suffering people saying: "They are our brothers and need it more than we do."

When the time of the rebellion of '48 came on he took a decided stand and said: "No—in theory it is all right but it is the height of absurdity to take up arms against such fearful odds and by their rebellion destroy the work of the patriots for fifty years to come. If Ireland is to obtain redress, it can only be by peaceful means, such as O'Connell employed, and if

they persevere at it as he did they will have before long, not only Catholic emancipation, but Home Rule and freedom." And yet when, according to the rosy-pictured accounts that came across the sea, there appeared to be a general uprising and a chance of victory, he attended a large meeting in New York and spoke before the people and gave a donation of five hundred dollars saying: "I have no scruples in aiding the cause worthy of a patriot and a Christian, I will not buy a sword, but my donation shall go towards buying a shield wherewith to protect her breasts from the darts of her enemies." In this the Archbishop resembled a certain Irish priest that lived in his own town and whose church was struck by lightning and destroyed. A great deal of sympathy was excited for him and a large sum collected for the building of a new church. Amongst others the Protestant minister gave five pounds. It happened a year or two afterwards that the Protestant church was struck by lightning and partially destroyed so that the four walls were left standing. They resolved to tear them down and build a new church and went about collecting for the purpose. When the minister came to the priest for a donation he was afraid of scandalizing his people by contributing to the Church of England, so he said to the parson, "My people will never forgive me for contributing to build a Protestant church, but here is ten pounds for tearing down the walls of the old church."

So it was with the archbishop. He did not wish to sanction the rebellion with his episcopal authority, but all the same he wished to help it in another way.

We can imagine how well he was known in Ireland by the letters which he received from the people there, some of which show a degree of simplicity in regard to our country. For instance he would receive a letter directed: "Bp. Hughes, United States of America," and in it the writer would tell him that her son John had gone to America some six years ago to a place called California, and would the bishop please look after him and tell him to send some money home or come home himself. This was before the days of the Pacific Railway, of course. So we can imagine how hard the Bishop's time would be taxed if he tried to work all the miracles that these letters demanded.

Back as far as 1846 the United States Government appreciated his qualities as one of the most prominent citizens of the American Republic, and President Polk said of him: "He is one of the ablest, most accomplished and energetic men I have ever known and possesses prudence and firmness enough to make the mission successful." This he said of him at the time of the Mexican War when he proposed to send the Archbishop to Mexico to bring about peace between the two countries. But the bishop was diplomat enough to know the responsibility of his position, so he answered the President when requested to go: "Yes, your Excellency, provided I go as an accredited envoy from this country." The President was doubtless afraid of complications arising from such a step. So the Archbishop did not go. He was on intimate terms with the greatest statesmen of the day and prominent amongst these were Governor Seward and President Lincoln. He was a statesman not a politician; he voted but once in his life and that was for Henry Clay in 1832, and never tried to influence the vote of any man except when the school question was an issue. When the great Henry Clay visited New York he was one day seated in the hotel surrounded by some of the most prominent statesmen and politicians in the whole country. When the Archbishop made his appearance Clay made them all leave the room that he might have a talk with the Bishop alone, for he considered his advice of more value than all the rest put together.

And—listen attentively you who would wish to know what part the Catholics took in the days of the Civil War, when the life of the nation was threatened by her own rebellious children. Away back in '61, Archbishop Hughes, the friend and private counsellor of Lincoln and Seward, the far-seeing statesman sent a letter to Lincoln saying: "Gather a hundred thousand troops around the National capitol at Washington; if you do not, we will lose everything. Let the rights of the Federal Government be settled once and forever." He communicated regularly and frequently with Secretary Seward and his letters were read with great interest by Lincoln who frequently followed the sage advice of one whom he looked upon as the

greatest statesman in the country. It was in '61 also that President Lincoln sent him in company with Thurlow Weed on a mission of peace to Europe. It was a well-known fact that the South, by means of her representatives abroad, had already won a great deal of sympathy from the nations of Europe, for in the disintegration of the Federal Government they saw a lessening of the formidable power shown in the Union. Bishop Hughes went to France on this mission, not as the partisan of North or South but as the loyal citizen of the United States of America. He told Lincoln: "I will take no written instruction; give me *carte blanche* to do and say what I think best for the good of the country." Why was he, a Bishop of the Catholic Church, chosen for so high and important a service to his country? It was because Lincoln knew full well that he as a Christian Bishop could do more than an ordinary layman towards the bringing about of peace and by this act the President put down his foot on the Know-Nothing party, and declared to the people of the United States that the Catholic citizen as such is not hostile to the Government; that the Catholic citizen is the equal of any other man before the law; that the Christian Bishop by virtue of his high position and influence is more than the ordinary citizen.

While abroad he mingled in the highest society in France and England and Ireland, and everywhere he went he spoke of the Union and did his best by forcible arguments in season and out of season to prevent a recognition of the Confederacy. He showed them that every State has its own rights and that one State has no business to interfere in the laws of another State. But if any State dares to assume to itself the right of secession, then it is the duty of every good citizen to appeal to the Federal Government and stand by her decision.

He was kindly and graciously received by the Emperor Napoleon III and his beautiful wife Eugénie, and used all his endeavors to make the Emperor become an arbiter of peace between America and England in a war just brewing. He was treated with the greatest kindness and respect by all the great men of Europe, even by Pius IX himself.

Sometime after his return home he delivered a powerful

sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mott Street, in which he made one more appeal in favor of the Union, and called upon the young men of the country to volunteer in defense of their country in large numbers and thus bring a speedy end to the ravages of war which was bringing desolation everywhere. His return to New York was greeted with delight by the people of all denominations, and he was royally entertained by the President and Mr. Seward. His health, which was none the best, gradually gave way under such untiring efforts for God and his country and he finally gave up all work, and after bearing patiently a lingering sickness, the valiant soldier went to his reward—the grandest bishop that the United States has ever seen—the man who devoted all the energies of his life to the glory and honor of God's church and the defense of his own beloved country, the self-sacrificing priest whose chief care was the little children and the orphans, and as a proof of this love we have but to look upon the Catholic orphan asylums and protectories which he founded. Was he zealous for the honor of God's Church? Look at St. Patrick's Cathedral. That is his monument, and it is emblematic of the man. For, as it stands out peerless amidst all the churches in this country for its grandeur and beauty—uniting as it does the useful to the beautiful, so he stands out the grandest figure in the American hierarchy. Elevated to the highest rank, he was always proud of his humble origin and felt that his ancestors must have been always true to the Church. Eminently fitted for his high position, he was from the beginning an instrument in the hands of God for the building up of the material as well as the spiritual edifice of the church, and when he died both Church and State mourned one of their greatest sons.

Now, my dear friends you have patiently listened to this unworthy eulogy of the subject of our discourse, pardon me one last word. The poet says:

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Not without profit, I trust, have you listened to this imperfect sketch of his life, for everyone may learn from it a salutary lesson. Children may learn that the foundation of true greatness is obedience to father and mother and truthfulness. Youth may learn that the stepping stone to promotion in life must be honesty, sobriety, suppression of the animal passions, natural good humor, and honest labor. An honest man is the noblest work of God. An honest laborer is one of God's noblemen. John Hughes was not ashamed because he was an honest farmer's son. John Hughes took pride in being the son of a gardener—for if it comes to the fine point we are all descended from a gardener and his wife. John Hughes made use of all his God-given faculties and opportunities and from his early youth he learned to fear the Lord. So with you, if there be one among you that feels called by God to embrace the ecclesiastical state and to serve Him in the sanctuary, remember the boyhood days of the Archbishop. Persevere faithfully. If God wants you he will give you the means to attain your end.

The full grown man may learn from his life the lesson of courage. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Love and cherish the memory of your fatherland, but love still more the land of your adoption. Be faithful to her at all times. Stand by the Constitution and by the Union as did Bishop Hughes. Be an enemy to every kind of slavery. Be proud of the old Church and never listen to a word said to her discredit. Defend her by your words; defend her by your deeds; defend her, if necessary, by your life; but above all defend her by your good example, for it is good example that will bring the American people at large to appreciate the truth and beauty of our Church. It is good example that will lead them into the fold of Christ and bring us all together in a common brotherhood.

Finally be true to your God as was Archbishop Hughes in every hour of his life, so that like him you may be ever ready to obey the final summons. Let your ambition be to serve the cause of God, your country, and of truth.

## II

### IRELAND, THE HOME OF MUSIC AND SONG<sup>1</sup>

THE delicious strains of the immortal melodies of Tom Moore, still ringing in our ears, form a most appropriate and inspiring introduction to the subject of our evening's discourse, "Ireland the Home of Music and Song."

When we call Ireland by this beautiful title, let it be distinctly understood from the beginning that we are not speaking of the Ireland of to-day. We wish rather to call to memory those more ancient days in Ireland's history and to show that for many centuries, while Germany and nearly all northern Europe was in a state of barbarism, Ireland was looked up to as a sacred spot, wherein music and poetry were brought to a high state of cultivation, and we shall endeavor to prove that the melodies handed down by tradition for over nineteen hundred years, and newly wed in our own times to words that seem inspired of Heaven, are amongst the sweetest sounds that have ever charmed the ear or moved the human heart.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," so saith the poet.

Every nation, be it never so barbarous, has its own peculiar kind of music. Even the savage Africans or the wild American

<sup>1</sup> A musical Lecture first delivered in Mt. Kisco, March 16, 1892, afterwards given in Yonkers, N. Y., Highland Falls, N. Y., Washington Heights, N. Y., St. Rose's, N. Y., Tuckahoe, N. Y., Cathedral School Hall, N. Y., St. Raphael's, N. Y., Rhinecliff, N. Y., St. Mary's, Brooklyn, Transfiguration, N. Y., Tompkin's Cove, N. Y., Bijou Theater, Brooklyn, Cooper Union, N. Y., Amphion Theater, Brooklyn, St. Joseph's Hall, Newark, Chickering Hall, N. Y., St. James Hall, Newark, St. Veronica's, N. Y., Holy Rosary, N. Y., St. Cecilia's, N. Y., Holy Innocents, Wilbur, Cornwall, N. Y., Long Island City, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., St. Mary's, Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Georgia.

Indians or the Arabs of the desert sands of Arabia, all have their singular wild chants and have had them from time immemorial. To what we consider a musical ear, they would bear small resemblance to harmony and melody it is true, but to their uncultured ears, these wild tunes are perfectly capable of arousing within them all the emotions of which the human breast is capable.

I have said that all nations possessed these crude notions of music from time immemorial, but mark, how striking is the contrast, when we speak of Holy Ireland. You may think it is a broad assertion to make, but it is nevertheless true, that up to the fifteenth century there was no nation that stood out preëminently as the land of music and song, but the Island of Innisfail.

Do you doubt this? Then take for a comparison Italy, which, under the Romans, came to a high state of civilization, and which under Pope Gregory I in the sixth century came to a systematic notation of music. Take some one of the graduals and tracts supposed to be written and composed by this Pontiff and contrast them with such an ancient air as *Eileen Aroon* or the *Coolin*, and remember that these enchanting airs were written and composed long before Patrick brought to Ireland the chants of Pope Gregory, nay, long before Peter brought to Rome the faith of Christ, and you will appreciate the truth of my assertion; for on the one hand, you will see a crude attempt at stringing together a few notes, and on the other you will perceive the perfection of melody, such as has never been surpassed even in this nineteenth century when music has been brought to such a high standard of perfection.

Let me call your attention to one important fact so beautifully described by an eminent preacher of our own times. "There was a time when Ireland was a free nation; and when her national banner floated proudly over the favored island, in times of peace as well as in times of war. On that banner of brightest green was not the cross of faith, nor yet the star of hope, nor the powerful conquering lion. No! The only emblem that shone resplendent thereon was a golden harp to proclaim to the nations of the earth, that for over a thousand



years, before France or Germany or even Italy tuned the lyre with any skill, she was to be regarded as the home of music and the land of song." And is this anything to be proud of? Yes, for the Normans came and the brutal Saxons, and they ruthlessly tore down the flag of Erin and trampled it in the dust. They snatched the harp from the hands of the ancient minstrels and they tore its cords asunder, but they could no more crush out the love of music from the children of Ireland, than their descendants the Saxons of to-day can crush out the faith or their desire for national independence. Is it something for us, the sons and daughters of an exiled race to boast of when we gaze upon this brilliant gem, in the crown of our mother country? Ah! yes, truly it is for if we ask ourselves what is music, it would be hard to give an exact definition, except to say that it is the science of harmony, but without giving a definition of it, we all know its effects. Is there any refined pleasure on earth that we can compare with it? Is there a delight here in this valley of tears that draws us nearer to heaven than this divinely sent gift? Is it hard to believe that one of the greatest pleasures of the celestial kingdom will be to listen to the choirs of the angelic host as they sing the praises of the Lord of all and as they make the heaven of heavens resound with their cries of Hosanna, Alleluja, and Benedictus? Nineteen hundred years ago the soul stirring strains of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, harmonized by the voices of God's angels, rang out upon the midnight air of the hills of Judea and announced peace and goodwill to all of God's children, and since that night they have reverberated down through the centuries from nation to nation, from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, from brother to brother; and whether it be the low, sweet lullaby of the mother, as she gently rocks the child of her bosom to sleep, or the grand choir in some vast cathedral as it swells the loud *Te Deum* to God to celebrate a victory, or the shrill trumpet blast as it calls the warrior to the field of battle, to shed his blood in defense of the land that gave him birth, it always exercises an influence more or less powerful that appeals more directly to the heart than any other force in nature.

The sensations produced on the sense of hearing, by the

sounds of music, are the most refining, most spiritual, most innocent of all. The sound passes away quickly, the notes come and go in rapid succession but the impression made, remains deeply stamped on the memory of the listener, and if these sounds be heard again after many, many years, they awake the same feelings that were experienced when we first heard them. There is not one of us, perhaps, that has not proved the truth of this in his own experience. It may be that in childhood while at the vesper service a boy listens to some evening hymn to the Virgin, *Hail, foamy ocean star*, or *The Salve Regina*, or it may be the solemn chant of the *Tantum Ergo*. Years may roll by, the boy becomes a man, the man forgets the devotions of early youth, he forgets his church and his God, and wandering in foreign lands, for many years, forgets entirely the days of childhood. Let him return to his native village. The friends of his youth have grown old or have left the earth forever. The old houses have been torn down and new ones erected to take their place. Changes greet his eye everywhere. He meets new faces wherever he goes. He enters the old church, and finds it all newly decorated. The old parish priest has long since passed to his reward, and a young man, a stranger comes out to give the service. The old cracked organ has been replaced by a new one and it gives forth in its sweetest tones the air of the old familiar hymn *Hail, Heavenly Queen*. Oh! the hallowed memories that the song brings back to him. The innocent days of childhood. The happy home. The fond father and the tender mother. The vows of plighted love long since broken; the happy days of youth that can never return. Instinctively the returned wanderer kneels and as the great organ rolls out its delightful harmonies from its mouths of gold, it speaks to him words of sweetest comfort and consolation.

Oh! the wonderful power of a song! The days of bloody strife are o'er, the North and South are now one, thank God; the generals that took part in those memorable battles from '61 to '65, and who cheerfully braved the dangers of shot and shell for the cause of Union and Liberty, are nearly all dead. Fifty years from now the G. A. R. will be but a memory. But the music begotten of the war can never die, and a hundred

years from now, if the American youth shall hear the stirring strains which are so familiar to you all, *Ring the good old bugle boys*, or *Then we'll rally round the flag boys*, their young ardent spirits will be fired with an enthusiasm and a love of Columbia equal only to that which was displayed by our gallant heroes, Americans, Germans, and Irish who died to save the Union.

Oh! the wonderful power of a song! Let but the German hear the majestic strains of the *Watch on the Rhine*. Let the Frenchman hear the most inspiring and exciting of all marshal airs, the *Marseillaise*. Let but the Scotchman hear the *Campbells are Coming*. Let but an Irishman hear the *Wearing of the Green*, and let these men be Americans to the core having foresworn all allegiance to Kings, Queens, and Emperors, as every foreigner ought to do, who makes this land of liberty his home, and in an instant the German is once more back on the banks of his beloved Rhine, the Frenchman is ready to fight for his beloved France, the Scotchman is again climbing the green hills of his native land, and the Irishman has aroused in his soul all the love of country, of which only an Irish heart is capable, and he is ready to fight and die for fatherland. Music has held and ever must hold a powerful sway over the human heart. Therefore is music a great civilizer. The more civilized a nation is the more perfect must be its music, softening our harsh natures, bringing peace and tranquillity to our troubled souls, leading us away from the grovelling thoughts of earth, and gently raising our minds to the contemplation of all that is noblest and purest and best in nature, guiding us ever onward and upward to God. It is the grandest, the noblest, the most Godlike of all the sciences. Therefore, when we claim for Ireland the right, preëminently, to the title of the "Home of Music and Song," because she has received the homage of the world for having made a deep study of music for over two thousand years, we say that she has more to be proud of than the nation that has won honor for her flag by spilling the blood of thousands of her loyal subjects. When we speak of the music of Ireland, I would like to remind you that there are various kinds of music. The ancient Irish certainly never composed an Opera on the Wagnerian plan, for if they did,

it is very likely the King would order the composer to be beheaded or banished for life, for such music would set the King and his court asleep or perhaps drive them wild with melancholy. Such music appeals only to the severe critic and to the utterly utter *fin-de-siècle* musician who thinks that music should appeal to the head first, and afterwards if you wish to be sentimental, to the heart.

The kind of melodies that the Irish composed were those simple melodies that the multitudes can understand, popular music that speaks to the ear and to the heart even of little children, melodies that are easily learned and never forgotten even by the ignorant and lowly; national melodies that incite men to a love of country by their patriotic sentiments, and love ballads that awaken the most pure and tender emotions; pathetic music, that tells of sorrow and suffering and awakens pity; songs without words whose music is of such a nature that the ear can tell by the very movement or tune, the different emotions that the musician wishes to excite. Such is the music that existed in its perfection for centuries before St. Patrick brought to Ireland the light of Christianity.

Ireland had her days of peace and glory, her days of war and suffering, and her long nights of sorrow while she awaits the dawning of a brighter day. To the first period belong her songs of love, to the second her songs of war and patriotism, to the third her sentimental and romantic ballads of retrospect and hope, which also breathe an undying love of native land. The old song says:

When Ireland was founded by the Mc's and the O's  
I never could learn for nobody knows,  
But history says they came over from Spain,  
To visit ould Granuale and there did remain,  
Their fathers were heroes of wisdom and fame,  
For multiplication they practised that same.  
St. Patrick came over to hear their complaints  
And very soon made them an island of Saints.

It makes very little difference, however, when Ireland was founded, suffice it for us that for many centuries before it

became christian, it was inhabited by a noble race of men who had attained a remarkable degree of civilization when compared with their neighbors, and who possessing an excellent code of laws, established a form of worship called Druidism which closely resembled in many respects the ancient religion of the Jews, inasmuch as they worshiped one invisible God and offered to him a sacrifice of praise and song. The celebrated but rather bigoted Welsh historian, Giraldus Cambrensis, gives us a picture of the civilization of the Irish people in the twelfth century, and tells us, that though he had traveled as the companion of King Henry II all through the different countries of Europe, he did not find one nation that could begin to compare with the Irish people in the perfection to which they had brought the divine art of music. He likewise tells us in regard to the ancient Irish who lived prior to and at the time of St. Patrick that they were a noble race of men governed by wise and upright kings. In the King's court he informs us (to show the high place music held in the nation), the place of honor nearest to the King's throne was given to the bards. And who were the bards? some of you may ask. The bards were men who were thoroughly trained from youth in the playing of the harp, and in composing poetry. They were at once musicians, poets, secretaries, and historians of the King. It was their duty to write down and commit to parchment as well as to memory, the annals of the King's reign; and so perfect was their memory that it is chiefly to the oral traditions handed down by these bards from sire to son, that we have any real knowledge of the ancient history of Ireland. In times of peace, they in their hours of leisure composed their songs and romantic ballads which are unsurpassed for beauty and tenderness of feeling by any songs that have ever been written. In time of war they buckled on their armor and with harp in hand marched before their King at the head of the army to battle, singing the praises and recounting the virtues of the King and encouraging the soldiers by recalling to their minds the victories gained by their sovereign in former battles. In later times when conquered and having lost their former position of leader among the nations, the bards spent their time in

singing the glories of former times and in trying to arouse the people to an undying love of country and inspiring their heart to a love of freedom, so deep-rooted that all the tyranny of a brutal conqueror has not been able to take it away from them after four hundred years of bitter persecution.

Let us try to form an idea of the beauty of her love songs,—but first we must picture to ourselves the green isle in times of peace. When did the true spirit of peace first spread its softening influence over this noble race? It was over four hundred years after Peter first preached Christianity to the people of Jerusalem and Antioch and Rome. The proud pagans of the Roman empire resisted the preaching of the gospel. The emperors on the throne used all their power of fire and sword and torture to prevent the spread of the new religion. They instituted during those first three centuries ten general persecutions and from the time of the impious Nero down to the infamous Diocletian the whole Roman empire was continually flowing with the blood of the followers of Christ. Astounding miracles had to be worked to remove their hardness of heart, but they were harder than that of Pharaoh. At the prayers of the Christians the gigantic statues of the idols fell to the ground broken in a thousand pieces. Children were placed in fiery furnaces and in caldrons of boiling oil, but came out uninjured. The lame, the blind, and the sick were cured of all manner of diseases; but all to no purpose; the hatred of the Romans to the true faith was so great that it took three hundred years to convince them of it, and even in that length of time there were numbers of schisms and heresies amongst the multitude of converts. Then came a reign of peace and missionaries began to go abroad to the heathen lands and the lands of the barbarians, as if there could exist barbarians worse than the so-called civilized people of Rome. Amongst them was one, a bishop of the Church, who was sent out by Pope Celestine to bring to the people of Ireland a knowledge of the faith of Christ. And how did the natives receive the messenger of the gospel of peace? Not as the civilized Romans did, with persecution and the sword, but like reasonable, intelligent, open-hearted men they extended to St. Patrick the right hand

of hospitality and friendship and said, we will listen to your doctrine and if we find it to be true we shall adopt it. Oh! the fervid eloquence with which our saint must have spoken on that day. Oh! the burning words that came from those purified lips as he spoke to them of the One Father in Heaven and of the sufferings of his Son. Oh! the miraculous light of God that must have entered into their hearts at that moment and caused them to go on their knees and ask for baptism in the name of Christ. Oh! what a happy gay-hearted people when the sunburst of Christianity shed its effulgent rays over that beautiful island. The reign of peace had begun; Patrick had reëchoed the hymn of the angels, *Peace on earth to men of good will*, and here at last were found men of good will who heard the word of God and kept it in their hearts. In a short time was the whole island converted and for three hundred years did the blessing of peace remain with her.

During those years Ireland became the land of saints and scholars. Thousands of students from Spain and Italy and Germany and France and even England, which was still in a semi-barbarous condition, flocked to her shores to drink in wisdom and knowledge and the divine art of music. And remember this occurred hundreds of years before the universities of Oxford or Salamanca or Leipsic were even dreamed of. These were the happy days of peace when she sent out hundreds of missionaries to convert the barbarians of continental Europe and to found monasteries and convents in Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy. These were the peaceful days when on the banks of the Liffy and the lordly Shannon, and in every town and every city arose those grand monasteries within whose sacred walls thousands of men and women sang day and night the praises of the true God in psalmody, the sweetest that has ever been heard. Listen to a sweet old Irish air that bids us recall the glories of those ancient days.

Let Erin remember the days of old  
E'er her faithless sons betrayed her,  
When Malachy wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from the proud invader

When her Kings with standard of green unfurled  
Led the red branch knights to danger,  
E'er the emerald gem of the western world,  
Was set in the crown of the stranger.

Ah! yes, this was truly the golden age of Ireland's history. In those days she sang aloud the bold anthem of *Erin Go Bragh*. In those days did she teach the divine art of music to the scholars who flocked to her shores, and they going back to their own country brought with them a knowledge of the harp that astonished their people with the delicious sounds of music and song such as they had never heard before. Even the kings of England and Scotland came over there to secure bards and minstrels for their courts and raised them to the highest honors. So great was the love of chivalry and virtue in those days of peace, that an ancient Irish story tells of a lady beautiful beyond compare, who made a tour of the whole island alone and though covered with jewels and encountering men upon the lonely roads and in the forests through which she passed, she was not once molested in all her journey. A noble knight, a stranger in the country, happened to meet her and marveling at the beauty of the woman asked her if she were not afraid to travel alone through so many dangers; and listen to her answer:

Sir Knight I feel not the least alarm.  
No son of Erin will offer me harm,  
For though they love women and golden store,  
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more.

Such is the tribute the poet pays to the valor and chivalry of his countrymen in the olden time. And it is the same to-day. There is no nation under heaven to-day, where woman holds such a high position as she does among the people of Ireland. Figures and facts and statistics by learned men of to-day, and which need only be hinted at, will bear me out in what I say. There is no nation that has such a deep-seated respect and sacred veneration and love for a virtuous woman as they have. Why they look upon an Irish maiden, who has been true to her God, as little less than an angel, and if there is a crime on earth which they abhor it is infidelity. There is



no wife in the world more faithful than the Irish wife. There is no mother more tender or loving to her children than the Irish mother, and if it were not for the cursed invasion of the Saxons into that sacred isle, the invasion that brought with it poverty and alcohol, one of Erin's women could go through that same island as fearlessly as did the lady spoken of by the poet; for a true Irishman cannot, would not, and never will insult, and never permit another to insult, a virtuous woman.

The land therefore being in the happy prosperous condition I have pictured and the bards, having plenty of spare time on their hands, it is not wonderful that they set themselves to singing of love, that most sublime, most tender, most elevating of the passions. Before I ask you to listen to one of these enrapturing strains, let me add one word as to their origin. They are called *Moore's Melodies*. Now Moore, although an exquisite poet, as far as I know never composed an air in his life. The airs that I intend to present to you this evening are as old as the hills, that is to say many of them date back beyond Christianity and have been handed down by tradition, altered more or less from one generation to another by the variations of the bards, but still possessing enough sweetness to remind us of what the original must have been. Now the Poet Tom Moore, so dear to every Irishman and whose name is more familiar to the people of the English-speaking world than that of any other lyric poet, for the reason that he speaks directly to the heart, he, I say, went around the island at the beginning of the present century and made a collection of these ancient melodies. With the true genius of a poet and a musician, he studied out carefully the sentiments expressed by the music and then wedded them to words of the most exquisite poetry that has ever been written. Listen to the words of one of these love songs:

Ah, the days are gone, when Beauty bright  
My heart's chain wove;  
When my dream of life, from morn till night,  
Was love, still love.  
New hope may bloom  
And days may come

## Father Tom

Of milder, calmer beam  
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
 As love's young dream,  
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life,  
 As love's young dream.

Now I ask you to listen to another of these love songs and see if the poet and the musician cannot arouse in your soul some tender recollections of days gone by, of old loves long forgotten, and if he succeeds in moving your heart even a little by the thought of childhood or budding manhood and brought you one moment of pleasure, he will not have written in vain. The song I refer to is:

Believe me if all those endearing young charms,  
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms  
 Like fairy gifts fading away,  
 Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art  
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will  
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known  
 To which time will but make thee more dear;  
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close,  
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

But the Irish people loved not only the women of their country, they dearly loved their native land; and you never yet met an Irishman who did not think his part of Ireland the most beautiful, even if he came from the wilds of Kerry. Let the poet describe for us the beauty of the place that he thought the most charming spot on the Island, and let each of you, if he can, and why can't you, apply it to some dear spot that you love better.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

No wonder that their hearts went out in tender love to the green hills and valleys of Ireland, for under heaven's bright sky, there is not a country that can boast of such an immense variety of beautiful scenery in so small a space as does this favored land. Who that has traveled through the country can ever forget her rugged mountains and wooded hills; her charming lakes and crystal rivers, her waterfalls of surpassing beauty and her romantic bays, her green fields and wild plains; her round towers and ruined abbeys. Truly she is a land favored by nature; truly she possesses the fatal gift of beauty.

It is a strange fact but nevertheless true, that although the Irish were such a music-loving people; although they were such a God-fearing people; although their monks for centuries made the hillsides resound with sacred chants in praise of the true God, day and night, in a psalmody of their own, we have none of the sacred music handed down to us by which they expressed their ardent love of God. Oh! how glorious must have been the sacred music of Ireland by which their harpers gave expression to that earnest love of God and Christ which filled their noble souls. What magnificent chants there must have been coming from the harps and voices of those who sang of earthly love so beautifully.

How heavenly must have been that music that gave expression of thanks to the great Creator for the blessings He so abundantly poured out upon his chosen people for three hundred years. But alas! it has all been lost, and we can only

judge of its beauty by comparing it with the worldly songs that have been spared. We can get a faint idea of it, however, from an old air (which I am informed was stolen almost bodily a few years ago, and appeared under another name), and the air is one that sings the praises of the *Soggarth Aroon*, *Soggarth Aroon* (the dear priest). The love of the Soggarth was second only to the love of God and his saints. There never was a Christian people since the days of Peter that had such reverence and love for her priesthood as the people of Ireland. They loved the priest because of his high and holy office. They loved him because they looked upon him as another Christ. They loved him because they knew that in time of persecution their priest stood by them and gave up his life for his flock. They loved him because he was to them a father and if famine or sickness or pestilence came to their dwelling, he was at all times their consoler, their helper, their friend. And we can say it again to-day that there is no body of clergy in the whole world more learned, more holy, more obedient, and more devoted to the See of St. Peter than the priesthood of Ireland.

When the Sassenach and the stranger told them that they were priest-ridden and slaves to a horde of petty tyrants; they answered him in language that expressed more affectionately by the sounds of the music than even of the words, that as long as their Soggarth stood by them in their struggle to free Ireland from the hands of her English oppressors and make her once more a free and independent nation they would stand by him.

Am I the slave they say, while you did show the way,  
Their slave no more to be, while you would work with me.  
Old Ireland's liberty, Soggarth Aroon.

Why not our poorest man, try and do all he can,  
Thy commands to fulfil, with all his heart and will,  
Side by side with you still, Soggarth Aroon.

Who in the winter's night, when the cold blast did bite,  
Came to my cabin door, and on the earthen floor  
Knelt by me sick and poor, Soggarth Aroon.

Who as friend only met, never did flout me yet,  
And when my heart is dim, gave while his eyes did brim,  
What I should give to him, Soggarth Aroon.

Like all other nations, however, Ireland had a time of trial and persecution; and if it be true that whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth, then the Lord must love Ireland more than any other nation in the world. From the time of the Danish invasion in the eighth century until to-day, the pages of her history are written in blood or marred by the record of persecution and tyranny. When we consider the pagan condition of the neighboring countries and their consequent lawlessness, it is a wonder that the spirit of peace rested on them as long as it did. The Danes waited, however, till they felt that their numbers warranted them a sure victory over this peace-loving people and then they, filled with a savage desire for plunder and thirsting for blood, made a descent on the shores of Ireland and for three hundred years, with only a few breathing spells was the warfare continued. The hordes of barbarians entering in, plundered all the monasteries of their treasures, set fire to the libraries and brutally butchered the peaceful inhabitants. In their greed for spoil they spared neither women nor children, but cruelly put to death every one who opposed them in the slightest way. The land which was flowing with milk and honey became impoverished. The fields that were covered with corn, wheat, and flax and vegetables were trampled and made red with the blood of those who planted them. Imagine, if you can, this state of things for three hundred years. We thought the War of the Rebellion was endless, because it lasted four years. Now, suppose that it was still going on; that the battles of the late rebellion were being repeated for the last twenty-five years, and suppose that North and South received constant fresh recruits from across the seas, as the emigrants landed; and suppose we had to look forward to years to come and say to ourselves, this war is going to last for two hundred and seventy-five years more. What, I ask you, would be the condition of our country? What would become of our boasted civilization? Where would be our public libraries and great public schools and universities and colleges? What kind of discipline would exist in our army? What degree of intelligence would our people possess? Picture the misery and poverty and degradation and ignorance

that must necessarily follow, and you will have some faint idea of Ireland's condition after her three hundred years of warfare. Nay more, you will have an explanation of the intellectual and moral blight that seems for centuries to have settled on her people, and you will marvel that she preserved any intelligence or morality whatever. You will be obliged at the same time to admire the courage and valor of her soldiers, who fought so bravely in defense of their native land; and we, the children of that persecuted race can say it boastingly, that the same spirit of valor and chivalry has never left that land. The Dane came and the brutal Saxon and they crushed Ireland under their heels and they drove the remnant of the people into Connaught, but do their worst, they could no more crush out from the hearts of the Irish people their faith and their love of liberty than the Saxon of to-day can do it in the House of Commons. The fight still goes on, the tactics have merely been changed. The war is still waging in the English Parliament. The tongue and the pen are the weapons and it is not for a mere petty Home Rule or a petty land tax, her sons are fighting. It is for her God given rights, the right for which Robert Emmet bled and died, the right to take her place once more amongst the nations of the earth. It was but natural that the musicians of the country should tune their harps to martial airs. Their country's honor was at stake and they showed that they could not only soothe the spirits of their countrymen in time of peace, but they could rouse them to deeds of valor in time of war. We can easily picture them at the head of the army playing upon their harps, and singing aloud the glories of their ancestors. We can imagine the powerful words of exhortation that came from their lips, and encouraged the troops to fight bravely and not hesitate to give up their lives for fatherland. The burden of their song as taken from an old manuscript was as follows:

Remember, Oh men of Innisfail, that this day you strike for God and Fatherland. It is not merely to save your country from the ravages of the Sassenach, or your wives and daughters from dishonor. It is for your altars and sacred shrines, it is for God and his church! Oh! children of St. Patrick forget not the valor of your forefathers. Remember how they fought and died for Erin's glory.

.

No wonder that under the influence of such inspiring words they rushed into the heat of the fray, and with a desperation that is characteristic of an Irishman even to-day, no matter under what banner he fights, whether it be for the lilies of France or the olives of Spain or the lion of England or for the preservation of our own beloved Star Spangled Banner.

But let us listen to one of these battle songs, as handed down to us by the poet:

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,  
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;  
Tho' lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,  
He returns to Kinkora no more,  
That star of the field which so often hath poured,  
Its beam on the battle is set;  
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,  
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when nature embellished the tint  
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,  
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
The footstep of slavery there?  
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,  
Go, tell our invaders the Danes,  
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age, at thy shrine,  
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood  
In the day of distress by our side;  
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,  
They stirred not, but conquered and died.  
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,  
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;  
Oh, let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,  
To find that they fell there in vain.

Listen again to the vehement language of the harpers, as they swear a mighty vengeance on the treachery of some of their enemies who betrayed the brave sons of Usna:

Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin  
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed,  
For every fond eye he hath wakened a tear in,  
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,  
 When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore,  
 By the billows of War, which so often high swelling,  
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,  
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,  
 Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted  
 Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch, tho' sweet are our home recollections,  
 Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall,  
 Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,  
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all.

But the bards of Ireland did not merely sing their war songs and urge the men on to battle; they themselves when they saw their country in danger slung their harp over their shoulders and with a good stout sword in hand led the way to the fight. Of all the martial airs, there is none so majestic, none so inspiring, none better loved by the sons and daughters of Erin than that where the poet gives us a picture of a young minstrel, who has kissed his mother a fond farewell, slung his harp over his shoulders, taken his father's sword down, buckled it on him, and goes forth to fight and die for fatherland. This song is called the *Minstrel Boy*.

In times of war as well as in times of peace the Irishman is ever fond of a comic song and the livelier the music, and the more devilment and fun in it, the better he likes it. I find, in looking up the records of ancient Irish comic songs, that the titles alone remain. The words have been lost, but if we may judge from the rhymes of more modern writers, the ideal comic Irish song was one that gave an account of a party or a ball or a picnic, and the last verse generally winds up with an account of the number of heads broken.

These songs have brought us down to latter days and modern music in Ireland's history. For the last three hundred years, since the cruel laws of Elizabeth put to death all the bards of Ireland, her music has never had the same international reputation as it had in the past. The spirit of hatred and religious bigotry had such a hold over England's so-called Virgin Queen,



that she cruelly ordered her soldiers to put to death by hanging him up to the nearest tree every bard or musician in the whole island. She knew full well the power and influence of music over the Irish people. She knew that the bards were keeping alive the spirit of rebellion and the love of the old church among the people. Therefore was she determined to root out from them every incentive of resistance to her brutal and diabolical laws. But try as she would by means of torture of every kind, she could not crush out of the hearts of the Irish their love of music. How sad, and yet how exquisitely delightful is the music that expresses the sentiments of the men of Ireland in later times when filled with apparent submission to the laws of the usurper, they looked forward to the dawning of a brighter, happier day. One of the sweetest songs ever written gives expression to these ideas, and the great composer Handel said he would rather be the author of *Erin the tear and the smile in thine eyes* than of any opera he ever composed.

Thank God the spirit of sadness and gloominess is slowly but surely passing away and the present century has shown what may be the possibilities of the music of Ireland in the future. Even a hundred and fifty years ago, Handel, one of the greatest composers that ever lived, when his labors were rejected by the English, went over to Ireland, and there, under the inspiration of Irish scenery and Irish faith, and who knows perhaps an occasional drop of Irish mountain dew or diluted goat's milk, composed the famous Oratorio of the *Messiah*, to my mind the most sublime religious composition ever given to the world. The first time that this piece was produced was in April, 1742, before an Irish audience in the city of Dublin and was received by that large and enthusiastic assemblage with immense applause.

At the beginning of the present century, therefore, when the star of Carolan, the last of the Irish bards, had set, there arose a new light in the person of Tom Moore. His exquisite songs, sung to the ancient airs, served to revive the spirit of patriotism everywhere, and being taken up by the English, served to soften them in some small degree towards their neighbors, and paved the way for the concessions wrung from the British Parliament by the immortal Daniel O'Connell. Nay more, these songs

when played in foreign lands served to keep alive the fire of patriotism and the love of Irish freedom. Who can doubt the effect of the national airs of Ireland on the Irish exiles fighting for King Louis of France. And if it were not for those inspiring airs that revived the old memories, perhaps Fontenoy had been a Waterloo. And let me tell you right here that the Irish marches are not written in the time of Lohengrin march or Tannhäuser, they are written in a time that makes you feel like skipping along with your feet scarcely touching the ground. Don't you believe it? Then listen to *Garryowen* or listen to *St. Patrick's Day*.

After Tom Moore came Balfe, and shall the sweet numbers of the *Bohemian Girl* ever die? Who has ever tired of the *Heart Bowed Down*, and the ever popular *Killarney*? Do not the words and melody of this charming song bring vividly before our minds this most enchanting spot on earth?

#### KILLARNEY

By Killarney's lakes and fells,  
 Emerald isles and winding bays,  
 Mountain paths and woodland dells  
 Memory ever fondly strays.  
 Bounteous nature loves all lands,  
 Beauty wanders everywhere,  
 Footprints leaves on many strands  
 But her home is surely there.  
 Angels fold their wings and rest,  
 In that Eden of the west,  
 Beauty's home Killarney  
 Ever fair Killarney.

But you may ask me how do the Irish stand before the world to-day in regard to music? Are you not content to rest upon the laurels of the past? If not and you force me to answer the question, then will I answer that your appreciation of her songs to-night, shows, that though scattered over the face of the earth, the love of the Irish and their descendants for music is as deep-seated as in centuries gone by. What they need is the all-healing hand of time and freedom of action and education such as our government gives us, to become again, in the course of years, the leaders of the world in music and song. If you

force me to answer the question, I may give you an Irishman's answer by asking another. Who is England's greatest musical composer to-day who has been honored with Knighthood by England's reigning sovereign? He bears the Irish name of Arthur Sullivan whose operas of *Pinafore* and the *Mikado* and numerous other works have made him famous the world over. Who is England's most popular ballad writer that has made the world sing and dance with him? He is the author of the *Kerry Dance*, and bears the Irish name of Malloy and he is known wherever the English language is spoken. Give the Irishman but a fair chance and he is bound quickly to mount to the top of his profession no matter what it may be, but in music he must excel for there is no one by nature more capable of being influenced by music than an Irishman.

And can we wonder at this? Music is, we are taught, the language of Heaven where all is harmony and love, and the echoes of those eternal hymns, as they are chanted around God's white throne, may be heard in the deep roaring of the waves of old ocean as they dash upon the shore. They may be heard in the delightful murmurings of the brook as it comes tumbling down the mountain side. They may be heard in the sweet voice of the little birds, or in the majestic roar of the King of the forest, the lion, as he stands there monarch of all the animal kingdom. They may be heard in the numberless string and wind instruments which the art of man has perfected, but nowhere on earth can they be heard to such perfection as in the human voice, the instrument which God has made.

Music and singing have been brought to a high state of cultivation to-day. The instruments are as near perfection as we can imagine. The grand operas and oratorios of to-day are supposed to have reached the height of musical possibilities. Great honor and praise is due to the men of genius who have brought these arts and sciences to such a high state of perfection. Great honor and glory and praise and thanksgiving to the men of Italy and Germany who lead the whole world to-day by the magic of their harmonies, but nevertheless we say for Ireland to-night, honor to whom honor is due. We honor Robert Fulton and Benjamin Franklin more for their dis-

coveries than we do the thousands who have improved upon their original ideas. We honor Columbus and Washington more than all the discoverers and heroes that came after them. Why? Because these men laid the foundations others have built upon them. So must it be with music. The nations of Europe have testified that Ireland laid the foundations of harmony for the civilized world, and therefore we say, "Honor to whom honor is due." If you make a comparison this will appear all the more true. Place side by side the music of to-day with the ancient Irish airs, and I care not whether it be the grand operas of Wagner or Verdi, the popular ballad, or the sensuous dance music that comes to us from over the Rhine, our verdict must be, that for a perfect combination of simplicity and sublimity of sounds there is no music to-day that can surpass the music of Ireland composed two thousand years ago. The works of great composers will last, and will be a delight to students of music for many years to come, but a single opera will seldom be learned by one individual and even if he does master it and memorize it, it must soon fade from his memory if he does not continually practice it, but the old Irish melodies that speak to the heart first and then to the head afterwards, and which are learned almost after a single hearing will live forever, and while there exists a memory of the green isle they will be sung by her children in every part of the world.

To-day we see the land of our forefathers weeping and in chains and struggling for Home Rule and freedom and we ask ourselves, what is the explanation of this long continued struggle? Why has she not long since received that for which she so constantly fought. It is for the same reason that our own ancestors were defeated by the Normans and the Saxons. It is the same reason that brings the blush of shame to the cheek when we think of the collapse of Grattan's Parliament and militia and the defeat of the Fenians and the defeat of Home Rule year after year in the British Parliament, and the reason is because she will not listen to the voices of her bards and poets and minstrels calling on her to be united.

Would to God they would listen to the words of Thomas Davis a poet of later days when he thus appeals to his countrymen.

## Ireland, Home of Music

261

What matter that at different shrines  
We pray unto One God?  
What matter that at different times,  
Our fathers won this sod?  
In fortune and in name we're bound  
By stronger links than steel,  
And neither can be safe or sound  
But in each other's weal.

And oh! it were a gallant deed  
To show before mankind,  
How every race and every creed  
May be by love combined.  
Might be combined, yet not forget,  
The fountain whence they rose,  
As filled by many a rivulet,  
The lordly Shannon flows.

We do not hate, we never cursed,  
Nor spoke a foeman's word,  
Against a man in Ireland nursed,  
Howe'er we thought he erred;  
So, start not, Irish born man,  
If you're to Ireland true  
We heed not race nor creed nor clan,  
We're hearts and hands for you.

Oh! if the men of the north and south of Ireland would listen to these noble words of a noble poet, the day would not be far distant when we would once more see the glorious sunburst of freedom shedding its beams over a united and independent nation. Then would the dark night of slavery and ignorance be forever banished, then would that sacred isle become once more the land of saints and sages, the Home of Music and Song. Then once more would the harp be taken down and tuned to triumphant airs. Then would the poet and musician of the future compose a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving to the great God and Father of all. A hymn of thanksgiving that would be taken up by millions of the exiled sons and daughters of our sainted fatherland in all parts of the world, a hymn of thanksgiving such as has never been heard in the history of the world.

### III

#### FOSTER'S NEGRO MELODIES

PHILADELPHIA, according to the testimony of those who live outside of Pennsylvania, is a proverbially slow place, and if this be true, then do they enjoy life all the more and set a good example to New York and Chicago which are leading the world in the pace that kills.

For the very reason of her quiet Quaker habits, Philadelphia has been able to devote much time to the study of the fine arts and more particularly to the art of music. This being so, we need not marvel that one of her loyal sons became so convinced of the great powers of music over matter that he proposed to set the machinery of a large factory in operation by having a man play *Yankee Doodle* on the violin. This at first sight seems ridiculous, and men are inclined to make fun of the Keely Motor, nevertheless this original genius showed by actual experiments in the use of delicate machinery that it was possible to set a large wheel in motion by the sound waves produced by the drawing of a bow across the strings of a violoncello. And, if one wheel, why not the machinery of a whole factory?

The inventor may not be blamed for attributing too great powers to music, for what power, moral or physical, have we in the world that can excel it? It speaks a language that peoples of every clime can understand, and thus is able to unite, for the moment, in harmony, men who because of racial or religious prejudices hate one another cordially. The hunter may with a shotgun kill the venomous snake, but can that physical

<sup>1</sup> Round Table Talk at Catholic Summer School, Cliff Haven, July 14, 1898.

force be compared to the spiritual power of the musician who plays a simple air on his flute, and thus not only averts the poisoned fangs of the reptile but so charms him, that he forgets his natural inclination to wound and kill, and follows the charmer like a child whither he may lead him. The great King Saul was not the first nor the only one whose spirits were soothed by the sounds of music. Neither was King David the only one who was so carried away as to forget his kingly dignity and dance in front of the ark when he heard the rhythmic measures of the musicians. If a regiment band comes marching down the street, what a change comes over the whole neighborhood. The ragged urchins in their bare feet rush from the neighboring alleys and walk in front of the procession with their shoulders thrown back and exhibiting all the stateliness of drum-majors. The police officer walks with as much importance as if he owned the town. The butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker rush out to the doorway and smile with a joy they cannot explain and beat time with their feet on the ground. The cobbler plying the awl and the hammer on his bench, and not having time to leave his work, glances out the window while he instinctively beats a rattattoo on the sole of the new boot on which he is working. The hired girls in the hotels and private houses madly rush from their work of dusting the bric-à-brac, and perhaps smash a vase or two in their endeavors to get to the windows, there to wave a white cloth, or with their arms akimbo, jauntily toss their white-capped heads from side to side and hum to themselves the well-known air that they hear floating around them. The poor invalid recovering from a long illness casts his eyes in the direction of the music, and feels better than if he had taken a tonic. Even the unsympathetic tramp and the loafer are roused from their lethargy and wish they had a drink to testify how happy the music has made them feel. And oh! the pain of the children in school when they hear the band coming down the street. Their little hearts are jumping with delight at the sounds, the teacher is taking a side-long view of the soldiers from her desk near the window, but the poor urchins! Alas! She won't even let

them beat time with their feet on the floor, and threatens to box the ears of one little fellow who cannot resist the temptation to drum on the desk. Mark even the change in animal life when the music of the band is heard. The birds all warble merrily, trying to drown the music. The very few dogs who are left bark out their delight and the ancient war horse who once long ago neighed as he scented the battle from afar off, and who now ignobly, with faltering steps and drooping head and tail, drags along a heavy cart, suddenly holds his head and ears erect and begins a series of military capers that serve to amuse the bystanders, but that make the thinking man recall once more the power that music exercises even over the so-called memory of dumb beasts.

Is it the power of music or is it merely the sound waves that cause thousands of caterpillars to fall to the ground if the clear notes of a cornet are heard beneath a tree infested with these plagues? Let the student of insect life answer the question. Need we marvel now that the jaded spirits of the soldiers after a long march are roused even to a fighting pitch when they hear the martial strains of the national airs? Need we wonder that the *Marsellaise* was capable of rousing the French Revolutionists to a pitch of frenzy that even the fiery speeches of their leaders could not excite in them. Need we be surprised when we hear that at the sounds of Allegri's *Miserere* as sung in the Sistine Chapel during Holy Week, strong men, who understood not a word of Latin, wept with sorrow for their sins at the soul-touching harmonies? Poets and musicians in every age and every country have appreciated this wondrous power, and by their verses and their melodies have tried to give expression to the thoughts that filled their souls.

Now, if there ever existed in our beloved land a man who fully appreciated the wondrous power of music it was Stephen Collins Foster, whose life and whose melodies form the subject of this sketch. But who was Foster? many may ask. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Very true; and the genius who first penned this saying would be one of the world's greatest luminaries even if his name were not William



Shakespeare. The same may be said of Homer, Dante, Milton, and all the great poets of the world's history. Indeed we may repeat it of Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Gounod, and all the musical geniuses of the world whose works give man a foretaste of celestial bliss.

Nevertheless there have been poets and musicians in the world who are practically nameless and yet their verses and their melodies have stirred the hearts of millions, and their songs will be sung for centuries by countless thousands who perhaps never knew a line of Shakespeare as such, and never heard of Homer or Dante, Wagner or Verdi.

It may possibly be news to some of my listeners to hear that amongst the ballad writers of the country, nay amongst those of the whole English speaking world, there is not one who has written so large a number of beautiful heart touching songs as Stephen Collins Foster.

Foster's songs and melodies will live as long as the English language is spoken, and will make hearts throb with emotion centuries after more pretentious writers shall have been forgotten. It is with music as with poetry. It is harder in a certain sense to write a simple melody with simple words than to compose a libretto with complicated harmonies. If the song writer, however, has succeeded in his task then has he produced a work that is destined to outlast the more labored compositions. Cardinal Newman was a master of pure English and wrote volume after volume of philosophy and theology, and yet will he go down to posterity known only to millions as the author of *Lead Kindly Light*, and millions of others perhaps, whose very souls' depths will be stirred by the poem, will never know the name of the genius who first penned it.

It is not to be considered strange, therefore, that most of us have sung Foster's songs from childhood yet never troubled ourselves to ask the name of the man who wrote them. The song pleased us and we cared little who was the first to sing it.

Stephen Foster was born in that part of Pittsburgh known as Lawrenceville on July 4, 1826, and the house in which he first saw the light is still standing. I take a secret satisfaction

in stating that he sprang from that race which for centuries taught all Europe the art of perfect melody, for he was the great grandson of an Irishman who came from County Wexford and was proud of his origin.

At the age of thirteen he was sent to Towanda, Pa., to school, and two years later to Athens, Ohio. In both of these places he gained the reputation of being the quietest boy in the school, which trait seems to have clung to him all his life for his friends still living in Pittsburgh speak of him as being "gentle as a woman." After leaving school he went to Jefferson College, Canonsburg where three years later he graduated with honor.

"The boy is father to the man," they say, and so it proved with Foster. From early childhood he manifested a lively interest in music, and when he listened he not only expressed his delight by beating time to the sounds he heard, but showed the correctness of his ear, by forming a second or an alto to every melody that struck his fancy.

At the age of fourteen while he was at Towanda, the boy Foster gave to the world his first musical composition and called it the *Tioga* waltz, and it was not many years later that he wrote the song which of itself is sufficient to make him famous for all time, *The Old Folks at Home*, better known perhaps under the name of the *Suwanee River*.

Now comes the remarkable gift possessed by Foster which stamps him with a rare individuality. As a rule, we find the musician and the poet collaborating together, each helping the other to express the full meaning of the ideas intended to be conveyed. Such has been the case with nearly all eminent composers, and it is the case as a rule to-day even when we see the inscription: words and music by the same author!

Foster, however, a descendant of those ancient Celtic bards who were at once both poets and musicians, wrote both the words and music of his songs, and thus was he able to pour into his melodies the deep feelings and emotions of his soul, and in his music to give the proper expression to the simple words written underneath.

The origin of the *Suwanee River* forms a very interesting episode in the life of our composer. One day, when strolling in

the suburbs of Pittsburgh communing with nature, listening to the singing of the birds, and trying to gather inspiration for a new song, he spied an old darky, whose wool had turned white, seated on a log and telling stories to two little pickaninnies who, with wide open bright eyes, listened with wonderment, to the old man, as he narrated marvelous things about "Bre'r Rabbit," and "Bre'r Terrapin," and "Bre'r Fox," and how the big "Yallagaitor" opened his mouth so wide and swallowed a bad boy. Foster very much amused became as much interested in the story-teller as were the children, and sat down on the log beside the old man, chatting familiarly with him till the darky, becoming more reminiscent, spoke feelingly of the good old days in the Sunny South where he lived a long time ago. He spoke of the happy days of his childhood when he was down in Florida with his dear old daddy and mammy, long since gone to a better land, and his little brother whom he dearly loved; but alas his master, who had been very kind to them all got down in the world and the slaves were all sold, and he and his brother were separated never to meet again in this world. He drew a vivid picture of the old log cabin, and how after the day's work they all gathered together in the moonlight, and while one of them thrummed the banjo and led in the singing they all, young and old, joined in the refrain. As the old negro rose to go he said: "Oh, Massa, my heart am weary, I wish I was back again on the old plantation; it was the only place I ever called my home."

The genius of the poet seized on the inspiration furnished by the darky's tale, and when he went home that evening he wrote out the words of the *Old Folks at Home*—all except the name of the river.

His brother, who is still living and a business man in Pittsburgh, tells us that Stephen came into his office one day and said, "I've written a new song and I want the name of a river in the Southern States containing two syllables. His brother mentioned the Yazoo and the Pedee and several others. Finally they took down an old atlas and Foster running his finger across the northern part of Florida suddenly called, "I've got it," threw up his hat in the air, and said, "It's the Suwanee

River." Having secured the name to suit, he now set the melody to a simple banjo accompaniment and started for New York to find a publisher. When he entered the music store of Firth, Hall & Pond he saw there his friend, Mr. Bishop, the author of *John Brown's Body*, and he said, "I say Bishop, what do you think of this?" and thereupon whistled for him his new-found melody. "Capital," replied his friend as he jotted down the notes on paper. Then taking up a guitar he began to sing over the words of the *Old Folks at Home*, and while he was in the midst of the song who should enter the store but E. P. Christy, the originator of the famous Christy Minstrels. Christy's eyes gave expression to the sentiments aroused by the song and on learning that Foster was the author, he said, "Steve, I'll give you all the money I have in my pocket for that song." Foster, like most poets and literary people, was hard up and handed over his composition to Christy for twenty dollars, the song which afterwards made thousands upon thousands of dollars for its publishers.

When the song was first published, there appeared on the title page the legend (such alas! is fame), "Written and composed by E. P. Christy." The title remained thus unchanged for twenty-eight years, when the second copyright was secured by his widow and the real author's name given.

The *Old Folks at Home* spread with great rapidity through the United States, and in every English speaking country, so that over half a million copies of it were sold during the first five years, and *The Suwanee River* and *Home Sweet Home* may be placed side by side as the sweetest and most popular of all American ballads.

During his career, Foster wrote so many songs that no complete record of them was kept, but it is safe to say that at least one hundred of them became famous. We shall select a few of these that achieved the greatest popularity to show what rich music there is in the old songs and to give the gentle hint to musical butterflies, that it were well occasionally in the mad chase after musical novelties in the ballad line, to make a study of the melodies with which our mothers often rocked us to sleep.

A song writer has said, "I cannot sing the old songs," and a great many singers repeat the refrain, only in a different sense. They cannot, because they will not, and they will not, because they are unable to appreciate the beauty of the old time melodies.

It requires no second sight to recognize Foster's old dargy in that exquisite melody, *The Old Kentucky Home*.

To appreciate the songs we have only to recall the fact that the poor slaves were human beings just like their white masters, and that therefore to them as to all others there was no place like home. Sometimes we know they were sold as slaves and sent to another State hundreds of miles away. The birds might sing sweetly, the landscape might be more pleasing, the master might be more kind, but the poor dargy had left his wife and little ones in Old Kentucky, and had to tote along his weary load hoping to meet them in the Kingdom come.

## I

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the dargies are gay,  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy, and bright,  
By and by hard times come a knocking at the door  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

## Chorus

Weep no more my lady,  
O weep no more to-day,  
We will sing one song for the  
Old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

## II

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill and the shore,  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon  
On the bench by the old cabin door.

# Father Tom

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
 With sorrow where all was delight,  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

## III

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,  
 Wherever the darky may go,  
 A few days more and the trouble all will end  
 In the field where the sugar canes grow.  
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
 No matter, 'twill never be light,  
 A few more days till we totter on the road,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Many, nay most of his Negro Melodies have a sad strain running through them, for he, noting the success of the *Old Folks at Home* found that such sentiments seemed in tune with the minds of the people, both white and black, during the dark days from '61 to '65—even later.

The picture of the old darky seems to have come frequently before the mind of the writer, and we find him figuring in many of the melodies, notably in *Old Black Joe*, *Oh, Boys Carry me Along* and *Old Uncle Ned*. The latter has a little quaint humor in it, and makes a very charming picture.

## I

There was an old nigga,  
 They call him Uncle Ned;  
 He's dead long ago, long ago.  
 He had no wool on the top of his head,  
 The place where the wool ought to grow.

## Chorus

Den lay down de shubble and de hoe,  
 Hang up de fiddle and de bow  
 No more hard work for poor old Ned  
 He's gone where de good niggas go.

## Foster's Negro Melodies

271

### II

His fingers were long like de cane in de brake,  
And he had no eyes for to see;  
He had no teeth for to eat the corn cake,  
So he had to let the corn cake be.

### III

When Old Ned die, Massa take it mighty hard,  
De tears run down like de rain;  
Old missus turn pale and she look berry sad,  
Cause she'll nebber see Old Ned again.

One of Foster's dainty little melodies which is not of a sad turn was the delight of my childhood as my mother sang it to put the youngsters in good humor. It is called *Nelly Bly* and evidently represents the happy life of a newly-wed darky couple who are passing the honeymoon singing their favorite songs and picking on the old banjo.

### NELLY BLY

#### I

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, bring the broom along  
We'll sweep de kitchen clear my dear  
And have a little song.  
Poke de wood, my lady lub  
And make the fire burn,  
And while I take the banjo down,  
Just gib de mush a turn.

#### Chorus

Hi Nelly, ho Nelly listen lub to me.  
I'll sing for you I'll play for you,  
A dulcet melody.

#### II

Nelly Bly hab a voice like a turtle dove,  
I hear it in the meadow,  
And I hear it in de grove.  
Nelly Bly hab a heart  
Warm as a cup of tea,  
And sweeter dan de sweet potato,  
Down in Tennessee.

## III

Nelly Bly shuts her eye when she goes to sleep  
And when she wakes up in de morn  
Her eyes begin to peep.  
De way she walks, she lifts her foot,  
And then she brings it down;  
And when it lights, there's music dah,  
In that part of the town.

What a contrast is to be found in those charming melodies of Foster and the ragtime ditties of to-day that continually burlesque the negro character, just as the modern so-called Irish comic songs, ridicule the real wit and humor of the Irishman and serve to make the average listener think that the typical negro and the typical Irishman is merely a buffoon. Moreover may we not here remark that our senses are becoming so dulled of late years, because of the degeneracy of the stage and of those who cater to public taste in the matter of popular amusement, that we are gradually losing the perception between love and passion, between right and wrong, between pure and impure, between sensible and sensual? Take at random half a dozen of the popular negro songs of the day, and though their melodies may be catchy, yet the words as a rule are not merely suggestive, but plain outspoken filth. The very expression "ragtime" which means syncopated time, has become in fact synonymous for all that is lowest and degrading in the dives and cellars of New York. Is it not well, at such a time to revive the memory of the man who tried to make us feel so effectively that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." How many I wonder know that Mr. Foster was the author of the following songs: *Come where my love lies dreaming, Fairy Belle, Gentle Annie, Hard times come again no more, Massa's in de cold ground, Willie we have missed you, Nelly was a lady, Under the willow she's sleeping, O! Susanna and Camptown Races.*

Mr. Foster was of a very retiring disposition and hated to be lionized, for which reason he seldom went into society. An anecdote illustrative of this is told us by his brother, Morrison Foster: "When he was eighteen years old an old friend of the



family invited them all to a party at her house. It will be remembered that Stephen was an expert on the flute as well as on the piano, and played that instrument with a tenderness and pathos that only the real artist can give. When this lady gave the invitation she said: 'Tell Stephen not to forget to bring his flute with him.' That settled it, so far as he was concerned, he would not go one step, but said: 'Tell Mrs. Blank, I will send my flute if she desires it.' This dislike to being classed as a mere performer characterized him during his whole life, even though he willingly sang for the enjoyment of himself and others if the occasion were spontaneous."

His success as a song-writer brought him plenty of money, for even when his regular publisher for one reason or another refused the manuscript, he invariably found purchasers willing to buy his songs for a few dollars. Though most of them are written in a sentimental strain, yet is the quaint humor of the author visible frequently in some of his rollicking ditties. Take for instance the famous old end song:

## SUSANNA

## I

I come from Alabama  
Wid my banjo on ma' knee,  
I'm gwine to Louisiana,  
Ma true lub for to see.  
It rained all night, the day I left,  
The weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot I froze to death.  
Susanna, don't you cry.

## Chorus

Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me,  
I come from Alabama.  
With my banjo on ma knee.

## II

I jumped aboard the telegraph  
And trabbled down de ribber,  
De 'lectric fluid magnified,  
And killed five hundred nigger  
The bullgine bust, the hoss run off,  
I really thought I'd die.

## Father Tom

I shut my eyes to hold my breff,  
Susanna, don't you cry.

## III

I had a dream de odder night,  
When everything was still,  
I thought I saw Susanna,  
A comin' down de hill.  
The buckweat cake was in her mouf,  
The tear was in her eye,  
Says I, I'm coming from de Souf',  
Susanna, don't you cry.

## IV

Oh, when I get to New Orleans,  
I'll look all 'round and 'round;  
And when I find Susanna,  
I'll fall right on de ground.  
But if I do not find her,  
Dis darkey'll surely die  
And when I'm dead and buried,  
Susanna, don't you cry.

How sad and strange a truth it is that so many men of genius like Foster cannot stand prosperity. Popularity brings such men into the enchanted land of Bohemia and of all the countries of the world this one, common to all large cities, has such fascination for brilliant and clever men where they meet so many like themselves, that their heads become turned by the flattery of their admirers, and their thoughts somewhat obscured by the fumes of the smoke and of the cup that inebriates. Gradually their high ideals are shattered by the commonplace associates who by means of their money mingle in the charmed set, and finally the brain becomes muddled from the too frequent use of strong stimulants from which they received many a false inspiration.

So it was with poor Foster. When I walk along the Bowery on a cold winter's night, and meet some poor besotted tramp begging for ten cents to shelter his shivering body from the cold for the night, I think of the sweet singer who ended his days in the slums of New York, and who died the death of a pauper in Bellevue Hospital with no friend in the whole world to soothe his pillow.

As he walked the streets in his latter days, he heard on all sides the echoes of his genius. He realized that he had set the whole country singing the creations of his brain, but not one friendly face could he discern amidst the thousands who passed him every day. He heard the little children on the doorsteps singing the *Suwanee River* and *Old Uncle Ned*. He heard the hand organs grinding out his music at the corners of the great East Side. He heard the boys whistling his tunes as they merrily trudged along to school. He passed along under the cloistered windows of the houses of some religious who had finished chanting their Compline in the chapel and are now taking their evening recreation, and he hears *Old Black Joe* and the *Camptown Races* warbled by the innocent voices of these consecrated virgins. He hears the regiment band coming down Broadway, and as he listens, the strains of his beloved *Gentle Annie* played as a march tune greets his ear. He hovers around the doors of the gilded palace or the gay concert hall, and as the richly dressed ladies and gentlemen are crossing the sidewalk to get to their carriages he hears them humming *O! Susanna*, *Fairy Belle*, and *Nelly was a lady*.

Everywhere from morning till night he hears his thoughts, his ideas, his creations borne on the air around about him, but none so poor to do reverence to the one who taught them all to sing his songs.

We need not marvel to know that Foster tried again and again to make a firm resolution to be a man, and that he expresses this sentiment in one of his ballads.

## I

Oh! comrades fill no glass for me,  
To drown my soul in liquid flame,  
For if I drank, the toast should be,  
To blighted fortune, health, and fame.  
Then while I long to quell the strife,  
That passion holds against my life,  
Though boon companions ye may be,  
O! comrades fill no glass for me.

## II

I know a breast that once was light,  
Whose patient sufferings need my care;

## Father Tom

I know a hearth that once was bright,  
 But drooping hopes have gathered there.  
 Then while the tear drops nightly steal,  
 From wounded hearts that I should heal,  
 Though boon companions ye may be,  
 O! comrades fill no glass for me.

### III

When I was young I felt the tide  
 Of aspirations undefiled,  
 But manhood's years have wronged the pride  
 My parents centered in their child;  
 Then by a mother's sacred tear,  
 By all that memory should revere,  
 Though boon companions ye may be,  
 O! comrades, fill no glass for me.

When he found himself alone in the world, and unable to keep his resolutions, need we wonder that partly losing faith in his fellow man, he should write that pathetic little song that speaks so affectionately of the fidelity of his *Old Dog Tray*?

### I

The morn' of life is past,  
 And evening comes at last,  
 It brings me a dream of a once happy day,  
 Of merry forms I've seen,  
 Upon the village green,  
 Sporting with my old dog Tray.

### Chorus

Old dog Tray is ever faithful,  
 Grief cannot drive him away;  
 He's gentle, he is kind,  
 I'll never, never find  
 A better friend than old dog Tray.

### II

The forms I called my own,  
 Have vanished one by one;  
 The loved ones, the dear ones  
 Have all passed away.  
 Their happy smiles have flown,  
 Their gentle voices gone,  
 I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

## III

When thoughts recall the past,  
His eyes are on me cast  
I know that he feels,  
What my breaking heart would say,  
Although he cannot speak  
I'll vainly, vainly seek  
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The name of the singer passed out of men's memories but the songs begotten of that fertile brain and sympathetic heart can never die. They will live for years in the breasts of the people of the English speaking world long after elaborate works of great composers shall have been forgotten. If we want proof positive of this we have but to recall the fact that even immensely cultured audiences who have listened more or less patiently through one of the grand operas, will go wild with enthusiasm if the prima donna comes before the curtain and sings the *Suwanee River*. What is the reason of their wild delight? It is because they have listened to a sweet simple melody that touches a chord in the heart of every listener, vibrating in union with the melody and the verse, and that makes every one who listens feel that he is a better man for the sentiments aroused by that one sweet song.

Foster died in the prime of life and was buried near his father and mother in Pittsburgh, a simple slab marking the grave of America's greatest ballad writer. Let his faults lie buried with him. His was a gentle and a beautiful soul and the world was all the better for his existence and his works. I feel certain that when his spirit took its flight in January 1864, the sentiment expressed in one of his most beautiful melodies must have been the refrain heard throughout the length and breadth of the land.

All the darkies am a weeping,  
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

## IV

### BALLADS OF MERRIE ENGLAND<sup>1</sup>

PLEASURE, according to Webster, is the gratification of the senses or of the mind, and hence every individual has his own idea of what causes him real pleasure. There are some who seem to revel in working out intricate problems in algebra or geometry. Others whose particular tastes lead them to make profound studies in philosophy, theology, history, or architecture. Some even whose highest ideal of pleasure in this world is to gaze for hours at a chess board and calculate on the far distant moves that an adversary may make and its possible consequences.

To all these and kindred souls, however, the study of the folk songs or the ballads of a nation must come as a pleasant recreation after hard work in the more serious walks of literature. And why is this? It is because music is such an abundant factor in the make up, not only of the individual but of the universe that very few can resist its potent spell, and we may say that the man who has no love at all for music must be looked upon as a "*Lusus Naturae*," a cold unsympathetic creature whose soul lacks one distinguishing quality that marks the perfectly developed man.

Music in fact it is that rules the world, for all the spheres move in harmony, and the inspired writer tells us that for ages the morning stars have been singing the praises of the great Creator and the planets crying out for joy in His presence. Everywhere throughout nature do we hear the replication of the harmonies of the spheres, echoed according to the capabilities of nature's forces. At one time, it is the mad fortissimo

<sup>1</sup> Summer School, Cliff Haven, N. Y., August, 1899.

fury of the whistling winds; at another, the gentle murmuring of zephyrs that sing a lullaby to the responsive leaves of the forest. Again it may be the solemn "Requiem aeternam" of the waves of old ocean as they dash against earth's sands, or the delightful childish song of the quickly flowing brook that murmurs through the woodland.

It may be the sweet warbling of the birds chanting their matin hymn or the peculiar cries of the animals of the forest and field, all forming one grand open diapason, and praising the Sovereign Creator who brought them into existence.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that man contemplating the harmonies of nature, should have so improved upon the original reed pipe of Jubal as to produce the grand organ of the modern cathedral. Neither may we express surprise that the development of vocal music has given us instead of the weird monotonous drone of the conservative Oriental, the celestial harmonies of Palestrina and Allegri, or the more intricate though less enjoyable music of Wagner and Liszt. I speak from the standpoint of the average lover of music.

Only the select few can thoroughly appreciate the beauties of these harmonies, but all following the instincts of nature can understand the simple melodies that speak strictly to the heart.

The folk songs, as we understand them to-day, are the simple ballads that have their origin amongst the people and that echo the heart palpitations of nature as it exists in the human breast.

The words of these songs are simple as is also the melody and hence are they easily learned and handed down from one generation to another, without ever being committed to notation. This, at least is true of some of the simpler songs. If proof were required in this instance you have but to recall the fact that in the streets of New York to-day, in the heart of the Chinese quarter, you will hear the children of Chinese and Italian parentage singing as they play, not *Santa Lucia* nor *Marianna come va!* nor *Funiculi, Funicula* nor yet the praises of Joss, but in their stead *Little Sally Waters*, *London Bridge is falling down*, *Water, Water wild flowers*, or *Oats and beans and barley grows* to the same airs that they were sung by the children of Gotham a century ago.

The popular song of to-day is but the folk song of days gone by. It is the poetry of the people. It speaks in simple strains of love, of patriotism or of war, and the simpler the air, the more easily are aroused the emotions they tend to excite in the breasts of those who hear them.

Men who have carefully studied the customs of rude tribes of barbarians tell us that these unlettered savages have their characters formed, in a great measure, by the songs learned from their parents, and learn to be proud of their ancestors and their native land, from frequent listening to their praises as sung by their elders. Such songs, whether among civilized peoples or barbarians are a great power for good. They foster courage and refinement. They make savage men gentle. They change the brutal sensualist into the refined purified lover.

Among civilized people, a song to become lastingly popular must be true to nature; must have no injustice or falsehood lurking beneath it, for the people are quick in their judgment of right and wrong and will not encourage for any length of time, that which they know by instinct to be unjust or untrue. If, for example, a war song is to have the power of awakening the true spirit of patriotism, it must be written in a just cause and in defense of what the people feel to be right. If there exists a love song to-day that has withstood the critical test of three or four generations of the common people and is still sung by them, it is because it has breathed the purest, the noblest, the holiest kind of love.

To illustrate what I understand by a modern folk song, just listen for a moment to the words of a popular ballad that was much in vogue a few summers ago. It is called:

#### THE SUNSHINE OF PARADISE ALLEY

In a little side street,  
Such as often you meet;  
Where the boys of a Sunday night rally.  
It's not very wide,  
And it's dismal beside



Yet they call the place Paradise Alley.  
There's a maiden so neat,  
Lives in that little street;  
She's the daughter of Widow McNally;  
She has bright golden hair  
And the boys all declare  
She's the Sunshine of Paradise Alley.

## II

When O'Brien's little lad,  
Got the fever so bad,  
That no one would dare to go near him;  
Said this dear girl so brave,  
I think I can save  
Or at least I can comfort and cheer him.  
Now the youngster got well,  
And the neighbors all tell  
How the daughter of widow McNally,  
Risked her life for the boy,  
Now they hail her with joy,  
As the Sunshine of Paradise Alley.

## III

She's had offers to wed  
By the dozen 'tis said,  
But she always refused them politely.  
But of late she's been seen  
With young Tommy Killeen  
Going out for a promenade nightly.  
Well, we all know the rest,  
For the girl he loves best,  
Will soon change her name from McNally.  
She may change her name  
She'll remain just the same  
The Sunshine of Paradise Alley.

That little song is calculated to do a million times more good in making young men and women pure and good, and in making youth appreciate and love beauty and virtue in woman than a million operas like *Faust* or *Romeo and Juliet*.

I acknowledge I have not chosen a very classical selection to illustrate my point, but I have chosen it because my lot is

cast among the poor, where such alleys abound, and where such examples of nobility of character and true womanhood are to be found in the midst of the poorest rear tenements and dismal alleys, where sometimes the only glimpse of sunshine ever seen is the sweet earnest face of one of these good young women.

Hundreds of ballads are written every year, but very few of them become popular because there is something lacking either in the words or music to make the people love them. Many of our modern college bred men and convent bred women will not condescend to sing the old time songs or ballads, because "they are so common, don't you know!" Yet if Du Maurier or some other foreigner makes it a fad, they will take up *Ben Bolt* or *Little Annie Rooney* or *Mamie Reilly* and discover the real beauties of these songs of the people.

I regret to say, that these same young ladies and gentlemen will arise in parlors and concert halls and unblushingly sing the most passionate sensual love songs that can be imagined; love songs that breathe not the pure flame of heaven, but lines that teem with gross sensuality and passion. The ballad of the people must have none of this; it must be good, it must be pure, it must teach a high standard of morality and patriotism, and to be able to accomplish this, it strikes me that the poet must come from the people and know by experience how the real honest heart beats amongst them.

But you may say, what has all this to do with the songs of Merrie England? You shall see presently, for if I have fixed the idea well in your minds, that the songs of the people in general that speak in simple strains of love or of war are beautiful in themselves, then will I have broken down any barriers of prejudice that may exist against the songs of one nation in particular; nay more, it will enable me more effectively to prove that a beautiful air detested by the people of the land of the Shamrock, may become loved by them when words referring to a third country, friendly to both, is adapted to them.

How many of us, myself among the number, grew up with the idea that England was a country famous or rather infamous for one thing only, namely her bloody persecution of the Irish.

How different were our impressions when our eyes were opened and we began to read history for ourselves. Then we studied with great interest the stories of King John and his "Magna Charta"—Edward the Confessor; Thomas à Becket and Sir Thomas More. Then also we became interested in the whole story of Catholic England and her grand old cathedrals and her great Catholic Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and last but not least in her musicians and her poetry and her soul-stirring ballads and folk songs.

When we sing the songs of Old England therefore, we picture her to ourselves not as the cruel intolerant England of the Reformation but the free Catholic England of centuries gone by. The days when her vigorous poets sang of the roast beef of Old England and brown October ale, and the mistletoe bough, the yule log, and the plum pudding. The days of Old King Cole, "the jolly old soul and a jolly old soul was he. He called for his pipe and he called for his glass and he called for his fiddlers three." No wonder that merry-hearted people in time of peace cultivated the metric music and that they danced and sang upon the village green, all under the greenwood tree, when "Summer was a comin' in," while the lark sang loud on high, or when snow and frosts of winter came over the land, chanted their merry madrigal or made the dim and vast cathedrals resound with their joyful carols that told the wondrous birth of the Christ Child.

We have truly here a wealth of treasures to select from, which though the songs cannot begin to compare in antiquity with the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh melodies, yet do they possess a beauty truly their own, and so true to nature that some of them can compare with the sweetest melodies of either the Irish or the Scotch musicians. We have proof positive from the testimony of antiquarians and historians as well as of tradition, that the Scotch golden age of music was the fifteenth century. We are equally certain from the testimony of Geraldus Cambrensis, an Englishman, that the Irish were ahead of the whole world in musical matters in the twelfth century, and that she was acknowledged by all the nations as *facile princeps* in her cultivation of music as a fine art, long before the intro-

duction of Christianity to her shores; but how old is English music?

It is very remarkable that a country which for centuries was renowned for its lyric poets, and which has given to the world its greatest dramatic poet and one of the few great epic poets of the world, should occupy, up to the seventeenth century, such a subordinate place in its original musical efforts when compared to the neighboring countries of Ireland and Scotland, as well as France, Germany and Italy. One would think that in opera, that form of music so closely allied to the drama, she would show some originality, but not so. In the few operas she has given to the world, her composers but slavishly imitate continental counterpoint.

Some enthusiastic writers claim that the English were renowned for their music in the early centuries, but they can give no positive proof for what they say. I quote from one of these authors to show the absurd conclusions drawn from narrow premises.

The ancient inhabitants of the British Isles loved music and many were the minstrels who cheered by means of their songs and instrumental playing, the frequent festivities that took place under the roof of the princely palace as well as under the tent on the battlefield. Many of these songs Irish, Welsh, Scotch, have come down to us and their great originality of melody and sweetness of expression are recognized by every one who has any taste for the fresh naïve simple beauty which renders the songs of the people so attractive and touching and which stamps them with everlasting youth.

All very well for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, but if the English were, as he claims, great musicians in early days, where are their songs and melodies? He might have expressed it more correctly had he told us that very likely the ancient Saxons and Angles were fond of music, but were not musicians else would we have some traces of their early efforts like those we have of her sister island. When the author whom I have quoted (Mr. Ritter, *History of Music in England*) attempts to give us an example of ancient music in England, the two oldest compositions he is able to produce are first a crude English dance tune of the 14th century and second, a Latin song of the battle of Agincourt, written in the 15th century. Even Mr.

Haweis in his interesting work *Music and Morals* speaking of the English of to-day says very plainly:

The English are not a musical people and the English are not an artistic people, but they have produced better artists than musicians. A country is not musical or artistic when you can get its people to look at pictures or listen to music, but when its people are themselves composers and artists. Music in England has always been an exotic and whenever the exotic seed has escaped and grown wild on English soil, the result has not been a stable and continuous growth. The reformation music was all Italian and French; the restoration music half French, half German. No one will deny that Tollis, (?) Farrant, Bird, in church music; Morley, Ward and Wilbye in the madrigal, made a most original use of their materials, but the materials were foreign for all that.

Thus does an English critic speak of his own country regarding her as a land of music, and we may well believe him. The Anglo-Saxons of old were a sturdy practical race, given to conquest and not filled with the fine sentiments and poetic imaginations of the Celts; hence we may believe their descendants as a rule to have inherited the characteristics that distinguished their forefathers.

While we are prepared to give full justice to the individual composers of beautiful ballads that may in modern times be called the English school of music, we maintain that it is useless to lay claim that England was renowned in her early days for musical composition when proof positive cannot be given. Even during the reign of Elizabeth, when the fine arts were supposed to have received a new birth, her Majesty's love for music was shown by ordering the Minstrels and the Bards to be hung to the nearest tree wherever they might be found. The gloomy Calvinists and the Puritans banished all organs from their churches and looked upon all music as the invention of the devil. For all that, the people at large in their own peculiar stolid way were always glad, in the words of Friar Tuck, to express their pleasure by shouting, "A jolly good song and jolly well sung."

The ballad for the last three hundred years has been the only type of music that England could claim as being thoroughly English, and her composers certainly have given us some delightful compositions in this line of art.

The English ballad in its perfection, is a simple, rhythmical, sentimental song whose sweet melody rests on the most simple harmonious basis, with the simplest kind of accompaniment, so as not to interfere with the clear enunciation of the words, for it is usually a little story that is intended to reach the heart, and therefore is it important that the melody and the words be not lost sight of in overloading harmonies. To appreciate the perfection to which the later English have brought this style of music, we have but to call to mind the names of a few of the more popular songs of the last two centuries. Who can forget the sweet summer fragrance that pervades that exquisite melody *The Bloom is on the Rye*? What could be more quaintly delicious than *Sally in our Alley* or the *Lass of Richmond Hill* or the *Mistletoe Bough*? What purer gem of words and music than Ben Jonson's *Drink to me only with thine eyes*? What lovelier ballad than *Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming* or *She wore a wreath of Roses* or the *Banks of Allan Water*? Let us take the last named song as typical of the English sentimental ballad.

## I

On the banks of Allan Water,  
When the sweet springtime did fall,  
Was the miller's lovely daughter,  
Fairest of them all.  
For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he.  
On the Banks of Allan Water,  
None so gay as she.

## II

On the Banks of Allan Water,  
When brown autumn spreads its store,  
There I saw the miller's daughter,  
But she smiled no more.  
For the summer grief had brought her,  
And the soldier false was he,  
On the Banks of Allan Water,  
None was sad as she.

## III

On the Banks of Allan Water  
When the winter's snow fell fast  
Still was seen the miller's daughter  
Chilling blew the blast.  
But the miller's lovely daughter,  
Both from cold and care was free,  
On the Banks of Allan Water,  
There a corse lay she.

Musical critics are agreed that the secular music and folk songs of Ireland and of Germany are built upon the old Gregorian music of the church, and for the same reason they claim that the distinctive schools of Italy and Germany are but perfected developments of these same chants. The same critics, however, tell us that the ballad music of England has no connection whatever with church music but is wholly secular in its origin. It would be difficult to determine the reason of this unless we may think that the early English may have had such reverence for the sacred chants that they wished the secular music to be directly opposite in character, and that music that expressed deep love of God and aspiration after the things of heaven, could not be the same kind of music as that which expressed earthly love and passion.

Would that our church composers of to-day held the same views, and we would not have the sensuous music of the theater abounding in our churches, both in masses, motets, hymns, and sacred solos. Unfortunately not only in England, but more especially in Italy that should have set the example to the world, ecclesiastical music has been practically banished from the churches, and the music of the theater has taken its place to such an extent that crowds will flock there and with eyes closed, imagine themselves at the opera, and frequently opera of the type of *Rigoletto* or *Don Giovanni*.

Whatever be the reason of the purely secular in the English form of ballad, it is a fact that it differs in every respect from our church music.

Passing over her great collection of love songs and senti-

mental ballads, let us turn our attention to another class of songs for which she is truly famous, namely her patriotic songs, that speak of the love of Old England or sound the praises of her soldiers and sailors the world over.

Here again we have such a number of fine airs that it is difficult to choose. We have only to recall *The British Grenadiers*, *Hearts of Oak*, *Roast Beef of Old England*, *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*, and *Rule Britannia*, to show what sturdy poets and musicians were the men who could give us such stirring airs. The *British Grenadiers* sounds with characteristic modesty, the praises of these stately warriors

## I

Some talk of Alexander  
And some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander,  
And such great men as these.  
But of all the world's brave heroes,  
There's none that can compare  
With a tow row, row row, row row,  
To the British Grenadiers.

## II

When'er we were commanded  
To storm the palisades,  
Our leaders march with fuses,  
And we with hand grenades,  
We throw them from the glacis,  
About the enemy's ears,  
Sing tow row, row row, row row,  
To the British Grenadiers.

## III

Then let us fill a bumper,  
And drink the health of those,  
Who carry caps and pouches,  
And wear the louped clothes.  
May they and their commanders,  
Live happy all their years,  
With a tow row, etc.



Another typical English patriotic song is that which speaks the praises of the ships and sailors of the British Navy. The words were written by David Garrick about the year 1750 and the air which is truly very stirring is the work of Dr. Boyce. The song is called *Hearts of Oak*, a proud title applied to the good stout men-of-war long before the days when the world learned to tremble at the approach of her powerful ironclads.

I

Come cheer up my lads,  
'Tis to glory we steer,  
To add something new  
To this wonderful year.  
To honor we call you  
Nor press you like slaves,  
For who are so free  
As the sons of the waves.

(Cho.) Hearts of Oak are our ships,  
Jolly tars are our men.  
We always are ready;  
Steady, Boys, steady,  
We'll fight and we'll conquer  
Again and again.

II

We ne'er see our foes  
But we wish them to stay;  
They ne'er see us  
But they wish us away.  
If they run, why we follow  
And run them ashore;  
And if they won't fight,  
Why, we cannot do more.

III

They swear they'll invade us  
Those terrible foes;  
They frighten our women  
Our children and beaux.  
But should their old hulks,  
In the darkness get o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find  
To receive them on shore,

What Englishman is there who has not heard—nay from Sims Reeves, the great tenor, down to the lowly fisherman of Yarmouth, who has no voice at all except when full of mixed ale, what Englishman who has not sung at least the chorus of *Rule Britannia*? This famous song dates back to 1740 and was composed by Dr. Arne, the words being by Thompson, the author of *The Seasons*. Whatever be our sentiments regarding the boastful words of the song, even though we grudgingly admit their truth, we cannot but admire the majestic tones of this truly magnificent national air.

## I

When Britain first at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land.  
 And guardian angels sang this strain:  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,  
 Britons never will be slaves.

## II

The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 Rule Britannia, etc.

## III

(Encore verse) Written by Father McLoughlin

Thus Britons sang in days of old,  
 But now that day of glory's past,  
 Columbia with her sailors bold,  
 Is mistress of the sea at last.  
 Rule Columbia, Columbia rules the waves,  
 Yankees never will be slaves.

It is not to be expected that a country whose great boast is her commercial enterprise and whose sole object and end of existence seems to be the furtherance of material progress by brute force of might, should not be famous for her progress in the fine arts that ennoble the mind and raise the soul to God. Nevertheless must we give England due praise for the encouragement which she gave to musicians when things began to

right themselves after the unfortunate Reformation was established. She encouraged these men particularly in sacred music, and the result is that her liturgical hymns to-day, both in words and music are beautiful beyond compare; simple and thoroughly ecclesiastical. Humphreys, Boice, and Purcell, the latter being England's greatest musical genius, were the leaders in the formation of this religious type of English hymn, but at the same time, they were not wanting in their duty towards supplying the people with the ever popular ballad. It is not the scope of this talk to speak of religious music, except by way of allusion, but as many of England's fine airs treat of the religious in a style of song which although not church music, yet are they sacred songs, it were well to listen to one of these as an example of the rest. The song *Rocked in the cradle of the deep* may be claimed by America as well as England, the words being written by a Mrs. Emma Willard of Boston, to the well-known air of Joseph Philip Knight, an English musician of note who wrote so many fine songs of the sea. Mrs. Willard was crossing the Atlantic on her way home from Europe in 1832 when she wrote the words so expressive of childlike faith and confidence in God.

I

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep.  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For Thou O! Lord hast power to save.  
I know Thou wilt not slight my call;  
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

II

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,  
Or though the tempests fiery breath,  
Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,  
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,  
The germ of Immortality,  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

By all odds, the greatest musical composer that England has produced during the present century is Sir Arthur Sullivan, and to speak of the songs of England without mentioning him would be like the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet omitted. His operas of *Pinafore*, *Patience*, *The Mikado*, *Iolanthe*, *The Pirates of Penzance* and so many others, all entitle him to the high rank that is given him among modern composers. Not only this, but when we contrast the moral tone of his music and the delightful lines of the librettos furnished him by the witty Mr. Gilbert, as well as the costuming and plots of his operas, with the sensuous stuff that comes from the hands of French, Italian, and American *opéra bouffe* writers, we feel justified in calling Mr. Sullivan, the greatest composer of light opera that the world has ever produced. What a pleasure it is to have one writer of comic opera to whose productions fathers and mothers may bring their daughters without seeing the blush of shame mount their cheeks. We need not marvel that the composer who shows himself so great in harmonies and orchestration, demonstrated also again and again that he was a master in the art of ballad writing of a very high order. The names of such songs as *The Chorister*, *If doughty deeds*, *Golden Days*, *Will he come*, *Let me dream again* and many more are familiar to all lovers of music that touches the heart. If this musical genius had left us but that one exquisite melody, *The Lost Chord*, he would be remembered as one of the world's most popular musicians, for it is one of those remarkable melodies, which, though too difficult to be learned by the average individual so as to become a song of the streets, and so complicated here and there in its harmonies as to be practically unfit for the hand-organ (thank God) yet is it a song beloved by the common people wherever the English language is spoken. Mr. Sullivan telling how he wrote this melody says, that one time his brother Frederick was very ill, and he took his turn in sitting up with him during the night. To drive sleep away he picked up a volume of Adelaide Procter's poems that lay on the table, and in turning over the leaves he happened to light on the *Lost Chord*. Immediately the inspiration came to him, he set his pencil to work and before morning he had

## Ballads of Merrie England 293

composed one of the grandest airs that England has ever given to the world.

### I

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly,  
Over the noisy keys.  
I know not what I was thinking,  
Or what I was playing then,  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

### II

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an Angel's psalm;  
And it lay on my fevered spirit;  
With a touch of infinite calm,  
It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love o'ercoming strife,  
It seemed the harmonious echo,  
From our discordant life.

### III

It linked all perplexing meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembling away into silence,  
As if it were loath to cease;  
I have sought but I seek it vainly,  
That one Lost Chord divine  
That came from the soul of the organ  
And entered into mine.  
It may be that death's bright Angel  
Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in Heaven,  
I shall hear that grand "Amen."

After the examples of English ballad music to which you have listened, we must say that whatever may have been the proficiency in the art of music amongst the ancient Britons, she has certainly shown wonderful development in this line of study during the last two hundred years. To her, in a particular manner, is due the development of that music first

started by St. Philip Neri, the Oratorio, which resulted in that masterpiece of Handel, the *Messiah*, which although first produced in Dublin, afterwards found an abiding home in every large city and town of England. I have been criticized by some of my friends for speaking so highly of the English people as musical composers; but we must give credit where credit is due, even at the risk of appearing disloyal to our own country. After one hundred and twenty years of existence, with all the culture of our conservatories in New York, Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere, we have turned out musicians and singers by the thousands. Immense sums of money are spent annually throughout the country on the musical education of our children, both in the schools and at home, and yet England is far ahead of us as a musical people.

How many of the hundreds of young ladies graduated every year, keep up their practice after leaving school, and thus show that they love it? In how many of our parishes, where the children sing like angels, are choral classes formed, and joined by the bulk of the young people who sang so beautifully as children? If we really loved music, these choral societies would flourish everywhere with us as they do in England and as they do among the German element of our own country. No! the practical American is quite content, after rushing all day to make the mighty dollar, to buy a ticket for half a dollar, and sit down and listen to music, and the lighter and cheaper it is, the more crowded will be the place of amusement. A musical people forsooth, why, our millionaires who pay fabulous prices during the opera season for boxes, have been frequently criticized by real lovers of music, because they persisted in laughing and talking out loud during the most sublime parts of the opera.

If we are a musical people, why is it with such an inspiration as "Liberty," "Columbia," the "Stars and Stripes," no composer has arisen in this country to give us a National air worthy of the land of the free!

Until it does, we must be content to sing English airs such as *God Save the Queen*, substituting words of our own to that grand air.

*Columbia the gem of the ocean* is of doubtful origin, and is sung in Canada as *Briannia gem of the ocean*. *Yankee Doodle* is too absurd to mention, as it is an old English jig tune, and ridiculous words were set to it even under Charles I and again under Cromwell.

The *Star Spangled Banner* is an old English air called *An Ode to Anacreon in Heaven*, and composed nearly two hundred years ago by one Samuel Arnold of Oxford. *Hail Columbia!* but whoever sings it now? How many school children even know the words of it? How many here know the air correctly? What a grand name in history awaits the Catholic musician who, imbued with the true spirit of liberty and truth, shall give to us in majestic soul stirring strains a National anthem that shall express fully all that is represented in the *Star Spangled Banner*, and that shall sing in noble strains, the praise of liberty and of her true sons, as England sings the praise of her fatherland and brave sons, wherever her banner is unfurled.

## V

### SONGS OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS<sup>1</sup>

EVERY lover of music and poetry must love the soul of Bobby Burns for the beautiful verses with which he has enriched the world's literature, especially as by means of them he was enabled to give to posterity a collection of rare old musical compositions that had been hidden away in the highlands of Scotland for nearly two hundred years.

John Knox, with an incomprehensible hatred of all music, sacred and profane, banished the minstrels into the fastnesses of the mountains and there the melodies remained until the poetry of Burns played the lover to them so successfully that they modestly emerged from their hiding places and were wed one to the other to the delight of all the world. What Tom Moore was to Ireland, Burns proved to be to Scotland, and even though it must be confessed that many of the most beautiful Scotch melodies are undoubtedly old Irish airs, brought over to Scotland by the minstrels of the olden times; and though they bear the indelible stamp of Erin's harp upon them, yet must we give due credit to the Scottish people for the tunes that are essentially Scotch in their origin. As to the origin of the Scottish airs in general, it would be well to quote here the words of the well-known Dr. McCullough, himself a well-known and learned Scotch critic: "The Irish and Welsh," says he, "have both a class of music to which the Highlanders have no claim and which no intelligent Scotch musician will claim. These are the melodies belonging to the harp and abounding in Ireland."

We should also bear in mind the celebrated testimony of

<sup>1</sup> Round Table Talk at the Catholic Summer School, July 12, 1898.



Dr. Campbell, a Scotchman, who tells us in his letters that the music of Scotland is generally of Irish origin. When the fact is also recalled that for many centuries back, even to the time of Columbkille, Ireland was so celebrated for its proficiency in the arts of music and poetry that students were invariably sent there from both Scotland and Wales to complete their education; and the additional fact that the Scotch kings invariably employed Irish minstrels in their courts, it need not be wondered that the Scotch, who were likewise of Celtic origin, should soon be possessed of such collections of musical compositions second only to those of Ireland herself.

It would be difficult to say what particular airs in the collections of Scotch melodies were written originally by Irishmen, but I shall recall to your mind one simple little fact. I find by investigation that the bulk of the real old Irish airs, whose titles none dare dispute, were written, for the most part, in the sweet majestic major strain. Take for example the air of *The Coolin* and *Aileen Aroon*, *The Twisting of the Rope*, *The Old Head of Denis*, *The Groves of Blarney* and so on. Whereas, on the contrary, the oldest collection of ballads which Scotch antiquarians have brought to light from the Highlands, are, for the most part, written in a melancholy minor key.

Again, the national instrument of the Scottish Gael is the bagpipes, even though some Scotch writers maintain that this has been the case only since the sixteenth century. Prior to that time they held the harp as their national instrument in common with Ireland. Certainly, I think musicians will agree, that they did not show an advance in musical taste by the change. All Scottish musicians of note willingly or unwillingly admit that the knowledge of the harp was brought originally from Ireland to Scotland. Therefore, I would conclude that the ancient Scotch ballads, which can be accompanied by the harp and not by the bagpipes, are directly or indirectly of Irish origin.

To most of us Americans, the bagpipes seems a barbarous, ear-splitting instrument, with very little to commend it to us even when played upon most skillfully; but such is the peculiarity of different criterions in excellence of musical har-

monies that we are told that this instrument by its music is capable of melting the Highlanders to tears of genuine emotion, or of provoking them either to warfare or to the dance according to the pleasure or purpose of the player. They also maintain that as a war instrument the bagpipes has no equal.

However all this may be, it is certain that if it were not for Bobby Burns and his magical verses, most of the old Scotch melodies would have been lost to posterity, for the musicians who had handed down the airs from father to son, after the manner of the Irish bards, gradually disappeared from the Highlands and emigrated to Canada, Australia, United States, and elsewhere. Therefore, will all the old Scotch airs, as time goes on, be known as Burns's melodies, for there is as much sweet music in his lyrics as there is in the melodies to which he adapted the words.

I know full well that there have been other sweet singers born in bonnie Scotland (the land o' cakes) whose verses were of such excellence that people attributed them to Burns. Such are the poetical effusions of Caroline Oliphant and Lady Nairne, who, shortly after Burns's death, wrote the well-known songs, *The Land o' Leal*, *Callie Herrin* and *The Lass o' Gowrie*. Sir Walter Scott also wrote beautiful verses, but in the mellifluous Doric of the lowlands. So that they failed to acquire their deserved popularity with the people.

Burns, as we know, sprang from the common people, like many great men before him. For the Lord makes use of the ignorant ones of the world to confound the wise. The young farmer boy picked up a smattering of education and would frequently steal away behind a hedge to rest from work and indulge his taste for reading. His reading, especially of the poets, led him to open his eyes and look at the open book of nature 'round about him, and then he began "to lisp in numbers" for the numbers came. These verses read to his friends and kinsfolk soon made him popular both with the learned and the ignorant, and what wonder? It was the outpouring of the moment, the response to the immediate circumstances of life. Its charms and power lie in the justness of the feelings expressed and in the truthfulness and freshness it derives from

## Songs of the Scottish Highlands 299

life. Rarely have such manliness, tenderness, and passion been united as in the songs of Burns. The muse of Scotland, as aroused from her slumbers by her favorite poet, proved to be, as Charles Mackey observes, "not a classical beauty, nor a crowned queen, nor a fair lady, but a simple country lass, fresh, buoyant, buxom, and healthy, full of affection and kindly charities, a bare-footed maiden that scorns all pretense and speaks her mind. If sometimes indiscreet in her language, her heart is pure. She never jests at virtue, though she sometimes has a fling at hypocrisy; her laughter is as refreshing as her tears and her humor is as genuine as her tenderness."

Unfortunately for Burns, not having come of gentle blood, he was unable to stand the flattery and prosperity he met with on all sides, and so the sobriety and correctness of life which characterized him as a youth gradually disappeared as he became the hero of the hour. To better his condition and to get away from the memories associated with his reckless life, he resolved to emigrate to Jamaica, and to raise money for his passage he published a collection of his verses at Kilmarnock in 1786. This venture proved so successful that he went to Edinburgh and published a new edition. While in the capital he mingled with men eminent in letters, in rank, and in fashion, and his wonderful powers of conversation excited little less admiration than his poetry. The profits on his book enabled him to buy a farm, as also to ratify his marriage with Jane Armour. He held the political office of excise-man for some years, but unhappily never learned to be content with his lot and as a consequence developed a melancholy which he tried unsuccessfully to drown in the flowing bowl, until finally the sweet singer, who had so boldly and beautifully told us that "A man's a man for a' that," passed away unnoticed and uncared for by those many friends and admirers who were only too anxious to cultivate his friendship and honor him while he remained a man.

It is time, however, that we should get an idea of some of his verses which served to show off so well the music of the Scotch Highlands. One of these, an exquisite air of which we never grow tired, is called, *Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon*.

Regarding the origin of this air, Burns himself in a letter to Mr. Thompson writes as follows: "There is an air called *The Caledonian Hunts' Delight* to which I wrote a song called *Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon*. Do you know the history of that air? A good many years ago Mr. James Miller, writer in your own good town, expressed an ardent ambition to be able to write a Scotch air. Mr. Clarke, by way of a joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord and preserve some sort of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scotch air. Certain it is that in a few days, Mr. Miller composed the rudiments of an air which was fashioned afterwards into the air in question."

"Notwithstanding this," adds Burns, "I have been told repeatedly that this is an old Irish air known for centuries by the old women of Ireland, while a lady informs me that she took it down on paper while it was being played by an old piper in the Isle of Man."

It certainly bears the marks of an Irish melody. The word "Braes" signifies the slopes or hillsides of the Doon, a river in Ayrshire justly celebrated for the beauty of its scenery.

## I

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;  
 How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,  
 And I'm sae weary full of care.  
 Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird  
 That wantons through the flowery thorn,  
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

## II

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 When ilka bird sang o' its love  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 With lightsome heart I pulled a rose  
 Full sweet upon its thorny tree,  
 But my false lover stole my rose  
 And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

## Songs of the Scottish Highlands 301

Another favorite lyric by Burns is called *John Anderson, my Jo*, which latter word means my beloved one. This song has a very peculiar and interesting history. When the Reformation swept with devastating fury over the land and destroyed many of the ancient churches and abbeys that abounded everywhere, the monks were put to flight, the services abolished and some of the reformers, to show their utter contempt for the faith of their forefathers, took possession of the sacred music and hymn tunes of the Church and wedded them to vulgar, satirical, comic, and often obscene ballads, and thus the original solemn and devotional spirit was destroyed. *John Anderson, my Jo* was originally one of these indecent ribald songs set to a stolen sacred melody, and for many years helped by its popularity to debase the hearts and minds of men and provoke them to sensuality. We should feel grateful to our poet if it were but for this one gem of verse in which he so changes the sentiment of the original song that he gives us as perfect a picture of true love and conjugal fidelity as Moore does in his romantic ballad, *Believe me if all those endearing young charms*. By this one little song did the singer bring home to the people the meaning of these fine sentiments more effectually than a sermon of an hour's length.

As to the air, it is one of the most ancient of the Scottish airs and is claimed by both Ireland and Scotland. I have known it for years under the name of *The Cruiskeen Lawn*; but it is claimed that Moore stole the air and added variations to it, just as the Scotch stole *Robin Adair*. For once I am inclined to think the original is of Scotch origin, especially as it was known and used as a sacred composition long before the Reformation took it from the sanctuary and made it walk the streets.

### I

John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
When we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven  
Your bonnie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is bald, John,  
Your locks are white as snow;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

## Father Tom

## II

John Anderson my Jo, John.  
We clamb the hill together  
And mony a canty day, John  
We've had wi' ane anither.  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go  
And sleep together at the foot,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

There are some of Burns's songs which to my mind possess sentiments of such a nature that much of their manly beauty is lost by setting the words to music. Take for example the well know lines "A man's a man for a' that."

## I

Is there for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be puir for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that  
Our toils obscure and a' that.  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp  
The man's the gold for a' that.

## II

What though on homely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin grey and a' that,  
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that!  
For a' that and a' that  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
The honest man, though ne'er sae puir  
Is king o' men for a' that.

## III

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree and a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that,  
When man to man the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

## Songs of the Scottish Highlands 303

A talk on Scotch music would never be complete if we were to omit the majestic air of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*. Burns in a letter to Mr. Thompson dated September, 1793, says, that the air was the traditional one of the soldiers that marched with Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn and that the words are supposed to be addressed by Bruce to his men. Thompson in reply writes Burns saying that, in his opinion, this poem was the noblest composition of its kind in the Scottish language or dialect.

### I

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots whom Bruce has often led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory.  
Now's the day and now's the hour;  
See the front of battle lower;  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chains and slavery.

### II

Wha would be a traitor knave?  
Wha would fill a coward's grave,  
Wha so base as be a slave,  
Let him turn and flee.  
Who for Scotland's King and law  
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,  
Freeman stand or freeman faw  
Let him on wi' me.

### III

By oppressions woes and pains,  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free.  
Lay the proud usurpers low,  
Tyrants fall in every foe,  
Liberty's in every blow,  
Let us do or dee.

It were impossible in a round table talk to do more than to refer to the numerous lyrics of our poet. Which of us has not thrilled with emotion at the sweet words of *Afton Water*, or *Highland Mary* or *My Heart is in the Highlands*, or *My love is*

*like the Red Red Rose, or O! whistle and I'll Come to ye my Lad, or Robin Adair?*

Burns had many imitators and some were so successful that their poems, as we have said, were attributed to Burns himself. Had Sir Walter Scott imitated him more closely in his lyrics he would certainly be equally popular with the common people to-day as well as with the more learned. One of the sweetest of Scott's poems and set to an exquisite air is called *The Bonnie Dundee*, even though this air is not the original air of the same name which antedates it by perhaps two centuries.

The bonnie Dundee is not the name of a river or town, as many suppose. It is the pet name of a gentleman warrior, one John Graham, Viscount of Dundee, eldest son of Sir Walter Graham of Claverhouse and head of the branch of the noble family of Montrose in Forfarshire, Scotland. He was a royalist and fought bravely if cruelly in the rebellion of the Jacobites against the rule of William and Mary. By the Jacobites he was termed the last of the great and gallant Grahams. By the Covenanters, however, he was called the bloody Claverse.

## I

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,  
 "Ere the King's crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke,  
 So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,  
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."

## Chorus

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;  
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
 Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,  
 And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

## II

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;  
 But the Provost, douce man, "Just e'en let him be,  
 The Gude town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."

## III

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks!  
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox!—  
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"



## Songs of the Scottish Highlands 305

Mrs. Grant of Glasgow struck the popular vein in a ballad, which she wrote in 1799 on the occasion of the departure of the Marquis of Huntley with his regiment for the continent, and called it *The Blue Bells of Scotland*. The air was originally called *The Bells of Scotland*, but many different words were set to it that had nothing to do with the bells any more than the words of *Meeting of the Waters* have to do with the air called *The old Head of Denis*.

### I

Oh, where tell me where is your Highland laddie gone.  
He's gone with streaming banners,  
Where noble deeds are done,  
And it's oh! in my heart  
I wish him safe at home.

### II

Oh! where, tell me where  
Did your Highland laddie dwell?  
He dwelt in Bonnie Scotland,  
Where blooms the sweet blue bell,  
And it's oh! in my heart I love my laddie well.

As I do not consider *Robin Adair* a Scotch melody, having clearly proven in a previous lecture that it was stolen from the Irish, I may be asked which is my favorite among all the Scotch melodies and I must answer candidly that it is the song, both the words and music of which are by that unknown writer Anonymous. It is called *Annie Laurie*.

### I

Maxwellton's braes are bonnie  
Where early fa's the dew,  
And it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gied me her promise true.  
Gied me her promise true  
Which ne'er forgot will be,  
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon and dee.

## II

Her brow is like the snow drift,  
 Her neck is like the swan,  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And dark blue is her ee  
 And for Bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

## III

Like dew on the gowan lying  
 Is the fa' of her fairy feet,  
 And like winds in summer sighing  
 Her voice is low and sweet,  
 And she's a' the world to me,  
 And for Bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

These songs will give you some idea of the beauty of the Scottish melodies and will, I trust, lead you to further investigation in this interesting branch of musical literature. It is a simple little song very often that is the cause of great revolutions, because it touches the popular chord. To do so, however, both the words and the music must come from the heart of the minstrel. There is one more song of dear old Bobby Burns that I would like you to hear before closing. It makes us all love the poet and his country, for it is a song that unites all English speaking countries in a common bond of brotherly love. It is called

## AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min'?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days of auld lang syne?  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne!  
 Then here's a hand my trusty friend  
 And gie us a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll take a right good willy waught  
 For auld lang syne.

## VI

### THE MELODIES AND SONGS OF IRELAND<sup>1</sup>

ANCIENT historians have given to Ireland the title of "the Island of Saints," and if two thirds of all they have written concerning the virtues and accomplishments of this particular nation be true she is well deserving this beautiful name. We must take it for granted that most of the good things they have written of the Irish nation are true, for I have been unable to find a historian worthy of the name who has dared to dispute this title. There is an appellative, however, to which Ireland has laid a claim for many centuries, and it is one that has often been disputed and denied her, not indeed by her neighbors of ancient days, who shone in her reflected light, but by modern skeptics of continental Europe, who like to deny superiority to everyone except themselves—simply because they have fixed a standard which they consider perfection in all matters appertaining to the fine arts. Ireland still holds her claim to the title "the Island of Music and Song," and she still throws out her challenge to those who would seek to deprive her of what is one of the most beautiful jewels of her diadem.

It is to vindicate the position held by my mother country that I am speaking here this evening, and to prove her right to this title, not only by historical facts and traditions and comparisons, but also by the rendition of some of the ancient melodies which form the subject of our discourse; and I trust I shall be able to convince you either as musicians or as lovers of music as I have thoroughly convinced myself that Ireland was and is "the Island of Song."

<sup>1</sup> A Lecture given at the Catholic Summer School, August 4, 1897.

The most fitting time to judge the good qualities and distinguishing characteristics of a nation is when she is at the zenith of her power. Thus, if we want to pronounce judgment on the Roman people as a nation, or on the Greeks, it would not be fair to take them at the end of the sixth century and judge them by that one epoch.

If we want to make a study of the people of our southern states it would not be just to take them even thirty years after the close of the Civil War. Take a nation when you find it at its best, and then you will discover the distinguishing traits of its people and if they are true to their nature, you will find those same traits more or less developed in time of trial and defeat. Take their history in a word, as a whole, and do not judge them only by those days when the hand of the Lord appears to rest heavily upon them. From these remarks it is evident that when I speak the praise of Ireland to-night, because of her love of music and her proficiency therein, I shall for the most part ask you to contemplate not the Ireland of to-day, for we have fallen on unhappy times, but the Ireland of those ancient days when "the Harp and the Shamrock" were carried before "Brave Roderick O'Connor and Roger O'More," and long before

The emerald gem of the western world,  
Was set in the crown of a stranger;

and I hope to show that for centuries while Germany and nearly all northern Europe were in a state of semi-barbarism, Ireland was looked up to by the nations as a sacred spot wherein music and poetry were brought to a high standard of cultivation, and we shall endeavor to prove that the ancient strains composed by her bards and handed down by tradition for eighteen hundred years, are to-day amongst the sweetest sounds that have ever charmed the ear or moved the human heart.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," said the poet. Every nation, be it never so barbarous, has its own peculiar kind of music. The savage Africans or the wild American Indians or the wandering inhabitants of the desert

sands of Arabia, all have their singular wild chants and have had them from time immemorial. To what we consider a musical ear, they bear small resemblance to melody much less to harmony, but to their uncultured ear these weird tunes are perfectly capable of arousing within them, all the emotions of which the human breast is capable. I have said that every nation has its own music, but when we place Ireland in contrast with the other nations in the early centuries, how different we find her ideas of music compared to those of her continental neighbors. Nay—it may seem a broad assertion to make on this public platform, but I do make the assertion that in all Europe up to the fourteenth century, there was no nation that stood out preëminently as the land of music and song but the Island of Innisfail. Why, in those ancient days of her grandeur and glory, when she had a banner of her own, a banner which she still cherishes with all the tenderness that a people can bestow upon a flag that represents a lost and cherished cause—on that banner she flaunted neither dragon nor lion nor unicorn nor cross nor crown—no, even in her ante-Christian days there appeared on her standard of green, the form of a golden harp, to proclaim to the world in sweet, yet penetrating tones, that for nearly a thousand years before France or Germany or Italy had tuned the lyre with any success, she was a veritable “Home of music and song.” Do I speak the whole truth here? We are not talking now of the sacred music of Holy Church, and even if we were, we would still maintain the same; for the ancient melodies of the Church, though exquisite in themselves, yet for variety of air and varied beauty of melody cannot compare with the ancient Irish melodies, some of which, according to tradition antedate Christianity itself.

If you want to be certain that we speak the truth, you have but to remember that opera and oratorio date back only to the fifteenth century. Music written in four parts does not date further back than the latter half of the fourteenth century. Before the fourteenth century, what we call harmony was scarcely known. Now let us trace the history of melody outside of the music of the Church. Let us look up the history of

the romantic and patriotic ballad. Whither shall we look? Naturally to France or Italy or Germany. Yet in these very countries so renowned to-day for their wonderful musical compositions, you will find no trace of the folk song or the love songs earlier than the middle of the twelfth century and even these traces are obscure.

The Troubadours of Provence, called "I trovatori" in Italy, from the word "trouver" (to find), being the finders or improvisors of songs, were as a rule ranked with buffoons and jugglers. The first one of these troubadours mentioned is Adam de la Hale and he figures in Italy towards the close of the thirteenth century. The same story is to be told if we visit Germany. She had her minnesingers or wandering minstrels, who accompanied themselves on the harp, but they do not appear on the scene before the thirteenth century. The meistersingers came even later, and even if we may believe the testimony of William Langhan, a celebrated German critic, were not renowned for the beauty of their music. He says: "Their melodies were like the church psalmody; monotonous and lacking in expression, and the relation of the music and poetry was as good as none at all."

Side by side, with those master songs arose the folk song or national and patriotic melodies—but this again was toward the middle of the fourteenth century. In other words, outside of the solemn chants of the church, Italy, France, and Germany were not celebrated at all for their knowledge of music much before the fourteenth century.

Where then shall we go for a history of the romantic ballad, prior to that time? Strange to say—to the British Isles, and for the foundation of it all to the "Island of Song" itself.

How is it that this style of music which is a distinguishing feature of this peace-loving people was cultivated so assiduously and so successfully by the ancient Celts? Many reasons might be given, but the one most plausible to my mind is the tradition which says that one of the lost tribes of Israel in its wanderings, finally settled in Ireland, and having no neighbors to war with, cultivated the arts of peace, and brought to per-

fection the playing of the harp which from far-off Phoenicia they had carried with them to the distant north.

How far back their cultivation of music goes, it would be difficult to determine, for historians are not agreed as to the time of the colonization of the island. It is safe to say, however, that it dates back some hundreds of years before the coming of Christ.

Druidism was the religion of the primitive Celts, and all the early bards belonged to the Druidical priesthood, so that when St. Patrick came to Ireland to preach the truths of Christianity the terms Bard and Druid were synonymous.

The Druids in many respects resembled the other pagan nations of antiquity. They held many doctrines and practices in common with the Chaldeans and the Brahmins. Groves, and especially groves of oak were particularly sacred to them as places of worship.

The Druid priests were the acknowledged wise men and depositaries of all the philosophy and various sciences then known, and as such, they were held in the highest esteem, so that in all national disputes their judgment was final and irrevocable. In order to understand the high position given these priests who were at the same time the bards or custodians and teachers of the musical art, it will be sufficient to know that they ranked high above all the other officials of the Kingdom, and in council chamber, sat next in order to the King himself. When the chief of their order called Ollamb Fílii, went abroad, he was always accompanied by a retinue of scholars, and he had the privilege of making a tour of the island periodically at the expense of the state. Their persons were held sacred; their estates and property inviolable, and the splendor of their official dress, according to Walker, in his *History of the Irish Bards* "was becoming the majesty of kings."

As to the perfection of her music in those days (we are speaking now of the time before Christ), we read in the *Book of Ballymote* that the people deemed each other's voices sweeter than the warblings of a melodious harp.

Tara, where the Bards were wont to assemble on stated occasions, was so called because of its celebrity for melody

above all the palaces of the world; Tara signifying the house or the walls of melody.

The Bards were divided into three classes; the Fileo, the Seanachie, and the Brehon.

The first were historians, the second antiquarians, and the third, legislators, who also recorded the laws in verse. •

Schools and colleges for the education of those aspiring to the position of bards were established in many parts of the country long before Christianity was known there. One of these schools dating back to the third century of the Christian era, namely that founded by Ollamb Fodhla, King of Ireland.

The poetry and music of these pagan days was of the highest order, and this will be proven most satisfactorily when archeologists shall take the time to investigate the rich treasures of Gaelic literature that have been lying hidden away in the monasteries of Belgium, France, and Italy, for many centuries. It is said, indeed, on very high authority, that the old manuscripts in the Gaelic language are the most abundant of all ancient records extant.

We have one or two airs for which some Irish musicians claim an antiquity of at least fifteen hundred years. They are traced back by more reliable authorities to the twelfth century, and this being true, we can only say that if the Irish composed so well as that in the twelfth century, there is perfect evidence that they did not arrive at that perfection suddenly, but that since her civilization was identically the same for several centuries previous, so must have been the musical abilities of her bards.

These two melodies are the *Coolin* or the *Youth of the Long Locks*, and the other is *Aileen Aroon*, which the great Handel admired so much as to pronounce the most perfect tune he had ever heard. Let these two airs serve as examples of the perfection of melody, as understood in those distant days and which for a combination of simplicity and sublimity, have never been surpassed even in our own times when music is supposed to have reached the highest possibilities.

Glorious as was her history, musically speaking, before Christianity came to her shores, yet the brightest days of all



were the three centuries that succeeded the preaching of Patrick on Tara's Hill.

A wonderful change came over the land when this great minister of the Gospel with superhuman power, brought King and Court to their knees to demand baptism in the name of Christ. The Druid fires were extinguished and many of their priesthood, the gift of divine faith penetrating their souls, cast aside the gorgeous Bardic robes, and donned the simple garb and cowl of the monk.

In an incredibly short time, the Druid schools and convents were transformed into Christian houses of learning and were filled with the neophytes of the new religion. Vows were taken, choirs were formed, and men and women who had been accustomed to chant the praises of Bel, now raised their voices in higher and nobler tones to sing the glories of the One True God and of His Christ.

The Bardic order, however, flourished with greater splendor than before, for St. Adamnam, who lived shortly after the time of Columbkille, and who wrote his biography, tells us that in his day, nearly one third of the male population of Ireland were bards.

This is the period of the mother country's history that we love to dwell upon; the days of Hibernia's triumph, when she sang aloud the bold anthem of *Erin Go Bragh*; the days when she merited the title of the "Islands of Saints and Scholars"; the days when all the nations of continental Europe were at war with one another, and when thousands of students from Spain, Germany, France, Scotland, and England flocked to her shores to drink in wisdom and knowledge and the divine art of music as at a fountain head. Bear well in mind the fact that this was centuries before the universities of Oxford or Salamanca or Leipsic were even dreamed of. Yet we read that in the town of Armagh alone, there were attending the monastic schools in those days, over five thousand students from different countries of Europe. These were the happy peaceful days when she sent out missionaries to convert the barbarians in the neighboring islands and to found monasteries and seats of learning, even in Switzerland and northern Italy.

In those days on the banks of the Liffey and the Shannon and the Lee, might be heard the sound of the voices of thousands of consecrated men and women as they sang day and night, the praise of the true God and made the hillsides re-echo again and again with their sacred melodies.

The celebrated yet bigoted English historian, Giraldus Cambrensis, a reviler of the Irish in most things, when he comes to speak of their musical ability is obliged for once to tell the truth. He had made a tour of the islands and of the continent with Henry II, in the twelfth century and speaking of the Irish he says: "This people, however, deserve to be praised for their successful cultivation of instrumental music in which their skill is beyond comparison, superior to that of every nation we have seen. For their modulation is not drawling nor morose like our instrumental music in Britain, but the strains, while they are lively and rapid are also sweet and delightful. It is astonishing how the proportionate time of the music is preserved, notwithstanding such impetuous rapidity of the fingers, and how without violating a single rule of art, in running through shakes and slurs, and various intertwined organizing and counterpoint, with so sweet a rapidity, so unequal an equality of time, so apparently discordant a concord of sounds, the melody is harmonized and rendered perfect." From this testimony of the enemy, we have the fact established that in the twelfth century Ireland was far superior to all the nations of Europe and what is more, it would appear that she had come to a perfect knowledge of counterpoint even long before that time.

What shall we say at this juncture, however, when we hear the voice of England, Scotland, and Wales clamoring for recognition, and saying that they too, in the early times were renowned for their music and poetry.

We are perfectly willing to grant them all they ask as to the beauty and sweetness of their melodies, particularly the Scotch, but what of their origin? Let us know the truth of the matter.

As to England, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, inherited but a slender share of musical talents, and hence it is that the national melodies of the English descended from those

branches of the Teutonic families, are like the people themselves, cold—nothing in them to instruct the mind or warm the heart, and always stand in need of accompaniment to give them interest.

England, however, does not pretend to glory much in her music of ancient days, but Scotland does and so does Wales.

The Scotch, like the Irish, being of Celtic origin, it is to be expected that their tastes, especially in musical matters should be somewhat alike. The fury and zeal of John Knox, who denounced all music, sacred and profane, as the invention of the devil, drove the Scottish musicians to the Highlands, where they remained for generations; handing down their melodies by tradition. As we find these airs to-day, stripped of their fantastical drapery of theatrical accompaniment, we find them in their simplicity to be written generally in a minor scale; characterized by the absence of the seventh, which indicates their relation to the songs of Ireland and Wales. The total absence of the fourth would also indicate that they were written originally for the bagpipes. As to their antiquity, one author, Pinkerton, maintains that none of them antedate the sixteenth century. Mr. Dauney, a Scotchman, on the other hand, contends that not only were they composed at a much earlier date, but that the best Scotch songs had been committed to notation even in the fifteenth century.

It is a fact of history that the Scotch will all admit that the golden age of Scottish music was the fifteenth century; whereas we have seen that the golden age of Ireland's music, was from the sixth to the ninth century. It is generally admitted also by fair critics, that all the collections of Scottish melodies now extant, comprise not merely Scotch, but also many Irish, English, Welsh, and even continental airs. It is equally indisputable that many of the airs, ancient and modern, which are reputed Scotch, are in reality the creation of Irish genius. Take for example their most famous air *Robin Adair*. What is it but the ancient Irish *Aileen Aroon*, slightly paraphrased. It is a fact narrated by the hostile Giraldus Cambrensis, that the Kings of England and Scotland were accustomed to send over to Ireland in the early centuries for minstrels, to play in

the courts and to give instruction to the native harpers. We read of one case in particular, that King Etholdus I, of Scotland, had an Irish harper in his household.

Far be it from us to depreciate the music of Scotland, but when she has actually, in times gone by, pillaged some of the Irish saints out of the calendar and claimed them as her own—Irishmen who went over and taught her religion and all the arts and sciences, and how to make roads, and how to dig ditches, and how to cultivate the fields and how to build schools and churches—it is not to be wondered at that she should plunder also a few of the Irish airs, and claim antiquity for them.

Who taught the Scotch people music? It was none other than Columbkille, and his monks, who went there from Ireland towards the close of the sixth century. Dr. T. Campbell, a Scotchman, tells us in his letters that the music of Scotland is generally of Irish origin, and Dr. McCullough unwillingly admits that the Irish and Welsh have both a class of music to which the Highlanders have no claim, and which no intelligent Scotch musician will claim. "These melodies," he says, "belong to the harp, and abound in Ireland." Even the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article, April 1839, says concerning their possession of the harp: "We fear that the merit of the original introduction of this instrument into this country, must be ascribed to Ireland." For the last three centuries, however, Scotland is so taken up with commerce and economy, that she seems to have lost interest in those liberal arts which refine, ennoble, and adorn the mind.

What we have said of Scotland in regard to its ancient music, may be said also of Wales; but let us hear one or two testimonies to impress the truth more forcibly upon our minds: Powell, in his *History of Cambria*, speaks as follows: "Gruffydh ap Conan brought over with him from Ireland, divers cunning musicians into Wales, who devised in a manner, all the instrumental music that is there now used, as appeareth as well by the books written of the same, as also by the names of the tunes, and measures used among them to this day."

The learned Selden relates the same fact in similar words:

"Their musique," he says, "for the most part came out of Ireland with Gruffydh ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, about King Stephen's time." (Caradoc, in Wynne's *History of Wales*, says: "The harp came here originally from Ireland.") Genuniani, a thorough student of Celtic music, tells us: "We have, in the dominion of Great Britain, no original music but the Irish." Jamison, in his letters from the North of Scotland, bears this testimony: "To Ireland, all who adopted either poetry or music as a profession, were uniformly sent to finish their education, till within the memory of persons still living."

Having settled the question of Ireland's supremacy in musical matters, let us have another practical illustration of the beauty of her old ballads. The original words have been lost, but the world owes an immense debt of gratitude to that inspired poet, Tom Moore, who, at the beginning of the present century, rescued the old melodies from obscurity, and with the true genius of a poet, adapted words to them that bring out fully the meaning of the sounds, whether they speak of love or war or nature. So identified with the music, have the words become, that they are called Moore's Melodies.

Do you not recall the verse in which he speaks of his taking down the harp and making it resound again through the land?

Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence hath hung o'er thee long,  
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee  
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song.

*Silent oh Moyle* is a romantic ballad, written in a minor strain and one of the most beautiful of the melodies.

Another in a major strain, indicating perhaps greater antiquity, is acknowledged to be one of the sweetest and purest love songs ever written: *Believe me, if all those endearing young charms*. A third, also in a major key, speaks of the love of country: *The Meeting of the Waters*.

These are songs that appertain to the times of peace; but the bards who could sing so beautifully of love of woman and native land, could, when the bugle call resounded, rise up from

their sweet dreams of peace and love, and make the hillsides resound with the majestic and determined airs of their war songs. It is needless to rehearse here the sad story of Ireland's wrongs; but we know full well, that invasion after invasion took place; battle after battle was fought, till she was obliged to succumb by sheer force of numbers. It was then that she saw her monasteries and schools and churches battered to the ground; her libraries burned and pillaged; her monks and nuns murdered or sent into exile; her fields ripe with rich harvest, trampled upon, and bedewed with the blood of her bravest and noblest sons. Scenes like these it was, that roused the bards to sing in martial strains, the glory of the ancient days, and to make them such desperate fighters; a quality that characterizes the Irishman even to-day, no matter for what country or under what flag he goes to battle; even if it be under the bloody standard of the country he loathes. The Irish marches, if you will recall the airs to which they marched to battle, are about the liveliest you can imagine; in fact, it is hard to keep one's feet still when we hear them. *Garryowen, Patrick's Day, The Girl I Left Behind Me*, are examples in point.

There are one or two of the war songs, however, that I would like you to hear, as they express more fully than the marching songs—the determination of the warriors, and the patriotism of the minstrels. The first will be *Avenging and Bright* and the second, *The Minstrel Boy*.

Now, what are the distinguishing characteristics of the Irish airs? First, many of them are written in a minor key, though the more ancient of them recorded appear to be written in the major key; and this truly expresses the difference in the ages of the airs; for in her days of triumph and peace, she seldom sang in a minor strain. Another characteristic is that many of the airs are marked by the entire omission of the *fourth* and the *seventh* tones of the scale, and this would indicate that some of them were written originally for the bagpipes, which is incapable of producing those tones. The melodies are generally set in triple time, but in different measures. The first part modulated and terminating on the key-note;

the second part generally higher by an octave, is modulated to the octave fifth. The latter parts, whether two or more, bear close affinity to the preceding, but varied like the parallelism of the Hebrew poetry, sometimes directly—sometimes alternately—sometimes inversely. The one positive mark, however, and the feature common to all real ancient Irish airs, is the emphatic use of the major sixth; such at least is the decision of Mr. Bunting, than whom no higher authority in these matters can be quoted.

Another peculiar feature of the music is this, that with the Irish, the melody was a king that would have menial attendants, but no rival near his throne. They loved the simple air that spoke directly to the heart, and they were anything but partial to harmony, when there was question of vocal music; for they felt that thus the *air* is obscured and the words unintelligible—the sound may please the ear, but that is all; the heart remains unmoved.

When we place ourselves therefore as unbiased judges and in all humility, as mere lovers of music; judge it by its effects and place side by side the simple Irish melody of a thousand years ago, and the modern complicated harmonies of counterpoint, as perfected by Wagner in his Trilogv, I do not hesitate to say, that while the latter strains may make startling impressions on the brain of the highly educated musician, the world at large, educated or otherwise, will always declare in favor of the simple melody.

This is said *not* in depreciation of modern music, but merely to show that the melodies which have lasted for over a thousand years, and are still sung and listened to with delight by millions of people the world over, must have in them a divinely infused spark; must be true to nature—and this is the superiority we claim for the music of the Gael.

I think we ought to be content to rest upon the laurels of the past; and yet, lest you should imagine that for the last two centuries, Ireland has not tried to keep alive her reputation as a land of song, we may not forget that in 1732, Handel, the great composer, having been coldly received by the unsym-

pathetic Saxon, went over to Ireland and there brought out for the first time, before a Dublin audience, his wonderful oratorio, the *Messiah*.

Michael Kelly, a Dublin man, wrote no less than sixty dramatic pieces of eminent merit, and was for many years director of music in Drury Lane Theater, London.

Balfe of Donnybrook, has endeared himself to the English speaking world by the *Bohemian Girl*.

The greatest musician in England, probably, in this century bears the Irish name of Sullivan. The most popular ballad writer in the United Kingdom has also a name that indicates the land of his ancestors, Gerald Molloy. In our own country I can venture to say that if the verdict of the American people were taken as to who was the best known and best beloved musician that this country has known, and who has done more to make the people love music than all the other leaders put together, and who was the first to popularize the music of the modern German school, I feel that, with one accord, they would pronounce the revered name of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore. Even *this very year* while the rest of the countries of Europe are talking of wars and rumors of war, Ireland has had a great peace celebration, a musical contest, to which she invited musicians of all nations to compete for prizes, as original composers. Even in the United States this winter when many theaters were playing to almost empty benches, there were two operas—*Brian Boru* and *Shamus O'Brien*, that crowded the Broadway theater the whole season, and not only the metropolis, but the other large cities of the Union were able to get some idea of the picturesque and glorious side of Ireland's history.

We may conclude, therefore, that with this spirit amongst her people, there is no reason why we may not hope that when the shadows pass away, and when brighter days shall dawn; when "her suns with doubtful gleam" shall no longer "weep as they rise"; when she receives back once more, the land that justly belongs to her; when she has the right to cultivate it under a just system of taxation laws; then will she again revive the arts of peace for which in times past she was so



## Melodies and Songs of Ireland 321

celebrated, and chiefest of these will be the art of music, to which during the long night of her suffering, she has so fondly clung.

She will no longer tune the harp to a minor key that recalls the captivity in Babylon and the days of slavery, but she will revive in all their inspiring beauty—the major strains that proclaim her emancipation. While we await, in God's pleasure, the coming of this blessed era, all we ask is for the nations of the earth to give her the honor that is her due. She laid the foundations of all harmony in secular and profane music. Do not dispute her title, for she clings to it as a sacred relic of past greatness with the tenderest love; and when challenged, she points with "the tear and the smile" in her eye to the golden harp upon her banner of green and says:

Of old, the nations of the world revered that banner, and never disputed my right to that golden emblem, please God those days may come again.

Is it any wonder that her favorite poet thus apostrophizes her:

The Nations have fallen, and thou art still young,  
Thy sun is but rising when others have set;  
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,  
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.  
Erin, Oh! Erin, though long in the shade—  
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.

## VII

### SONGS OF SUNNY ITALY<sup>1</sup>

The very mention of sunny Italy is intimately associated in our minds with all that is beautiful and inspiring in music and poetry, in art and architecture. Students from all lands go thither to make profound studies in those arts which ennoble man and which tend to satisfy the longings of his soul with a partial realization of the dreams of the beautiful and the true, and which for years have haunted him by night and by day.

It seems scarcely possible that this romantic and favored land should have been for centuries the scene of cruel wars and bloodshed, for the very atmosphere seems to breathe naught else but peace, tranquillity, and *dolce far niente*.

Who that has ever dwelt in that country so blest of Heaven, can forget her clear blue skies, for months and months with never a cloudlet to obscure the gorgeous dome above? Who can forget the rugged Appenines, or the plains of Lombardy, or the Umbrian Mountains, or the thrice romantic Queen of the Adriatic, or Genoa, the superb, or Imperial Rome or charming "Bella Napoli" nestling so peacefully at the foot of Vesuvius.

Pictures of scenes witnessed in this land that possesses the fatal gift of beauty in such a marked degree, come flocking before my imagination so quickly that if I let my pen fly away with my thoughts, I should never come to the subject of our morning's Round Table Talk.

Our summer saunterings through the Sabine Hills; our pilgrimages to Monte Cassino and Subiaco, Orvieto and Assisi, Loretto and Gennezano; our tedious climb before daybreak to the peak of Monte Cavo to see the sun rise in all its glory over fair Italia; our walks along the highway through the vineclad

<sup>1</sup> Round Table Talk at Catholic Summer School, July, 1899.

hills as we, lighthearted and happy students in those halcyon seminary days, sang a harmonized Magnificat at the magic hour of the *Ave Maria* when that moment is felt in its fullest power.

Truly there is something in the balmy air of Italy that makes one want to sing from morn till night. And yet it is not the air, after all, it is rather the same presence that causes the lark to rise high on wing, and warble its clear pure notes to the light of the morning sun. It is the same presence that causes the bees to hum, and the cricket to chirp, and the doves to coo the whole day long. It is the wondrous presence of God that one feels in this land. It is the presence felt there above all other lands of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, whose praises are so constantly chanted that one need not marvel that our own beloved poet has said so beautifully of it:

This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land,  
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer,  
All hearts are touched and softened at her name,  
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,  
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant.

The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,  
Pay homage to her as one ever present,  
And if our faith had given us nothing more,  
Than this example of all womanhood,  
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,  
This were enough to prove it higher and truer  
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

This faith, which becomes a living reality, is what causes the laborer as he works in the vineyard from sunrise to sunset for a paltry pittance, to sing as he toils, and when the day's work is done, will he finish his roundelay with his companions, as they walk along the old Roman highway to their humble abodes. How often during the evening recreation have we stood on the balconies of the summer house in Palestrina, looking at the lights of Rome in the distance, and have heard these same peasants singing their folk songs after the manner of the trovatori or troubadours of more ancient days, the precentor improvising as he went along, and all the company joining in a sweet prolonged major chord at the end.

I am inclined to think from my knowledge of the Italian people that it is religion and faith more than nature that make men sing, and this will explain more satisfactorily why the Italians are such a truly musical people. And what is the subject of their song? That which makes the world go 'round. For just as we can understand the cooing of the doves and the carols of the birds in springtime, even though the sounds appear to us inarticulate, so perhaps the birds in their own peculiar way hear the children of Sunny Italy singing always the unchanging refrain of Io-t'amo. Mi amai-tu?

We know full well that whatever may have been the perfection to which the ancient Romans brought the science of music, the only music we hear of for centuries in Italy, is the music of Holy Church, and the same may be said of all the countries of Europe save those that were settled in the far north by the Celts.

Ambrose in Milan, brought the sacred chants in his Episcopal City to such a high standard of perfection in the fourth century that Augustine willingly testifies that they caused the tears of tenderest emotion to stream down his cheeks and moved his heart to the most sincere repentance.

May we not here recall that celebrated saying attributed to Mozart: "I would rather be the composer of the *Pater Noster* of St. Ambrose than of all the compositions I ever penned."

In those early days of the Christian Church, the people learned the psalms and hymns of the church, and in alternate choirs sang together the praises of the Blessed Trinity, and thus did they become a musical people and a deeply religious people, for religion and music formed a part of their daily lives.

After a few centuries a spirit of rivalry entered into the hearts of some who had better voices and greater musical talent, and thus almost simultaneously with the troubadours of Provence arose the trovatori in Italy. These trovatori were so called because they were the finders or inventors of melodies, and were a species of wandering minstrel, who went from one town to another, sometimes improvising songs, but more frequently singing the songs of the provinces of the North to the people of the South and vice versa.

Those of you who have had the pleasure of hearing the *Meistersinger* of Wagner, will recall the severe rules of time-measure laid down by the Master, nevertheless Walter, the hero, casting aside all these rules, sang his melody with all his heart and soul, followed the pauses and measures dictated by his feelings, and by common acclamation was awarded the prize.

This is the great secret of interpreting the folk songs or ballads of a nation, to make them reach the heart; they need not be sung by an artist in the modern use of the term, in fact the less art used in their rendition, unless it be concealed art, the more likely will they effect the end which the composer intended. How frequently do we find the folk songs of Ireland and Scotland and England, not to speak of other countries, ruthlessly stripped of all their beauty by singers and musicians who insist on rendering them in strict accordance with modern notation.

The folk songs of the Italians, like those of other nations, was the spontaneous effort of the people to give natural utterance to the struggling emotions of the heart in language that would voice the longings of the soul. These songs of the people of Italy, founded no doubt on the sacred chants of the Church, being of natural origin and untrammelled by scientific theories, grew gradually to be a great power and formed the basis of contrapuntal music of various schools both in France and Italy. It is interesting to note that the *trovatori*, who because they ranked with jugglers and buffoons, were excluded from the sacraments of the Church, were gradually catered to and made use of by the same prudent Church, and their influence brought to bear upon the religious cult of the people.

For this reason we find them in the thirteenth century allowed to take part in the mystery plays, and to introduce into these sacred performances the vernacular instead of the Latin language. The songs of the *trovatori* were of varied classes, the *canzonetti* or love songs, the *serenate* or evening songs, the *ambade* or morning songs, the *servantes* or songs in praise of patrons, the *roundelays* or songs with refrain and chorus, the *dance songs* which accompanied round dances, and the *pastorelle* which treated of Arcadian love.

As to the actual musical compositions of the trovatori, we have very little traces left, for the simple reason that as a rule, they were handed down by tradition, something after the manner adapted by the bards of Ireland and the Scottish minstrels.

As continual warfare and strife among the numberless petty princes and feudal lords divided Italy into so many states, it was almost an impossibility for the people to hand down their ancient folk songs to an appreciative posterity. The Church did not consider herself the guardian of these folk songs as such, and consequently did not much care if they were forever lost. We may be certain, however, from what we know of the customs of Catholics in all ages that many of the popular love ditties crept into the church worship, and vice versa, many of the sacred airs were adapted for secular purposes. We know as a matter of history, that the Popes of the fourteenth century were obliged to call a halt to the outrageous practices of choir-masters who introduced, not merely the secular airs into the church service, but frequently the foolish and sometimes vulgar and indecent phraseology.

As a fair example of what must have been the style of music of the old Italian folk songs, let us take one of the old chants of the *Salve Regina*, for the strains heard upon the Campagna at twilight among the unlettered peasants to-day, run very much on the same lines. This beautiful invocation to the Queen Mother of Mercy dates back to the eighth century.

Salve Regina! Mater Misericordiae  
 Vita, dulcedo et spes nostra Salve!  
 Ad te clamamus, exules filii Evae,  
 Ad te suspiramus gementes et fientes,  
 In hac lachrymarum valle.  
 Eia! ergo, Advocata nostra  
 Illos tuos misericordes oculos,  
 Ad nos converte, et Jesum  
 Benedictum fructum ventris tui  
 Nobis post hoc exilium ostende  
 O clemens, o pia, o dulcis Virgo Maria.

The songs of the peasantry, which are properly speaking the folk songs of the country to-day, for the most part resemble

the solemn sweet strains of the *Salve Regina*, usually in a major but frequently in a minor strain. The subject matter is usually unrequited love, love of mother country, or the death or departure of a member of the family. In the north of Italy the minor chords and melancholy semitones prevail; but the further south we go, the more lively shall we find both the words and music of their songs. True it is that since the unification of Italy, and since she began to make what materialists call progress, she has lost a great deal of her poetic nature. Songsters of every degree from the prima donna to the peasant are gradually growing more rare; for once a nation loses its old traditions, and from a land of romance becomes a land wholly absorbed in commerce, its people though they be still lovers of music, yet do they cease to sing, for their minds and hearts are too much chained down to earth. Alas! even the songs of the peasantry have undergone a great change in the last thirty years, for whereas formerly, their songs were the utterance of pure and holy affection, many of their modern ballads burn with unhallowed fire, and many more will not bear translation.

Interesting as is the history of folk songs among the peasantry of Italy, and picturesque their settings, it would take more time than is left at our disposal to do it even meager justice. In Sicily alone, which is regarded by Italians as the origin of all beautiful music, there is a collection of no less than seven thousand popular canzone. The songs of Tuscany, Venice, Lombardy, Umbria, Rome and Naples, would require each a special essay.

We shall be content, therefore, to cull here and there from the modern popular songs as sung by the people of the cities, and from those sweet airs catch an echo of the folk songs of bygone days. How shall we begin to choose when there is such an immense variety of exquisite melodies? We may well call them folk songs because most of them are written for the people at large, and frequently, as we shall see, a popular vote is taken to decide which composition, out of several contesting for a prize, is the choice of the people themselves.

Such is the genius of the Italian for writing popular music that it is a remarkable fact that one of them, *The Last of the*

*Romans*, who in his *Othello* and *Falstaff* shows that he acknowledges the superiority of the Wagnerian School of Music, wrote at one time an opera that not only satisfied the severe critics of his day, but that even the bootblacks on the street whistled and sang delightful airs from the same. If you doubt this, you have but to recall the opera of *Trovatore* and the airs, "Ah! I have sighed to rest me." "Ai nostri monti" and "Di quella pira."

Starting from the far North, we may take a popular canzone called *La Partenza* which tells the story of the "good-by" of a soldier as he departs for the war and receives in a silver heart, a lock of hair from his innamorata and promises fidelity to her during the long days of absence. What a dearth of writers of hymns there must be in the United States when we find that for years this identical love song was the rallying air of *The League of the Sacred Heart*. Why it was chosen I cannot understand, for surely there is nothing churchy or devotional in the music.

#### LA PARTENZA

##### I

Sulla terra, sulla terra derelitto,  
Ogni speme, ogni spem'ho posto in te;  
Consolar'si consolar un cuor'afflitto  
E mertare si mertar dal ciel'mercè.  
Un sol'riccio ai tuoi capelli,  
Rub'o cara, rub'o car'e dallo a me;  
Ogni gioia avro da quelli,  
Se lontano, se lontano saro da te.

##### II

Con quel riccio con quel riccio benedetto,  
Ogni malo, ogni mal sconiurerò.  
In un cuor' in un cuor' d'argento stretto,  
Sul mio petto, sul mio pett'il portero  
E guardandolo nei giorni,  
Che si triste, che si triste fa'l'mor.  
Penserò che io ritorni,  
Potró stringerti al mio cuor.

If we go now in imagination to Venice, we shall hear a very pretty serenade as sung by one of the gondoliers.



Dickens in his pictures from Italy describes his trip to Venice as a dream, and so it really seems after you have once paid a visit to this delightful Queen of the Adriatic. You find there a city unique amongst the cities of the world; a city whose streets and highways are of water and whose house doors open at the waters' edge; a city whose romantic story forms one of the most delightful pastimes to the lover of historical truth.

It was while in a gondola on the Grand Canal that we passed a merry party whose boat was gay with many vari-colored lanterns, and heard the serenade of a gay young Venetian as he accompanied himself on the guitar.

It was an exquisite melody which sounded all the more beautiful perhaps because of the presence of the silvery moon which emerged from under a dark cloud just as we were passing under the Rialto. The song I cannot remember, but another one written in the same vein will give you an idea of the Venetian popular song. It is called:

## NON TI RAMMENTI

## I

Prendi uno stile  
Squarciami il cuore;  
Se il nostro amore,  
Tu dei tradir.  
Non ti rammenti,  
Dell' erba molle?  
Non ti rammenti  
Del nostro amor?  
Non ti rammenti  
Dell' erba molle?  
Non ti rammenti  
Del primo amor.

## II

Nel tuo giardino  
Colsi un mughetto,  
Che sul mio petto,  
Riposa ognor—  
Non ti rammenti,  
Quelle serate;  
L'ore passate  
Insieme con me.

## III

Ami un rivale  
 Me l'hanno detto  
 Ma il cuor dal petto  
 Gli stapperó.  
 Non ti rammenti  
 Del erba molle?  
 Piu nulla senti  
 Del primo amor.

We followed the gay party, on past the Island of St. George and around again to the piazzetta of St. Mark. Here the scene was enchanting. All Venice seemed to have assembled in front of the great basilica of St. Mark to witness the illumination of the new fountain. It was a scene of gaiety that would be sufficient to turn the heart of an anchorite for a while at least, to the gayeties of the world. One of the pretty songs we heard that evening was called *La Barchetta*, or the little boat.

## I

La barchetta che scorre sull' onde,  
 S'avvicina portando'l mio bene;  
 O! contento finiscon' le pene,  
 Fra brev'ora il mio amor rivedró;  
 Vien t'affretta ad arrivar la la la la.

## II

Egli riede ricolmo d'onori,  
 Conquistati sul campo di gloria;  
 La qual prod'il guidó la vittoria,  
 Qui al mio fianco l'adduce l'mor;  
 Vien, etc.

## III

Voga o voga o! barchetta veloce,  
 Sopra l'alge del placido mare;  
 Corri vola, non far piu penare;  
 Quest' afflitta che tanto spero.  
 Vien, etc.

Another lively ditty expresses the moon struck rhapsodizing of a swain whose tender words seem to make no effect upon the

hard heart of his little Louise, for in the refrain at the end of every verse he says to her, Ah, Luisella, why does the thought of you torture me night and day?

## LUISELLA

## I

Ne sta na giardiniera,  
Se chiama Luisella,  
Da coppa all'aranella,  
Me vene a'ncojeta.  
Ne tene 'no giardino  
Chiu rose marina  
Luisè sera e mattina,  
Non me viene a prettar.

## II

Na capuzzella tonna,  
Capille a filo d'oro  
Che 'nce l'entrezza amore  
Per far'la ciancia.  
E co'ch'il uocchio pare  
'Nna stella matutina.  
Luisè, etc.

## III

Luisè! se me te sposo  
T'accatto li sciaquaglie,  
L'azzietta á trenta maglie  
Te voglio fa piglia!  
Te viglio 'no corpietto,  
Purzi 'na manteglina  
Luise, etc.

If we leave Venice and take our way to central Italy to glorious old Florence with its Duomo, and its Giotto's wondrous tower and its gates of Paradise and all its treasures of art, we shall see enough in one hour to make us understand why Dante could find so many humble imitators, who, while they could not climb Parnassus Heights as did the great Florentine, yet tumbled and played around its base, and gave great pleasure by their simple verses to those who could but ill appreciate the lofty flights of the master mind.

He sang in sad strains of the *Inferno* and its woes, and then

like Milton gave us glimpses of the celestial circles around God's white throne. Whither he went the people could not follow, even in imagination, for many of them had hell enough and to spare on earth, without wishing to contemplate his too realistic pictures of the eternal hell beyond the grave.

As for heaven, they saw what they deemed a reflection of it that satisfied their cravings, in the wondrous façade of their own Cathedral or in the grand mountains and fertile valleys of Tuscany around about them.

Their song writers attuned their lyres to themes of earth and made the people sing the sweetest story ever told, in a way that appealed strongly to their natures. Perhaps their intention was to sing of a pure, unselfish love that ennobles men and women, but alas! their songs often, with exquisite musical setting, degenerate into ignoble sensual passion that degrades, and tends to make of men mere animals.

Some of the plaintive ditties that tell the story of unrequited love, are very pretty. One of these, called *The Lily Maiden*, may serve as an example of the rest.

In the original the words are filled with a tenderness and gentle reproach that are in perfect harmony with the sweet strains that tell of the breaking heart of the maiden. The girl is dying of consumption and reproaches her faithless lover, yet with the tear blending with the smile in her eye, for very joy at his presence, she pretends not to care and says, "By and by when the roses come back to my cheeks you will regret that you rejected the maiden with the lily face."

#### LA SMORTINA

##### I

Ti ho lasciato e son' contenta;  
Non m'incresce, niente, niente.  
Altro giovine ho già in mente,  
Piu bellino assai di te.

##### II

Piu bellino e piu galante,  
Piu costante nel 'amore;  
Gli ho donato tutto il mio cuore,  
Finche vivo l'amero.

## III

Non badar se son' smortina,  
L'è l'amor che mi tormenta,  
Quando poi sarò contenta  
Il color ritornerà.  
Piu bellino assai di te.

One of the Italian poets speaking of Venice says of her:

Music and song had in thee their birth,  
Italia's most beautiful daughter thou art.

Beauty is a relative thing after all, and what may be beauty to one, may seem ugliness to another, so we shall not gainsay the words of the poet as to the relative beauty of Venice; but as to the birth of music and song within its borders—this is another story. Even if it were true that these gracious heavenly twins were born in Venice, yet did the majority of their descendants move far South, for to-day we find that the true home of popular melodies is in Naples or "*Bella Napoli*" as the Neapolitans love to call it.

Who can wonder that Naples has produced melodies so enchanting that they are sung the world over when we recall the panorama that caused an enthusiast to exclaim, *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*. "See Naples and then die." The city itself nestling at the foot of the ever flaming Vesuvius, the magic islands of Capri and Ischia that spring up like the enchanted isles of the Arabian nights out of the clear azure waters of the bay; the ever blue skies that hang over the romantic towns of Pompeii, Torre dell' Annunziata with its walls of macaroni, Castellammare, Amalfi, Sorrento; the boatmen of Santa Lucia, the venders of fish and ices with their peculiar cries, these and similar scenes give the inspiration to the Neapolitan for his popular songs.

How disappointed I was when I first saw Santa Lucia! The whole world loves the song that sings the praises of this spot, and yet to my foreign eyes it was but a commonplace quay where fishermen landed and sold their fish, and kissed the hand of the good-natured parish priest who sat near the church door and watched them at their work.

Yes, but I was told by one of these fishermen that it was from this same old dock that the emigrants set out in the little boats that were to carry them on to the great ships in the harbor, which took them away to the land of the West. Then I understood how a commonplace spot might become filled with the most poetic recollections. Who has not heard that sweet little ballad of

## SANTA LUCIA

## I

Sul mare lucica  
L'astro d'argento.  
Placida è l'onda  
Prospero è il vento;  
Venite all'agile  
Barchetta mia  
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

## II

O! dolce Napoli  
O! suol beato  
Ove sorridere volle il creato,  
Tu sei l'impero  
Dell'armonia  
Santa Lucia.

## III

Su questo zeffiro,  
Così soave  
O! comè bello,  
Star sulla nave,  
Su! passeggeri  
Venite via,  
Santa Lucia.

Many of the Neapolitan songs treat of the barchetta or little boat and come under the general head of barcarolle. To those of us who live in great cities there is very little poetry connected with the fish market, or the boats that come up heavily laden to the dock with the result of the fishermen's toil. Those, however, who have spent a season at some of the fishing towns of Maine or Nova Scotia, can appreciate the songs that tell of the anxious hearts that await the return of the little bark far out at sea in the midst of a storm. The little lamps

are lit and tapers burn in front of favorite shrines of the Madonna, and heartfelt vows are made of varied decorations to the shrine; or pilgrimages to be made to the distant cave of St. Michael or even to Loretto. And let it be said that the vows are faithfully kept as is fully attested by the numberless thank offerings adorning the shrines of Santa Lucia and other favorite chapels.

One of the prettiest of these barcarolles is called *La Marenarella* or the *Little Fisherm maiden*. Giovanni, a sailor is on the sea and he sings to the following effect:

## I

I am a mariner, on the coast living  
For finest fish, I'm still on the watch,  
And my strong nets are all of love's weaving  
For a fine lamprey, fain would I catch.  
And if good luck my fishing attend,  
To lovely Nenna, the lamprey I'll send.  
With love o'erladen, for that fisherm maiden,  
For her dear sake I could lie down and die.

## II

Sprightly my bark is  
And when I steer it,  
None can come near it,  
When in full sail.  
Well it has borne me,  
When storms raved round me,  
Like some white seabird,  
Borne on the gale.

## III

Now it must aid me  
To bring home my prey,  
While yonder moon,  
Shines brightly as day.  
Down by the Chia Santa Lucia  
I've an idea, blesses my net.  
From harm defends me  
Good fortune sends me,  
And for success I'll  
Trust to her yet.  
If I can catch that fish in my net,  
My thanks to her  
I'll never forget.

## Father Tom

## LA MARENARELLA

## I

So marenare, de sta marina,  
 Li pesce fine, stongo a pescà.  
 La rezza mia, rezza d'amore,  
 E 'na murena, voglio 'ncappa.  
 E si la sciorta me fa figlia  
 A Nenna bella, l'aggia mannà.  
 Oh! quant è bella, 'sta marenarella,  
 A me puverello ma fa muri.

## II

La barca mia,  
 Tene o' temone,  
 Va 'na saetta,  
 Tanto che è buona  
 M'ave sarvato  
 P'ogne tempesta  
 E sempre lesta  
 Stace a sfela.

Ma mo 'sto scoglio  
 Voglio zumbà,  
 La lun'e chiara  
 Posso pesca.

Oh! quant'è bella,  
 'Sta marenarella,  
 A me puverello  
 Ma fa muri.

## III

Pe tutto chiaja  
 Santa Lucia  
 'Sta barca mia,  
 La guardia fà.  
 E cumm'a 'n'arco,  
 Faccia a veletta,  
 Si 'na murena,  
 Posso 'encappa,  
 E dint'arezza,  
 Quanno la veco,  
 Quanna priezza,  
 Che voglio fà.  
 Oh quant, etc.



To show the interest manifested in songs and song writers by the Neapolitans we have but to recall the feast of the Madonna of Piedigrotta which occurs early in September. Naples on that day is gay with bright colored banners, macaroni is devoured in strings a yard long, the farmers' two-wheeled gigs that carry a dozen passengers on shelves one over the other go rattling through the streets drawn by ever-willing, yet well-whipped little horses. The little John the Baptists clad solely in nature's garb cheer them as they rush along the streets toward Piedigrotta whither every one is going to-day.

The religious ceremony over, the great event of the feast takes place, for this is the occasion of the annual contest among the composers as to who will give the people the most popular song for the year, and it means not only honor but a lot of money for the fortunate one.

Triumphant cars or floats are prepared on which the composer and his picked singers are mounted, and these cars, sometimes numbering as many as fifteen, go in slow procession through the streets pausing at certain fixed places to sing the composer's new song.

The royal representatives have a vote, so have the members of the town council, so have the musical critics, and so have the people a vote, and the voice of the majority prevails, so that the most catchy song is chosen, and the victor wins not only a prize, but also a large sale for his song.

Here again we have such an immense number to choose from that it is very difficult to select. I have chosen one wherein the fisher maiden prays at the shrine of the Madonna for her beloved Giovanni, who lies very ill with the fever, and the girl in her fervor calls upon the Santissima Vergine to hear her lowly petition, and promises her two votive offerings for her shrine, a gold ring her mama bought her four years ago, and a necklace of coral. She likewise promises to light a taper every Saturday at the shrine if her Giovanni recovers.

## OGNI SABATO

O! Santissima Vergine Maria!  
 Concedetemi il vostro gran' favore,  
 Porgete ascolto al orazione mia,  
 Ti prego pe'il mio ben'che se ne muore.  
 Maria! Maria!

## II

Ti voti di donarvi quel'anello,  
 Che mi compro la mama son quattr'anni  
 E il vezzo di corallo tanto bello.  
 Ma fate che guerisca il mio Giovanni,  
 E se quel poverin mi sara reso,  
 Ogni Sabato avrete il lume acceso.  
 Maria! Maria!

I cannot more fittingly bring our talk to a close than by singing for you what has proven the most popular song written in Naples during the last thirty years, it having become one of the national airs, and the people always welcome it as we do the *Suwanee River* or *The Star Spangled Banner*. It is called, *Funiculi! funicula!* which is a dialect term for the cable or rope railway that runs up the side of Vesuvius. The song tells of the youth asking his sweetheart to take a ride on the funicular railway, and tells her of all the sights he will show her when they reach the top. He promises her a view even of France and Spain. Alas! when they arrive at the summit, he forgets all about the crater and France and Spain and all else for he can only see as far as her soulful bewitching eyes, and he gets the courage at that great height to say to her, "My dear, will you marry me?"

## I

Ai sera Nanniné, me ne sagliete,  
 Tu sai addó.  
 A do 'sto cuore ingrato chiude spetti,  
 Far me na puo.  
 Addo lo fuoco coce ma si fuie  
 Te lassa sta.  
 E non te corre appriesso  
 Non te struje  
 Suola guarda.

II

Ne jammo della terra e la montagna,  
No passon cè.  
Se vede Francia Proceta l'Ispagna  
E io vecco à te.  
Tirate colle fune nitto fatto,  
'Ncoelo se va.  
Se va come al vento l'antresatto,  
Que saglia sa.

Jammo, etc.

## VIII

### GOUNOD'S SACRED SONGS<sup>1</sup>

"MEN are but children of a larger growth" is a trite saying. Old toys are quickly thrown aside for new, old lamps for new ones, old truths for what appear to be new truths, and the result is at times the willful obscuring of some of the most sublime truths in the world. Our men of science to-day, for example, who profess to have no faith except in what their reason united to their imagination tells them to be true, after mixing themselves up with the mud of the earth and the slime of the bottom of the ocean, in their endeavors to prove not merely that they are land animals, but that they originally partook of a fishy nature, are so delighted with their discoveries that they tell us that the Church was not only lazy and indolent in all matters pertaining to science, but that she also opposed as heresy such well-known scientific truths as the Copernican system, and the geological history of creation.

After all their pretended discoveries, however, what truth have they demonstrated concerning the origin of our globe? What theory in fact have they suggested to improve upon that given us by St. Augustine over fifteen hundred years ago? What can they tell us concerning the origin of our soul or the reason of our presence upon this earth? Absolutely nothing.

It is to be expected that those who are of the earth, earthy, should keep their eyes fixed upon the earth, but even though Holy Church has had in all ages her eminent scientists who were at the same time ardent defenders of the ancient faith, yet since her chief office is to prepare men for another and an abiding life, she has her thoughts fixed mainly on the Kingdom

<sup>1</sup> Round Table Talk at Catholic Summer School, July, 1899.

of heaven. Hence her principle has always been to cultivate the superior part of man, the living soul, and to cater to its aspirations, ever reaching higher and higher till she comes to a profound study of the Eternal Creator and His Infinite attributes.

It is for this reason that she cultivates to the highest perfection all those arts and sciences that improve, ennoble and broaden men's minds, make their souls beautiful, and cause them to long more and more for the vision of perfect beauty which they feel must exist somewhere in the universe.

Let those men who are so fond of carping at the Church pause for a moment in their work of undermining long established truths and ask themselves, what has the Church done for the architecture of the world? What stand has she taken concerning painting and sculpture from the early days of the Christian Catacombs with their rude mural paintings until the present day? What has she done for the cultivation of the divine art of music? The magnificent cathedrals of Europe, the art galleries of the world's great capitals, as well as the little wayside shrines, and the inspired compositions of the world's greatest musicians are ever living answers to these questions.

Ought not scientists then give credit to the Church not only for attending to her duty in teaching everlasting truths, which is the sole object of her mission here on earth, but also for cultivating to the highest point those studies that have for their object the true and the beautiful?

Let it not be imagined for a moment that we have not within the church men of science, lay and cleric, who are continually on guard, showing the close connection between modern discoveries and the unchangeable teachings of Mother Church. While their number is comparatively few, yet is it sufficient to show the Church's interest in these matters; on the other hand when there is a question of the fine arts, what a galaxy of glorious names comes to our minds.

In music for example, we might run the gamut from Ambrose in the fourth century and Gregory in the sixth, through a host of brilliant names down to the eminent Perosi who to-day is

the talk of the musical world because of his wonderful expositions of the possibilities of counterpoint. The names of Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Verdi, Rossini, Liszt, and Gounod, are emblematic of the heights which it is possible for musical genius to reach. If we have chosen the eminent Frenchman Charles Gounod and his sacred songs as the subject of this paper, it is not because he is greater than all the rest, but simply because of his originality and because of the heart touching effects of his truly classical melodies.

Our thoughts go back in spirit to a Christmas morning many years ago, when our heart was young and sentimental, and when the awakening soul was ready to receive vivid and lasting impressions of beauty real or apparent. On that morning we heard for the first time the *Messe Solenne* of the great French composer. Even still the heart throbs with emotion as we recall the angelic voices with pianissimo accompaniment that seemed to come like a faint echo from the far off hillsides of Judea: *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. What a sweet peace stole over our sense as we listened to the *Et in Terra Pax*, and how our pent up feelings seemed to gush forth even without a sound, in harmony with the magnificent chorus as the fortissimo *Laudamus Te* reverberated through the lofty arches of the church.

One's faith seemed to grow stronger under the influence of that majestic declamatory *Credo in Deum*, the very heavens themselves seemed to reach down and touch the earth in the sustained chords of the *Et Incarnatus Est*, while at the *Vitam Venturi Seculi*, one's soul seemed wafted away far beyond the clouds by the celestial harmonies. Let us speak, however, of the man and of his songs.

Charles François Gounod was born in Paris, on June 17, 1818, and inherited from his mother, a well-known pianist, his remarkable musical talent. The words he uses when speaking of his mother in his *Autobiography of an Artist* are well worth reproducing here, as they show the beautiful soul of the musician. "This account of my life is a testimony of veneration and affection for the being who has given me the greatest

love in the world—mother love. The mother is here below the most perfect image, the purest and warmest ray of Providence; her never-failing care and watchfulness are the direct emanation of the eternal care and watchfulness of God. If I have succeeded in being, doing, or saying anything good, however small in my life, it is to my mother that I owe it and to her I wish to give the credit. It was she who nursed me, who brought me up, who formed me, not alas! in her own image—that would have been too beautiful—and in whatever respect I may have lacked, the shortcoming was not hers but mine. She rests under a stone as pure and simple as was her life. May this tribute of a well-beloved son leave upon her tomb a wreath more durable than the 'immortelles of a day,' and assure for her memory after my death, a respect that I could wish to make eternal."

The man who could have such a love for his mother, both of them being possessed of musical and poetical tastes, could not but be blessed by God in his undertakings, could not but write the noblest kind of musical compositions. His father a well-known painter and draughtsman died while Charles was very young, leaving his widowed mother to care for her two boys, and the height of her ambition was to see them both great artists. Madame Gounod's soul was so full of music that she seemed to sing from morning till night and thus did her young son Charles unconsciously gain correct ideas of intonations and the intervals they represent. So marvelously correct was his ear that a friend entering the house one day asked the boy to stand with his back to the piano while he played certain notes; he did so and when the notes were played upon the piano young Gounod was able to name them from the sound alone. When thirteen years of age he entered a theater for the first time and heard Rossini's *Othello*, and the hearing of that work was the changing point in his life. He was like one transfixed, so overpowered was he by the lights and the scenery and the music, and he kept awake all night forming high ideals, and determined that he would work till he had written as grand an opera as *Othello*. When he broached the subject to his mother she told him not to think of such a thing, because musicians

were a clever but a poor set who had to struggle hard for a living all the days of their lives. Urged by the mother, his teacher, M. Poirson, tried to put the notion out of his head by saying: "To be a musician, my boy, amounts to nothing!" "What, Monsieur" he answered, "is it nothing to be Mozart or Rossini?" Such were the heights to which young Gounod aspired, and he was so persistent in his musical studies that he gained the second "prix de Rome" for an original musical composition, and two years later the "grand prix de Rome" which entitled him to a two years' thorough course of music in the French Academy at Rome, and one year under the best musicians in Germany.

His favorite composers during those years were Palestrina, Bach and Mozart, and his advice to younger musicians was frequently "Read the *Marriage of Figaro*—this ought to be the Breviary of Musicians, for Mozart is to Palestrina and to Bach what the New Testament is to the Old, both being considered as parts of one and the same Bible."

Of his stay in Rome he speaks with all the enthusiasm of an artist; of its architecture, its paintings, its sculpture and its music. Speaking of the music of Rome, some, who are not acquainted with what is meant by real church music, will be perhaps startled to hear him say: "In the matter of religious music there was hardly more than a single place where one could go satisfactorily and profitably and that was the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican. What went on in the other churches was enough to make one shudder! Outside of the Sistine and the one called the chapel of the Canons in St. Peter's, the music was not even good for nothing; it was execrable. One cannot imagine a more unsuitable collection of things brought out in the other churches in the name of the honor of heaven. All the gaudy tinsel of secular music appeared on the stage of these religious masquerades."

We need scarcely add that the same condition of affairs existed in Rome until the present Pontiff Pius X gloriously reigning issued his *Motu Proprio*, by which the Bishops of the whole world were ordered to restore the Gregorian or plain chant and the harmonies of Palestrina, the only two kinds of



sacred music that have received the full sanction of Holy Church.

After giving a glowing description of the marvelous conceptions of Michael Angelo that adorn the ceiling and the walls of the Sistine, he draws a magnificent picture of the relationship of poetry and music to painting, and concludes by saying: "The music of Palestrina seems to be a translation in song of the vast poem of Michael Angelo, and I am inclined to think that these two masters explain and illustrate each other in the same light, the spectator developing the listener and reciprocally, so that finally one is to ask if the Sistine Chapel painting and music is not the product of one and the same inspiration. Music and painting are there found in a union so perfect and sublime, that it seems as if they were the twofold expression of one and the same thought, the double voice of one and the same hymn. It might be said that what one hears is the echo of what one sees. The hearing of a work of Palestrina produces something analogous to the reading of one of the grand pages of Bossuet. Nothing is noticed as you go along, but at the end of the road you find yourself carried to prodigious heights."

His great veneration for Palestrina exercised a marked influence over the impressionable young student, and it was from a deep study of this great master that he received the inspirations that mark him as a perfect interpreter of deep religious thought. It would appear that the study of his favorite master in religious music influenced his writings throughout, for insensibly it creeps in even in many parts of *Faust*, declared to be his masterpiece, as well as in *Romeo and Juliette* both of which operas deal with anything but heavenly love.

After two delightful years spent in Rome, he wended his way to Germany, spending some time in Vienna, where he had the pleasure of hearing some of the works of Schumann performed. A study of this master made him see the great possibilities that existed for the further development of the lighter and gayer style of music, as of the more serious style which he had studied so faithfully in Rome.

We may easily imagine the impression made on the mind of the young man when we read that on his return to Paris, he

attended a course of theology and took preliminary steps towards assuming Holy Orders. Abbé Liszt who was a contemporary and a friend of Gounod went a little further, took minor orders and assumed a semi-cleric dress; but Gounod, finding he had no real vocation to the higher life, devoted himself entirely to his art. Knowing also, despite his great gifts, from the struggles of Berlioz and others in Paris, that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," he went across the channel in 1846—to seek his fortune among the music loving people of the great English capital.

It was here after five years of retirement and close study, that he first produced his *Messe Solennelle*. It was a veritable triumph, the critics declaring it to be a wonderful masterpiece. These with numerous other friends and admirers said: "If Gounod would only write for the operatic stage and sing of worldly love and passion, and put the same soul into the music that characterizes the inspired *Messe Solennelle*, he will be pronounced the greatest musician of the age."

This was the encouragement that Gounod wanted and which had been denied him at home, despite the perfection of his many worthy compositions. His resolution was made. His poetic inspiration and dramatic power, which had been stimulated by the German romantic school of music, now asserted themselves, and he entered into a new career that was to make him one of the most popular classical composers of the century.

*Sappho*, produced in 1851, was a comparative success. *Le Médecin malgré lui*, an opera comique, had a long run in London but did not give him the prestige which he felt was his due, so he set all his genius to work and at length gave to the world his *chef d'œuvre*, *Faust and Marguerite*.

Musical critics, with few exceptions, unite in saying that no contemporary composition can equal this masterpiece of Gounod in exquisite melody and dramatic passion, as well as in great orchestration, and never surpassed it in operatic art.

The best proof of its real worth is that it hushed the critics of the different schools effectually and was received as enthusiastically in Berlin, Vienna, Milan, and St. Petersburg as it was in Paris, where it was first produced.

*Philemon and Baucis*, *La Reine de Saba*, and *Romeo and Juliette* showed the heights which he could reach in romantic opera, while *Tobias*, *Mors et Vita*, and the *Redemption* mark him as a master in oratorio.

In orchestral music he possesses a wonderful faculty of lofty and imposing harmony, and his music is characterized by a refinement and spirituality that is purely his own. For this reason we find his works invested with a unique musical and psychological interest, because we find in them frequently the contending characteristics of sensuous attraction and spiritual mysticism coming from his profound study of the German romantic school and his equal veneration for the works of Palestrina.

A master of church music, a master of oratorio and orchestration, and a master of operatic music, it remained for him to show the world that he could also be a writer of songs. Here again his marvelous genius showed itself. He did not write any ballads that became so popular that the common people could learn them and love them, although his March Song from *Faust* might and did prove an exception when detached from the opera. Gounod, however, had a soul that soared above what was to please the people at large. He wrote not for them, but rather for the musical critics, and hence, we find his songs classical in the highest degree as was to be expected from a master hand. Secular songs and love ditties, he wrote in abundance, but his best known compositions in this department of music are his sacred songs. These melodies are destined to be held in highest esteem forever by lovers of the true and beautiful in classical music, and by the very force of the music itself are able to produce a feeling of religious awe in the breast of the average listener whose soul is attuned by faith alone. Nay, on the mind of the man of pure reason who boasts of his want of faith, the sacred songs of Gounod must exercise a mystic influence which reason alone cannot explain.

One of these exquisite songs speaks to us of the lowly cave at Bethlehem and the story of that wondrous night nineteen hundred years ago when angels announced to shepherds the glad tidings of Christ's birth. The song is called *Nazareth*,

though from the words we should be inclined to think that its proper title ought to be "Bethlehem."


Though poor be the dwelling,  
Come here, come and adore;  
Lo! the Lord of Heaven  
Hath to mortals given  
Life for evermore.

Shepherds who folded  
Your flocks beside you,  
Tell what was told  
By angel voices near.  
To you this night  
Was born He who will guide you  
Through paths of peace  
To living waters clear.

Kings from a far land  
Draw near and behold him,  
Led by the beam  
Whose warning bade ye come.  
Your crowns cast down,  
With robes royal enfold him;  
Your King descends to earth  
From brighter Home.

Wind to the cedars,  
Proclaim the joyful story,  
Wave of the sea  
The tidings bear afar.  
The night is gone;  
Behold in all its glory  
All broad and bright rises  
The Eternal morning Star.

In another song he treats a theme when the life of the Master is at an end. The preaching is over, the work is accomplished, "all is finished." The picture of Our Saviour is presented to us hanging upon a cross, dying for love of mankind, and a touching appeal is made to the Christian heart to return love for love. These beautiful strains are known by the name: *There is a Green Hill Far Away*. It is centuries since Calvary was anything but a barren rock, the place of skulls. It is



centuries since it stood *without* the city walls of Jerusalem, but we can in imagination picture it as it once existed and this will add to our enjoyment of the song.

There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall;  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.  
We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us,  
He hung and suffered there.  
He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good;  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His Precious Blood.

There was no other good enough,  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven and let us in.  
Oh! dearly, dearly has He loved  
And we must love him too;  
And trust in His redeeming Blood  
And try His works to do.

In another song we have on record a manifestation of the sublime faith of Charles Gounod in the Holy Sacrament of the altar. Surely no man could affect the sentiments of reverence and love and awe in God's Majestic Presence, depicted in the music and words of *Adore and Be Still*. One can easily imagine Gounod in the days of his early fervor, when he was getting daily inspiration in his visits to the shrines of the saints during his stay in the Eternal City, receiving with deep humility and faith, the Blessed Sacrament in the church of Trinita di Monti. All the worshipers but himself have left the church; all the lights have been extinguished save the one red lamp that recalls the perpetual presence of the King of Kings. Gounod remains upon his knees wrapt in meditation and thanksgiving, and is so filled with the divine presence that he can only whisper "Trembling soul, adore and be still."

## Father Tom

High heaven hath stooped to earth so lowly,  
God's glory doth my bosom fill,  
O! wondrous light, O! presence holy;  
Trembling soul, adore and be still.

Fleeting love of this earth excelling,  
Is Jesus love so freely given.  
In my heart hath He made His dwelling  
Who is the Lord of earth and heaven.

Bright in my soul new love now gloweth,  
Pure love that from thine own takes birth;  
And my every thought heavenward floweth,  
Seeking its home no more on earth.

When time is done and light is ending,  
O! be my refuge on that day;  
So shall my soul in love ascending,  
Within Thy Heart live for aye.

All the poets and artists who have ever lived in Italy, have written about the magic hour of the *Ave Maria*—the hour of sunset, when all the bells of the land ring out a joyous peal in honor of the mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God. How exquisite is Lord Byron's description of this sunset hour:

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,  
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower  
And the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!  
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!  
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!  
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,  
The heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee.

Charles Gounod, captivated by the potent spell that comes over the Christian soul at the sound of the Angelus bell in fair Italy, wrote one of the sweetest of all his songs.

## RING ON SWEET ANGELUS

Hark 'tis the Angelus sweetly ringing  
O'er hill and vale;  
Hark now the melody maidens are singing,  
Floats on the gale.  
On such a night in years long perished  
I too have sung,  
Those dear old lays so sweet, so cherished  
When life was young.  
Ah! ring on sweet Angelus  
Though thou art shaking  
My soul to tears;  
Voices long silent now  
With thee are waking  
From out the years;  
Oh! sweet Angelus ring on.

Now o'er my heart a spell  
Gently is stealing,  
For words too deep,  
When to the wanderer  
Cometh that feeling  
He can but weep.  
I've heard the lute in dulcet measure,  
'Neath stately dome,  
But Ah! its tunes brought me no pleasure  
Afar from home,  
Ah! ring on sweet Angelus, etc.

Other songs of Gounod that have achieved a marked popularity are *Ruth and Naomi*, *The Guardian Angel*, *Glory to thee My God this Night*, *Forever with the Lord*, and *The King of Love my Shepherd Is*. Let us take the last mentioned song as expressing not only this faith and childish confidence in his Heavenly Father, but likewise his repentance—his return to the House of his Father, as it existed deep down in the soul of the musician, and showed despite the fact that he had wandered far away from the high ideals that he formed as a young man, and even though there be pages of his life he would willingly have blotted out (and which of us cannot say the same) yet did he firmly believe all the while in the great hereafter, and that his ardent hope was to come one day to the sight of the beatific vision and be "Forever With the Lord."

## Father Tom

Forever with the Lord,  
Amen, so let it be;  
Life from the dead  
Is in that word  
'Tis immortality.  
Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

Forever with the Lord,  
Father if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word,  
E'en here to me fulfil.  
Be Thou at my right hand;  
Then shall I never fail.  
Uphold Thou me and I stand,  
Fight and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the vail in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain;  
Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the Throne  
Forever with the Lord.

Like all men, the great Gounod had to die, and when he was lying on the bed of death, awaiting confidently the dread summons, and fortified by the rites of that holy religion he had loved so well and to which he devoted the greater part of his genius, his friends asked him which requiem he preferred to be sung at his funeral mass and his reply was: "Sing the music of the Gregorian chant for that is the most beautiful requiem of all."

May our rising church musicians and organists when tempted to write Masses and other sacred music, seek inspiration where Gounod was wont to seek it, in the music of Palestrina, which is but the perfect development of the Gregorian chant, and which Charles Gounod with his dying breath, de-



clared to be the most perfect of all the music of Holy Mother Church.<sup>1</sup>

With this last mentioned song, we shall conclude this talk. Gounod wandered far from the high ideals he had formed in youth. There are pages of his life we fain would blot out, (but which of us cannot say the same of our own lives) but in the end he returned to the bosom of Holy Church and died strongly fortified with the last rites of religion. When dying, he was asked what requiem he would prefer sung at his obsequies, and he said, "Sing the Mass of the Gregorian chant—that is the most beautiful of all."

*The King of Love* exquisitely and pathetically expresses the idea of the Prodigal's return to his Father's House—where allusion is made to the Shepherd carrying home the lost sheep on his shoulders to the sheep-fold. The words of the 23d Psalm of which this song is a paraphrase is as follows:

"Psalm 23. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me—Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

<sup>1</sup> Father McLoughlin made a slight change in the conclusion of this lecture, and substituted the following conclusion. The last mentioned song refers to *The King of Love my Shepherd Is*.

## IX

### THE SMILES AND TEARS OF ERIN<sup>1</sup>

I have listened numberless times to panegyrics on the great apostle of Ireland; I have attended many lectures that spoke the praises of the liberator or the patriot; I have listened to the never-ending, well-deserved praise of the Irishman at home and abroad; I have tried my best to entertain many audiences by extolling the music of the green isle, and I had come to the conclusion that there was nothing more to hear or to say on the subject of Ireland. This naturally led me to ponder on the subject and to ask myself the question: Is there not some new way of presenting an old story? The result of my thoughts you will hear for yourselves this evening. If you have come to hear an old time dry lecture, you will be disappointed, because I cannot dignify this entertainment by the name of a lecture—it is intended as a pleasant recreation for an hour and a half spent with the literary geniuses that have illuminated the firmament of Ireland's literature, and if at times there may come unbidden this evening the quivering to the lip, the tear-drop to the eye, it will be quickly dispensed by the glimpse of sunshine that follows and the tear will change to a smile. Such is the character of the Irishman wherever we find him the world over, like the land that gave him birth.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies.  
Shining through sorrow's stream,  
Saddening through pleasure's beam  
Thy suns with doubtful gleam weep while they rise.

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered in Transfiguration Church, New York.

Erin thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,  
Till, like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in Heaven's sight,  
One arch of peace.

Such is the language in which the poet describes the Island of Saints and it is perfectly descriptive of the typical Irishman of to-day. The tear and the smile succeed one another so quickly that they appear to blend one with the other. This is one of the reasons why the Irishman's character is so much misunderstood. His nature is so mercurial and impulsive that he is quickly moved either to good or evil. His judgment is quick and he acts hastily, be it for the right or the wrong side. Hence he differs very much from his neighbors. It has been well said that an Englishman thinks and then speaks, a Scotchman thinks twice and then speaks, an Irishman speaks first and then thinks afterwards. More truly might it be said that the Englishman and the Scotchman think with the head, but the Irishman thinks with the heart. He is as quick as a flash to understand a joke even though it be at his own expense, and to give a quick retort, if retort or repartee is called for. He is extremely sensitive to ridicule, especially if this comes from one who is not of his own nationality. He will enjoy it, perhaps, if it come from one of his own kind. Far be it from me to utter one word of ridicule against the noble race from which I have the honor to spring. After my own beloved Columbia, the land that gave me birth, I love and revere the Island of Saints where my father and mother came from, and where their ancestors lived before them for hundreds of years, and I glory in her history as the history of my people; and as a true son of Erin I live in the hope to see her what my heart fondly wishes her: "Great, glorious, and free, first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

I have said that an Irishman is a rather sensitive plant. Sometimes he may carry this trait too far, and is actually looking for insults the whole time, imagining that people are trying to make game of him. You have all heard of the

fellow at Donnybrook fair who was accustomed to walking around dragging his long coat-tail in the mud and daring any one to tread on the tail of his coat, actually itching for a fight.

I knew an Irishman once who actually got offended if you said that the Irish speak with a brogue. Now, it is positively absurd to say they do not. The Irish all have a brogue, some more and some less. If you hear the English language spoken by a Cork or a Dublin lady, you hear perfect English, but you have the sweetest little brogue you would want to listen to. On the other hand if you hear peasants from the hills of Connaught who speak with their mouths open, or countrymen from Ulster who speak with their teeth shut, you sometimes are puzzled to tell whether they are speaking English or Irish. Brogue! Why, when the great Daniel O'Connell arose to speak in the British Parliament, for the first time, the assembled members roared at his rich Kerry brogue, but they soon learned that the most perfect English grammar is often heard under the broad accent.

I remember well back in 1871, when a boy, that my mother brought me to the Academy of Music in Brooklyn to hear the celebrated Dominican lecturer, Father Tom Burke. Never shall I forget the wild enthusiasm of that immense audience as the humble friar clad in his white robe came upon the stage to speak on: "The Pope, the Crown which he wears and of which no man can deprive him." Never shall pass from my memory the opening sentence of that lecture when with a broad Irish accent he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the poet has told us that an honest man is the noblest work of God, but I say to you to-night that the noblest work of God is the Holy Catholic Church." This pronunciation of the English language, my dear young American friends, is worth noticing. It goes by the comical name of brogue, but it is not so funny after all, if you will but listen to the explanation of it. First of all let me tell you that if you went to the country districts of Yorkshire in England and not so far from London itself you would not understand half what the people are saying. If you went up into Scotland you would understand still

less. If you went into the heart of London and took the average Londoner, you would be obliged to smile very often at his funny pronunciation of the English language. I remember very well hearing a young English lady of education and refinement singing a song and the burden of the chorus was: "Let us be guy to-die." I found out by looking at the words that she was trying to say, "Let us be gay to-day."

Now, I am going to make an assertion which many of you may think extravagant, and that is that the Irish brogue, or at least the broad accent is the only correct pronunciation of the English language. Let me prove it to you. There was a time when Ireland was a nation with a language of her own, the Gaelic. That language is still spoken in some of the mountain regions of the West and the North. There are many of the old folks in this parish who don't know their prayers except in Irish. Not so many years ago quite a congregation used to assemble in this dear old church and say the rosary every night in Irish.

Henry II at the head of the English entered into Ireland, and tried to rob them of their language, but he failed. Henry's successors for three hundred years tried to do the same, and at last those who were left were forced to learn English against their will, and did learn it under Elizabeth. But they were consistent and for three hundred years have stuck to the pronunciation that was taught them, the same that was used by the great Shakespere himself. The cultured English have changed the pronunciation and the spelling of many words time and time again since then; but the Irish though they changed the spelling still cling to the sounds that were taught them in the sixteenth century. The Dublin gentleman may affect the pronunciation of the Londoner, but the common people pronounce to this day as they were taught three hundred years ago.

Just to give you one example. Shakespere in speaking of an obstinate person, says of him, "He is like a beast wanting discourse of reason." The old folios of Shakespere's work show by the spelling that this line should be pronounced, "Like a baste wanting discoorse of raison." A thousand like ex-

amples might be quoted to show that the pronunciation of the English language in Shakespeare's time, if we may go by the spelling, was almost identical with the Irish accent of to-day. Call it brogue, if you will; laugh at it if you please, but all the same it was the correct pronunciation in the time of Shakespeare.

When Father Burke on one occasion met a certain elegant lady who, surprised at his accent, said: "Why, Father, you have quite an Irish brogue, haven't you?" "Yes, ma'am, I have," he answered with a merry twinkle in his eye, "and my father and mother had it too; but my grandfather and grandmother did not have it, for they spoke nothing but Irish." If, therefore, I have occasion to use a little of the brogue this evening, you will do well to call to mind that I am but using the accent of the English language that was taught in the time of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare.

While speaking of the sensitiveness of the Irish character, I am reminded that an Irishman does not want to be told by an Englishman that he makes bulls. In fact they will deny outright that they do make bulls any more than do the French or the Italians;—but again it is true that they do make bulls and amusing ones. You all have heard of John Boyle O'Reilly. God rest him. He was a true Irishman and a true American; a man who suffered for his country and was sent into exile—a convict in liberty's cause. Yet that escaped convict was honored by all the great men of New England, Protestant though they were, as a great light that cast a brilliant luster equal to that of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson and Holmes. Well, O'Reilly in the *Boston Pilot*, of which paper he was editor, gave, some years ago, an account of a dinner given in classic Boston on Patrick's Day. Many speeches were made and many jokes were told and Irish bulls related to the great amusement of the assembled company. It so happened that many of these stories were told by Protestant New Englanders and hence a certain Irishman present grew nettled and angry; and so, when he was called upon for a speech he was determined to avenge the insult and stand up for the honor of his countrymen. The recital of so many

Irish bulls aroused his resentment, and so in an offended tone he began his speech as follows: "Gentlemen, I wish to utter a strong word of protest against the language used by some of the speakers this evening. They have represented the Irishman in a way that would seem to indicate that an Irishman cannot open his mouth without putting his foot in it—without saying something absurd, or making a bull. Now, let me tell you gentlemen right here, that one-half the lies told about Irishmen are not true." The roars of laughter lasted so long at this outrageous bull that he had to sit down without finishing his speech, for he had only proved the truth of what the others had been saying.

To-night I propose to give some account of the things that bring the smile and the tear in the eye of an Irishman; but to understand the question thoroughly you must get an idea of the different combinations of circumstances that have developed the character that we find displayed in the Irishman of to-day. How does the Irishman of to-day differ from the one who existed in the days of St. Patrick or of Brian Boru. Those of you who had the pleasure of seeing the opera of *Brian Boru*, and that of *Shamus O'Brien*, will have noticed the difference in manners and customs, but the essential characteristics were the same even as represented on the stage in the twelfth and the nineteenth centuries.

You know from history that there was a time ere Ireland's woes began; when every rood of ground maintained its man. Those were the golden days of Ireland's history before the Dane or the Norman or the Saxon set foot on her soil—the days when she cultivated to the highest point the arts and sciences and more than all the divine art of music—the days when the green banner with its harp of gold floated unfurled over every castle in the land, and when her numberless colleges and convents and schools were so flourishing, that the island was like one big university. In those days, while France, Germany and Spain were always at war—barbarians for the most part—thousands upon thousands of scholars flocked from all parts of Europe to receive a classical education in the Island of Saints; to drink in wisdom and faith and a knowledge of

music, poetry and all the fine arts. Rome had sent her Patrick and other apostles and now, within a hundred years, she herself sends out missionaries to Germany and Switzerland and Italy, and the monasteries founded by these saintly men are standing even to-day as silent witnesses of the zeal and piety of these good Celtic monks. Then after three hundred years of peace came the invasion of the Danes in the eighth century and it was war to the knife for three hundred years more. After the Danes came the Normans and then the Saxons until at last Ireland was conquered by sheer force of numbers. For centuries it was a war for the sake of booty, but afterwards it became a war of creeds, a war of religion.

The English when they had conquered them and taken their lands and had driven the remaining inhabitants into the wilds of Connaught, for that brutal soldier Cromwell told them that they could go to Connaught or go to hell, and they showed their good taste by preferring Connaught—then came the fight to take from them their religion. Poor Ireland! Her chieftains could not be united when there was question of preserving the integrity of the nation. Every county was in opposition to the next one, faction against faction everywhere, but when her faith and her religion, all that was left to her was attacked, at last England struck a point upon which the bulk of the people were one. Cromwell, Henry VIII, and Queen Elizabeth wanted to take from the Irish people their religion, handed down to them untarnished for centuries, a pure religion, that came direct from the Catacombs of Rome; and they wanted to substitute for it a religion founded on hatred of the Pope, disobedience to all ecclesiastical superiors, and the breakage of all the commandments, particularly the sixth, seventh, ninth and tenth, but they failed ignominiously.

Now, it stands to reason that from the frequent invasions of the Danes, the Normans and the Saxons, all of them warlike, powerful nations, that mingling as they did with the Irish and intermarrying with them, the Irish of the present day are the descendants of four powerful races—the ancient Celts, the Danes, the Normans, and the Saxons; and hence it is not to be wondered at that we find them exhibiting to-day two dis-



tinguishing characteristics that make them unique in the history of modern civilization. First, their wonderful practical faith and belief in the supernatural and second their warlike nature and indomitable bravery and courage.

As to their faith, little need be said. When St. Patrick brought to Ireland the great gift of the faith, it was near the feast of Eastertide, and it so happened that the King had given orders that no fires should be lighted before a certain hour of the morning. St. Patrick and his monks assembled together on the mountain side, in ignorance of this law and as it was Easter Saturday night, they lit the sacred fire in accordance with the rubrics of the Roman Church. One of the royal attendants rushed in and aroused the King and advised him of this extraordinary occurrence, and he rising from his couch exclaimed: "Who has dared to light a fire against the King's orders?" A soothsayer present, in the spirit of prophecy, is said to have answered, "Know, oh King, that that is a fire that will never be extinguished in Ireland till the end of the world." That fire was emblematic of the faith of the Irish people that was to come soon after.

How are we to judge of the strength of a man's faith, if not by what he suffers for it, and the sacrifices that he is ready to make for it. Comparisons are odious, but if you compare the Irish, even with the ancient Romans, who suffered martyrdom in the Coliseum, you will have to remember that the Roman Emperors were proud pagans and idolators who did not believe at all in Christ or in Christianity. Remember that the rich were the Lords of the earth and the poor the slaves, owned body and soul by their masters. If the slave disobeyed he was called before his master, stripped, beaten with rods, and if his master saw fit, killed.

God forbid that we should make light of the sufferings of those martyrs, whose red blood planted in the yellow sands of the Coliseum, became the seed of the church from which sprang up so glorious a tree; but we do want to call attention to the fact that when the Irish suffered for the faith, the persecution came from the minds and arms of Christian men and Christian women, who openly professed belief and hope in

Christ, and whose hatred of their fellow Christians was the strongest, most diabolical kind of Christian hate—simply because the Irish clung tenaciously to the faith and the old religion which for centuries they had possessed together in common. And what was the result of Ireland's pertinacity in holding thus steadfastly to the old religion? Ah! the story is a heartrending one.

Not satisfied with burning her churches and great libraries; not content with beheading her priests and religious or sending them into exile, not satisfied with cruelly torturing them in body and mind, before they finally perished, England was determined to root out every chance of preserving the faith amongst them. Therefore, did she set a price of five pounds on the head of a priest, the same as she set on the head of a wolf. Just like the dog catchers of to-day men were sent out to catch priests and wolves, and when they were caught they were killed just as though the priest were no better than the wolf. She set a price also on the head of every school teacher and forbade all education to everybody—except such as would consent to turn Protestants—and there were found a few turn-coats, but not many.

For many years this state of affairs went on and what has been the result? Are the Irish, after so many years of enforced ignorance, an ignorant people? No, decidedly no, for we can boastingly say that with all their advantages of education the peasantry of England, France, Spain, or Italy placed side by side, the peasantry of Ireland not only compare favorably, but an impartial judge must decide everytime in favor of the Irishman for natural quick perception of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, of good or evil. What has been the result of this persecution? Those who did get the chance of education have not their superiors in the world in whatever walks of life they may have appeared. The names of Curran, Grattan, Sheil, Sheridan, Burke and O'Connell are emblematic of the highest pinnacle to which the English language, written or spoken, can ever be carried, and they were all Irishmen to the backbone. The eloquence of these men was so great (and most of them were Protestants, too), that they achieved for

Ireland what all her soldiers could never think of doing. Their appeals for justice to Ireland were so magnetic in their power that finally, under the hypnotic spell of the voice of the great Daniel O'Connell, England was obliged to give poor struggling Ireland Catholic Emancipation—the right to consider themselves men with human souls and not mere cattle fit only for slaughter—the right to cast a vote for their own immediate rulers—the right of freemen.

The Reformation took a strong hold in Germany, in Switzerland, in England, in Scotland, in Norway, and in Sweden and in Holland. In a word, wherever it was preached; but thank God, we say it to-night with pride—we the children of an exiled race—Ireland never yielded an inch in her allegiance to the throne of St. Peter. Her faith to-day is identical with that which Patrick delivered to her on Tara's Hill fifteen hundred years ago. This thought, therefore, is one that causes an Irishman to feel happy and smile over this great moral victory. This is the reason that in his speeches and in his writings he is always fond of a good joke or a comic song, for it comes from a good heart, a heart that beats in the right direction, a heart which is inspired first by love of God and of native land, and then urged to good deeds by faith, for it is his firm undying faith that a happy home awaits him beyond the grave that makes him contented with his lot.

Just as an Irishman smiles to himself and enjoys a joke, so is he the most clever fellow in the world for making others laugh with him. To prove that he can enjoy a joke by himself you have but to recall the story of Pat and the bull. A large bull was quietly grazing in a field and as Pat looked over the wall he said to himself: "Wouldn't it be great fun to catch the bull by the horns and stick his nose in the ground and see him kick his hind legs in the air." The thought of this funny picture so amused him that he commenced to smile, then to grin, and at last he burst out laughing and commenced to clap his hands on his knees at the thought of the fun he was going to have. At last he crept stealthily into the field and suddenly pounced down on the bull and caught him by the horns. The bull, of course, was surprised, but only for an instant. The

earth's gravitation is so strong that whatever is thrown into the air falls again to the earth, otherwise we might have to record that Pat went to join the cow that spent her leisure moments in jumping over the moon. No. Pat returned to mother earth. True, his knowledge of astronomy was magnified to a great extent, for he saw many constellations of greater or less magnitude in midday, but the truth is he landed on his head. But did he cry or weep or mourn? No, he saw the bull looking at him from the other side of the fence and he philosophically remarked: "Begorra, I'm glad I had my laugh first." This is not stupidity; this is true philosophy. Why, even when an Irishman is stupid he is good-naturedly so, and it is what one may call, if you will permit me to make a bull, a sort of intelligent stupidity. You have all heard of *Handy Andy*, written by Samuel Lover. Lover was an Irishman who appreciated the humorous side of the Irish character and who has given us some stories that have made us hold our sides with laughter.

In contrast to *Handy Andy*, with which you are all familiar, let me read you an exquisite poem from the same pen. It is called *The Angel's Whisper*. A belief exists among the Irish peasants that when a child smiles in its sleep it is talking with the angels.

## I

A baby was sleeping,  
Its mother was weeping;  
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea.  
And the tempest was swelling  
Round the fisherman's dwelling,  
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me."

## II

Her beads while she numbered,  
The baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.  
Oh, blest be that warning,  
My child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

## III

And while they are keeping  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh pray to them softly, my baby with me,  
And say thou wouldst rather  
They'd watch o'er thy father,  
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

## IV

The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;  
And closely caressing  
Her child with a blessing,  
Said: "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

Now, we shall have the pleasure of listening to some of these songs put to music. The first that I shall ask you to listen to is called:

## MOLLY BAWN

## I

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining  
All lonely waiting here for you;  
While the stars above are brightly shining,  
Because they've nothin' else to do.  
The flowers late were open keeping,  
To try a rival blush with you,  
But their mother nature set them sleeping  
With their rosy faces washed with dew.

## II

Now, the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,  
And the pretty stars were made to shine;  
And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear;  
And maybe you were made for mine.  
The wicked watch dog here is snarling,  
He takes me for a thief, you see,  
For he knows I'd steal you Molly darling  
And then transported I should be,

## THE BOYS OF KILKENNY

## I

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are neat roving blades,  
And whenever they meet with the sweet Irish Maids  
They kiss them and coax them, and spend their money free;  
Oh, of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

## II

Through the town of Kilkenny, there runs a clear stream;  
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame;  
Her cheeks are like roses, her lips much the same,  
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

## III

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal;  
And 'tis they through my heart have burned a big hole;  
Her mind, like its river, is deep clear and pure,  
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

## IV

Oh, Kilkenny's a fine town that shines where it stands;  
And the more I think on it the more my heart wanes;  
If I were in Kilkenny, I'd feel quite at home,  
For it's there I had a sweetheart, but here I have none.

I have said already that the Irish people are celebrated for making bulls in speaking a language which is not their own. It is not so easy to give you a comprehensive definition of a bull; but if I give you an illustration or two, you will see practically what a bull means. Often the bull is made by accident, often by design.

An Irishman from Dublin visited some friends in Cork, and was treated with that regal hospitality for which Cork and Kerry are famous. He was kept eating and drinking from morning till night, till at last he said to his host: "Faith if I live long here I'll die soon."

You have seen and understood now, some of the smiles of Erin, and how it is that her strong faith not only enables her to bear up under adversity, but to make merry over it. During all those ages of faith, however, she still continued a war-

like people, and loved her land next to her God, and it is the remembrance of her sufferings, her defeats and her tortures and persecutions, that cause the tear to come to the eye, only to be driven away again by the quick-succeeding smile.

We will not dwell here on the ancient warriors when Ireland was a united country, and when the great Brian Boru, at the head of United Ireland rushed madly against the thousands of the Danes at Clontarf and drove them from the shores of Ireland into the sea. But we can recall the valor of that warlike race in more modern times. We can recall with pride the glorious name of Hugh O'Neill, when he stood at Yellow Ford, and did not let one English soldier escape from under his hand. We can recall, with joyful hearts the day when Owen Roe O'Neill marched with his Irish Army to Benburb and shattered to pieces the flower of the English cavalry. But also the tear comes to the eye when we remember the defeat of the Irish at the Boyne Water. When we recall the day that those brave fellows, by sheer force of numbers, were hurled from the Bridge of Athlone into the Shannon, which was swollen by the winter's rain, and were borne out on the tide into the great Atlantic—the heart is sad when we recall the story of that noble soldier, Patrick Sarsfield, as he defended the grand old City of Limerick, the city of the violated treaty. No wonder that the Irish treasured up that outrage in their hearts and swore to be revenged. No wonder that a few years later when they went over to France to fight for King Louis, when they were on the battlefield at Fontenoy, and Marshall Saxe called upon the Irish to charge upon the enemy, the English, a shout went up from their lusty throats that made the hillsides resound and it became a battle cry: "Revenge, remember Limerick." They dashed down the Sassenach, sure enough. Ah, well does the poet say even of those sad days:

## I

Who fears to speak of '98?  
Who blushes at the name?  
When cowards mock the patriots' fate  
Who hangs his head for shame?

## Father Tom

He's all a knave or half a slave  
 Who slights his country thus;  
 But true men like you men  
 Will fill your glass with us.

### II

We drink the memory of the brave,  
 The faithful and the few;  
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,  
 Some sleep in Ireland too.  
 All, all are gone, but still lives on  
 The fame of those who died;  
 All true men, like you men  
 Remember them with pride.

If you want to know why the heart warms to that dear Island, and causes it to throb with emotion, you have to remember, not only the valor of the patriots who fought and bled for her, but the beauty of the land itself, every portion of which partook in a greater or less degree of that valley of which the poet tells us:

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
 Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,  
 E'er the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Every county, every town, had its own traditions. Every city was loved for the history of the past, and the stories handed down from sire to son. To this day the ringing of the Shandon bells from the old Protestant church in Cork City brings back the pleasantest recollections—the tear and the smile to him who has heard them:

With deep affection and recollection  
 I often think of those Shandon bells,  
 Whose sounds so wild would,  
 In the days of childhood,  
 Fling round my cradle  
 Their magic spells.  
 On this I ponder, where e'er I wander,  
 And thus grown fonder, sweet Cork of thee,  
 With thy bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.



Where in the wide world, in so small a space, are there to be found such lakes and rivers and smiling valleys and green hills, such genial sunshine, such gentle showers? Every place has its history dating back one or two thousand years. There in an open field we find the old marble altar used by the Druids in their worship. Here the round tower, whose origin and object are lost in the twilight of fable. Here is the ruin of an old monastery or castle wrapped in a beauteous mantle of green ivy.

Besides the physical aspects, there is the long line of traditions descending from one generation to another, mingling truth and romance together after the fashion of an imaginative people. The fairy tales that are unsurpassed; the stories of the banshee and the leprechaun and the jack-o'-lantern and the pooka and the good people. The ghost stories that were wont to make one's hair stand on end with fright, as gathered around the hearth of a winter's evening, the storyteller told tales that would rival those of the Arabian Nights could they but be gathered together.

The remembrance in the exile's bosom of these things may make the heart beat faster for a moment; he may recall the humble cabin where he lived as a boy; he may hear in imagination the wild song of the thrush or the blackbird or the linnet. He may recall the merry scenes of the wedding or the christening, when the neighbors gathered around to enjoy the feast and to make the floor resound as they danced to the gay notes of the fiddle or the bagpipes; he may recall the county fair or the races or the hurling matches between rival parishes, or the tally-ho of the huntsmen, as like a scarlet meteor they flashed through the air in pursuit of the fox. He may recall with reverence the old churchyard with its celtic cross in the center, and if he thinks but for a moment of the loved ones who sleep there, the vow will involuntarily come to his lips that he will always keep alive the hope and the trust that she will one day recover the glories of the past.

Is it any wonder now that an Irishman when he thinks of the long record of unsuccessful battles for freedom against superior armed force and numbers—when he recalls the perse-

cutions for conscience' sake, when he remembers the pestilence and the famine and the numberless evictions and the men, women and children thrown on the roadside to die by the hundreds, is it any wonder that he feels sad and dejected and the teardrop starts to his eye? Is it any wonder that his heart in reaction is aroused to indignation, and finding he can do nothing for his own country with his powerful right arm, that he should leave his native land and go to fight the battles of other lands struggling for independence?

This thought it was that inspired these Irish exiles in France and in Spain. This thought it was that made them rally round the father of our country, the immortal George Washington. Why, my dear fellow American citizens, have you read the history of your country? If you have, then you will know that at the time of the American Revolution, when the British Government sent word across the Atlantic to know how the army of Washington was made up, Major General Robertson, a British Commissioner gave this reply: "One-half are Irish, one-fourth native, and the rest Scotch, German, and English." Don't forget that, Uncle Sam! And they were not merely among the ranks of the foot soldiers, but among the leaders. General Sullivan commanded the right wing of Washington's army at Brandywine and Germantown. Stark, the hero of Bennington—Montgomery at Quebec—Morgan at Cowpens—Knox under Washington—Irvine on the frontier, Wayne at Stony Point, Campbell at King's mountain—all of these were Irishmen and Generals in the War of the Revolution.

Who was Commodore Barry, the Father of the American Navy. An Irishman. Who was General Reed? An Irishman who was offered fifty thousand dollars if he would desert the Colonial cause. His Irish answer will ring down through American history: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the King of England is not rich enough to buy me."

Eight of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were either Irish by birth or the sons of Irishmen, and not the least of them if the last to leave this world was Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

We have seen now some of the reasons of Erin's smiles and

tears; but why do they blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies? It is because her hope is as strong and as firm as her faith. In the midst of all her trials she calls to mind those noble souls that have used the weapons of the tongue and the pen, and accomplished by their words and workings more than her armies could think of doing, and she has seen changes coming slowly but surely that make her hope that her deliverance is at hand.

Are Irishmen capable of self-government? Two things are necessary for this capability, that is, the head to govern and the strong arm to control—intellectual and physical vigor. Who can deny these attributes to the Irishmen? In what department of intellect have they not excelled? In the House of Parliament we find such giants as Grattan, Flood, Burke, and Sheridan. At the Bar of Justice, Curran, Plunkett, O'Connell, and Shiel. In the field, Owen Roe O'Neill, Sarsfield, and the Duke of Wellington, the Hero of Trafalgar. In letters, Swift, Goldsmith, Moore, and O'Leary.

Here in the United States the three greatest orators of the last quarter of a century—bear the names of Daniel Dougherty, Bourke Cockran, and William J. Bryan. We have had without number Irishmen in the State Legislatures; Irishmen in the Senate and the House of Representatives; Irishmen Governors of States and Mayors of our cities and descendants of Irishmen in the Presidential chair. Now, we have a McKenna in the Cabinet, and McKinley President of the United States. Our large cities are flooded with doctors and lawyers and journalists bearing Irish names. Our singers and musicians cannot be surpassed, and even this year in Dublin (1896), while England and the rest of the world is talking of war, Ireland is preparing for a grand musical competitive festival to encourage the arts of peace.

If you are looking for physical strength, you have but to look around the world—to India, Egypt, China, Suez, Canada, Australia, Gibraltar, and wherever you find the red coat English Regiment you will find one-third at least Irishmen. You have but to recall the name of Marshal MacMahon, First President of the French Republic—you have but to remember

the names of O'Brien, Dillon, and Devereaux in Chile, Bolivia, and Venezuela—you have only to recall the pet of the army in our own rebellion, the gallant Phil Sheridan. These are the thoughts that cause the tear and the smile to blend—the thought of the sorrow and trials and defeats of the past, the thought of the victories won, the firm hope of realizing the prayer of Robert Emmet that Ireland may yet take her place among the nations of the earth.

## X

### MELODIES OF MOTHER CHURCH

The subject of this evening's discourse is one that transcends all questions of nationality, language and race prejudice; for it is a subject thoroughly Catholic in the broad sense, and consequently of deepest interest to Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, Protestant or Catholic, young or aged, ignorant or learned.

Critics may disagree as to the comparative beauty of the national melodies of different countries, but when there is question of that music which has for its object and end the worship and praise of the Most High God, there is struck a common chord which finds a responsive echo in the hearts of all who believe that our true home is beyond the skies, in the land of the living, when after this our short exile is ended, we hope one day to dwell forever—to see our God face to face—nor be blasted by His Brow!

I would that I had the eloquence of a Chrysostom or a Lacordaire, or a Father Burke, that I might befittingly treat this theme. I would that to me were given the learning of an Aquinas and the unction of a Bernard, that I might give expression to the thoughts that I feel welling up within my soul, when I try to ponder on this subject!

Alas! the beautiful thoughts must remain unexpressed; for words—mere human words—cannot give adequate expression to ideas that can be but imperfectly portrayed even by master minds. Critics may disagree as to our particular method of treating so grave a subject, but I am not talking to critics, I am speaking to faithful children of Mother Church on a subject that we all love very dearly—music—not such music

<sup>1</sup> A Lecture given at the Catholic Summer School, August 3, 1897.

as is calculated to arouse the passions of men; not the war songs that stir men to fight for fatherland; not the love songs and romantic ballads that make men at times forget entirely the Author of all Love—but music—heavenly music that is able to soften the hardest heart, music that can assuage grief, music that can bring the tear of consolation to the eye, and balm to the wounded spirit—melodies that are capable of raising these poor weak souls of ours almost out of our bodies—away from the sordid, sensual things of earth, away from the gross pleasures and delights of the world, away from the contemplation of all things material to the beholding of all that is good and holy and beautiful in Heaven above, to the knowledge and love of God Himself.

“The Melodies of Mother Church.” There is an inspiration in the very title of our lecture, for she whom by Christ’s Divine appointment, we love to call by the sweet name of “Mother,” has thought it but right to make use of what is most abundant in nature to help us to attain the end for which an all wise Providence placed us in this mundane sphere. And what is more abundant in nature than music? What is there that can so perfectly express the harmonies of the Divine Mind, as the harmonies of nature? There is music in the mighty waves of old ocean as they dash against earth’s sands, and sing a solemn eternal requiem; and even as little children were we wont to place the seashells to our ears to hear the echoes of those solemn sounds. There is a wild weird melody in the four winds of Heaven, as they chase one another in mad fortissimo fury through the universe; or as they breathe a gentle lullaby in the cool of a summer evening.

There is delightful melody in the mountain stream as it wildly dashes over the precipice, or as it murmurs gently—a babbling brook, through the silent meadows.

There is music in the roar of the African lion and all the other animals of the forest and field as they make the air resound with their peculiar cries. There is delicious music in the matin song of the birds, as they lift their shrill sweet voices in praise of that loving Creator without the coöperation of whose Divine Will, not one of them will fall. There is

music in the rustling of the leaves of the forest, as fanned by summer breezes, they become like the strings of an Æolian harp, and change their weird notes at every movement of the winds.

Everywhere throughout God's world there is music; everywhere in nature there is harmony. If we ask for an explanation of this, we must go back in imagination into the ages far beyond the days of the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the Angels; far beyond the time when the exiled children of Israel hung their harps on the willow trees by the waters of Babylon, and sang their plaintive chants of fatherland; far beyond the ages of the creation of the earth, when we find, according to the words of the inspired writer, that, "the morning stars sang to one another the praises of the Lord and the children of God shouted for joy," far beyond all this till we come to the Divine Being Himself, the Great God of all, whose very essence is harmony—yes—perfect harmony! for just as He has given us the idea of His Being through Christ, that He the Only One, True Infinite God, is One—in essence—yet *three* in persons—a Triune God; so also is the perfection of harmony on earth, found in three notes of what we call the musical scale.

Since, therefore, God is harmony itself, being the Author of harmony, it follows that all nature, under Him must as a consequence be harmonious. This being true, it is but natural that man should take out of nature some of the harmonies to give delight to the ear and to the heart, to make his wayward soul feel more and more its spirituality, and realizing from its longings, its own immortality, to make it dominate by force of will over the body, and thus while giving pleasure to the ear and spiritualizing the soul more and more, to make man give perfect praise to the Author of his being. This should be the object and end of all music, to bring the soul nearer to perfect peace, nearer to perfect harmony, nearer to God. How beautifully is this sentiment expressed in those words, which though not written by one of her children, yet has been adopted by Holy Church, because of the sublimity and Catholicity of the sentiments.

## I

Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

## II

Though like a wanderer the sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

## III

Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

We need not wonder now that the Jews of old, as well as the pagan nations in their religious rites, found music of such avail in making men fear and love the Lord. Descendants of Jubal, the seventh lineal descendant of Adam, and the father of all such as play on musical instruments, they learned full well the value of the trumpet blast to which Jehovah had given such power, that at its sound, the walls of Jericho toppled over and fell to the earth. They fully realized the energy of purpose and the patriotism aroused by the fierce battle songs of the minstrels. They thoroughly appreciated the softening influence of the love songs amongst the youths and maidens: and so it was when Holy Church, established for the purpose of realizing the Kingdom of Christ on earth, began to have a fixed ritual for her sacrifice of the New Law, she began the teaching of her solemn chants, founded doubtless on what she had learned from the Jews: and under her patronage and inspiration, music as a science as well as an art, has been brought to the highest standard of perfection.

To the better understanding of our subject, it will not be amiss if before considering more modern and popular chants in



the church, we pass in review some of her ancient melodies, her time honored songs and anthems; this will naturally make us briefly review the three great schools of music in the church, the Gregorian, the Palestrina, and the modern, which some are pleased to call the operatic, and others the realistic school.

To write a poem, to carve a statue, to paint a picture, one must have an inspiration, a high ideal, a dominant thought. So it is with sacred music. If we wish to get at the keynote of all music—the divinely given inspiration for all sacred song, we must go back in spirit to that period of the world's history, when we are told that the whole earth was sunk in spiritual darkness and idolatry; and when the few just souls who were upon the earth fervently prayed that the Lord would open the Heavens and rain down the Just One.

I had the pleasure last year of visiting the scenes hallowed by the footsteps of Our Saviour. Never shall I forget our ride along that picturesque highway that leads from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. We paid our respects to the shrines of the Basilica, we kissed with reverence the silver Star that marks the spot where Christ was born; and then after a short ride outside the town our guide suddenly paused, and pointing over a toppling stone wall, to a large field, rocky and barren, save for the tufts of grass that grew here and there, he said: "This is the field of the Shepherds." There was perfect silence, to break which would have been a sacrilege, for it would be to harshly cut the chords of a sweet sounding harp, whose harmonies were re-echoing in our heart of hearts, and the sounds that we seemed to hear were the far distant strains of that heavenly song, which nineteen hundred years ago, filled the shepherds with delight, when with bated breath they saw the heavens opened, and heard the Angelic choirs sing out on the midnight air—"Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus, bonae voluntatis." Here is the inspiration of all the sacred music of the Christian Church—the song of songs, the canticle of canticles of the New Law, whose echoes have come down through the centuries, bringing always with its never tiring repetition, the same glad message of benediction and peace and happiness that it brought to the shepherds on the hillsides of Judea. Many and

beautiful are the songs of the church that have for their subject this midnight vision of the angels; but the song of these blessed spirits to which other words were afterwards added by Holy Church, must ever be the grandest, most sublime—the first of all the melodies and harmonies of mother church.

When we listen to the soul stirring strains of this hymn as portraying the conceptions of Mozart or Beethoven or Gounod, we are made to reflect that those wonderful compositions were not such as were sung by the Christians of the early church; no, far from it. In music as in every other study there has been an evolution, the work of centuries.

An ancient Hindoo saying has it that the beautiful sounds of music uttered upon earth, are but the recollections of a former existence in a state of perfect happiness. Facts, however, go to prove that whatever knowledge primitive man may have had of music and whatever the science of music may have amounted to among the Jewish and Gentile nations, certain it is that there has been in the last sixteen hundred years a development in the art of music that has kept pace with the spiritual and dogmatic and architectural development of Holy Church.

When after three hundred years of persecution, she emerged from the Catacombs, she began to present to the pagan world the worship of the True God with all the beauty and majesty of Holiness. She found in the Roman Empire a style of architecture full of dignity and simplicity and this she adopted as her own.

After many years, Catholic faith and genius with its noble aspirations, ever reaching to higher and holier things, adopted a new style of building copied from nature itself, copied from the tall trees of the forest, which by their great height and pointed arches gave better expression to the faith and the hope of man and the aspirations and longings of poor fallen human nature to return again to Paradise lost. This was at length realized, and the poet's dream became a reality as the world gazed awe-struck upon the great cathedrals of Cologne, Westminster, and Notre Dame de Paris. Nevertheless the church did not neglect the old style of architecture which had served

her for so many centuries, and which she brought to its perfection in the grand basilica of St. Peter at Rome, beside which "Diana's marvel was but a cell." So was it with the melodies of the church. The solid plain chant was the music that was known and appreciated by the people of those early ages of faith—but when the development began in earnest and when some holy men had the temerity to say, "It is too bad for the devil to have all the good music," then the musicians of the church set their genius to work to write a new style of music that would be in perfect accord with the Gothic architecture; and to this thought we owe the marvelous conceptions of Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn. Nevertheless the church does not neglect the plain chant which was the foundation of the religious music of latter times, on the contrary, she insists that certain portions of her liturgy be sung in this very ancient style of music.

Before we speak of the plain chant our attention is called to the musical scale, which is the foundation stone on which are erected all musical compositions. Very likely you all learned while at school the "Do, Re, Mi" and just as likely your teacher of those days never explained to you the origin of these syllables. In parenthesis, I might say, whenever you are in doubt as to the origin of a science or an art, it would be well to look up its history in the old Catholic monasteries of Europe, and you will likely find abundance of light coming from the illuminated books of the Dark Ages—those volumes that speak even to-day so eloquently by their very silence, of the labors of the monks of old.

There is an ancient hymn written by Paul the Deacon at the time of Charlemagne, *i. e.*, in the eighth century, and it was composed in honor of St. John the Baptist, and is still sung in the Lateran Basilica every year on June 24th, his feast day. Guido, of Arezzo, a Benedictine monk and the father of modern music, who lived about the beginning of the eleventh century, striving to simplify musical notation, (for up to that time there was no such thing as the musical staff), happened to enter the church on the feast of St. John as the vesper hymn of the day was being sung. He perceived that the first syllable

of each of the first lines ascended regularly above the preceding in diatonic order, and he caught therefrom the idea of using these syllables for the purpose of solmization and also of substituting a hexachord scale or gamut for the tetrachord of the Greeks, and the octave scale of St. Gregory. The words of the verse referred to are the following:

*UT* queant laxis,  
*RE*-sonare fibris,  
*MI*-ra gestorum,  
*FA*-muli tuorum,  
*SOL*-ve polluti,  
*LA*-bi reatum,  
 Sancte Joannes.

In St. John Lateran's every year the students gather to listen to the singing of this first verse, for under a mass of embellishing harmonies you can clearly distinguish the sounds.

It is true the Greeks used the syllables *Ta-te-to-te* for the same purpose. It is equally true that in the scale of Guido, there were only six notes, but in the sixteenth century the octave scale was restored by Henry du Puy of Venloo, a seventh syllable "*bi*" was added, which was afterwards changed to *SI* by M. le Maire of Paris about the year 1660. These syllables are still universally employed for solmization, but the Italians and those who follow the Italian methods substitute for what they consider the unmusical sound of *UT*—the more euphonic *DO*.

The different scales were distinguished one from the other by a movable *DO* or *UT*. These were known by the letters of the alphabet. Guido took the Greek letter *G* or *Gamma* as the symbol of his lowest *UT* and hence the origin of the compound word *GAMUT*. When we admire the harmonies of modern composers therefore, let us not forget to give honor to whom honor is due. Let us remember that during the early ages of Christianity, as well as what are known as the Dark Ages, the only place that music and painting and sculpture and science and all the fine arts found a refuge was in the monasteries where hidden from the world, these holy men of God, who had vowed themselves to poverty, chastity and obedience, cultivated the

beautiful and the useful in every form. Let us remember that if we have any knowledge of the pagan classics, any knowledge of the sacred scriptures, any knowledge of the first principles of music it is owing almost entirely to the patient toil and prayer of these same good men, who gave up the world and its pleasures, not only to sanctify their own souls, but to enlighten their fellow men in all that tends to make earth a peaceful paradise and at the same time to lead the world to the knowledge and love of God.

Having the idea of the scale in our minds we must now go back again to the palmy days of the church in Milan, when the great St. Ambrose had the courage to write back to the reigning Pope who had criticized him for his innovations in the chants and in the liturgy; "We also are men of judgment and have common sense in these matters." This great Archbishop gave to the world some strains that will last as long as the world. Simple, plain chant, and yet Mozart, one of the greatest of modern musicians, on hearing one of these simple melodies was moved to tears, and said, "I would rather be the author of that one exquisite air, than of all the operas I have ever written." The chant to which he referred is familiar to you all, for it is none other than the *Pater Noster*.

Some people whose highest ideal of music is one of the Vienna waltzes, look upon the plain chants of the church, much as the average American looks upon the Grand Army of the Republic when they put in an appearance at some national celebration. The usual remark of such people is: "Oh, here comes the Grand Army; let's go home." "Pshaw," says the light-headed Christian, "it's only a plain chant vespers; let's go to some church where they have ballet music."

But there are other people whose souls look not for what tickles the ear, but for what moves the heart by its devotion, and to such, the ordinary chant of the church ever ancient, ever new, is the highest type of sacred music. To this same period are ascribed the delightful chants that may be heard every Sunday at vespers, the psalms, the antiphons, the versicles, and responsories, and many of the hymns that were perfected later on in the sixth century by Pope Gregory I,

who, because he took such interest in sacred music, and brought about such reforms in its rendition, and took such interest in establishing schools for its further cultivation, is called the father of plain chant. That the chants might not become monotonous, there were no less than eight different tones, and as many endings—and the same may be said of the *Ite Missa est* and *Benedicamus Domino*. A little later we find the church laying what proved to be the foundation of modern opera—namely the introduction into the church of the dramatic rendition of certain parts of her sacred chants. During Holy Week her ministers were wont to chant with special ceremonies the Passion of Our Lord; one taking the part of Christ, another that of the narrator, a third that of the synagogue; and the music to which the passion of Christ is set, has not been surpassed in its solemn simplicity even by Sebastian Bach. During the three days of Tenebrae it was the same; the lamentations of Jeremias were sung to a sad strain, so sweet and beautiful that I cannot refrain from giving you an idea of it. The Jews are represented as mourning over the destruction of their temple, and their prophets call upon them to be converted to the Lord their God. That you may better appreciate the melody I shall translate the verse before rendering it in Latin:

To what shall I compare thee  
 Or to what shall I liken thee,  
 Oh, daughter of Jerusalem?  
 To what shall I equal thee,  
 That I may comfort thee,  
 Oh! Virgin daughter of Sion?  
 For great as the sea is thy destruction.  
 Who shall heal thee?  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem, be converted unto the Lord your God.

Cui comparabo te, vel cui assimilabo te, filia Jerusalem?  
 Cui exaequabo te, et consolabor te Virgo filia Sion?  
 Magna est enim velut mare, contritio tua, quis medebitur tui?  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum Tuum.

To those who imagine that all plain chant is alike, I offer in contrast to those sorrowful strains, the majestic notes of

the *Exultet* as sung on Holy Saturday—the triple Alleluja, and the short but triumphant and exultant vespers that ends the service. Take for example the intoning of the *Magnificat*, or the still more triumphant *Ite missa est alleluja*. To these same early centuries are ascribed many of the beautiful hymns of the church, notably, the *Te Deum Laudamus* of St. Ambrose; the *Veni Creator* by Gregory the Great; the *Ave Maria Stella* by Bishop Fortunatus (A. D. 600), likewise the *Vexilla Regis* or praise of the true cross by the same author; the *Salve Sancta Parens* by Sedulius in the fifth century.

In regard to the Gregorian chant, it must be said that to be effective it must be properly studied and properly rendered. Modern choirmasters, especially in this country, do not want to study it or teach it at all, and the result is that it very often disgusts rather than edifies the listener. This was not so at the time of St. Augustine, for he speaking of the chants in the Cathedral of Milan says in his *Confessions*—"How much I wept, in thy hymns and sacred songs, being deeply moved by the tunes of Thy sweet sounding church. Those tunes flowed in at my ears, and thy truth was distilled in my heart, and thence through its power the love of piety came and tears ran down my cheek, and I was happy." Another remark about the chants of the church is this:—for many centuries the ecclesiastical authorities strictly forbade the use of musical instruments in church. They felt that the praises of the true God should be sung without the aid of profane instruments such as were used at the religious festivals or orgies of Venus and Apollo and Bacchus. They felt that if such instruments were allowed in the church, that the solemn chants would become corrupted, and that variations would be introduced into the church's music that would so change it, that it would be difficult to distinguish it from the music of the world. I am not a pessimist by any means, but I confess that I think the judgment of the church was in a great measure correct. It was only in the thirteenth century that even organs began to be tolerated in the churches, and even then they were used merely to fill in the interludes or to play the melody in a loud tone just as a cornet leads the Salvation Army hymns. That such

rigor in regard to the music of the church was a fact, may be seen from the custom of the Greek church to this day—and likewise the fact that although the lightest kind of operatic music is tolerated even in St. Peter's—yet the ancient tradition is adhered to in the Vatican; and the singing of the Sistine Chapel is always unaccompanied. Nay, when the Pope goes to visit another church, his choir must follow him, and not even the organ is allowed to interfere with the harmonies that have been pronounced unrivaled in the world. Those of you who have had the pleasure of listening to the Holy Week music in St. John's or St. Peter's or St. Mary Major's will agree with me that the human voice, unaided by any other instrument, is capable of giving out the most perfect melodies and delightful harmonies that the mind of man can imagine or his soul desire. I might, did time permit, dwell on the beauties both of words and music of those grand old hymns of the Middle Ages—hymns written and sung for centuries before *Old Hundred* or *Greenland's Icy Mountain* were even dreamed of: the *Dies Irae*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Lauda Sion*, the *Pange Lingua*; but let us go a step forward and witness the wonderful development that took place about the close of the thirteenth century. The Popes were right, the music of the church by means of the organ did become corrupt, did utterly depart from that solemnity and dignity which becometh the house of God. The compositions of choirmasters at this period were calculated to astonish rather than to edify; so that the church finally called "Halt!" The glorification of the composer was sought, rather than the glory of God. The text was so overlaid that no words could be distinguished. While one voice cried "Sanctus," a second sang "Deus" and a third vociferated "Sabbath." While one chorus shouted *Genitum non Factum*, another drowned them out with the cry *Factum non Genitum*, so half of the time the choirs were unwittingly singing the rankest kind of heresy.

A writer of the period tells us that "they sang with certain howls and bellowings that would make one think of cats in January rather than flowers in May." This must have been literally true and the abuses evidently must have reached



the Papal Choir, for Pope Nicholas V., on one occasion asking Cardinal Caprinica how he liked the singing of the Sistine Chapel, is said to have answered candidly: "Your Holiness, they are like a sackful of young pigs—for I can hear an awful row, but cannot distinguish one articulate sound." If that good Cardinal were alive to-day, I wonder if he would not have equally pleasant remarks for some of our own choirs. Not satisfied with the Plain Chant or the simple two or three part Mass, our average country choirs are not content till they have rendered Mozart's Twelfth, a Mass which perhaps was never written by the great composer. Will you pardon me if I here enter a protest against some of the flagrant abuses tolerated in our church music in this country. I feel that you will agree with me, and that perhaps you will be stirred to do what you can to check the abuse. I refer to the introduction of purely secular music into the divine service. I know perfectly well that it is the organist who is responsible, but if he is a man of faith, and if he realizes the responsible position he holds of singing and directing the praise of God in His Holy of Holies—he will never introduce popular love ballads or well-known operatic airs into the sanctuary and think he has made them sacred by substituting Latin words for the original passionate love words. To make even more clear my meaning—I shall say, that within the past two years I have heard in city choirs, *O Happy Day*, Stralezki's *Dreams*, and *Answer* with the words of the *O Salutaris* repeated without sense over and over again. I have heard *Marguerite* and *Love's Sorrow* masquerade under the sublime words of the *Tantum Ergo*. More bold than this, I saw advertised in a city paper the list of music for a certain grand feast amongst other items Offertory "Ai nostri monti" from *Il Trovatore*. I was present at the Solemn Mass, and actually heard the celebrated duet rendered as an offertory with the original Italian words. A choirmaster that will allow such an abuse to exist is unworthy of his position, for I do not think a Protestant church in the land would tolerate such flagrant violation of religious decorum. It is an insult to God Almighty; it is an insult to the priest; it is an insult to the intelligence of a Christian congregation; and it is

an abuse that should be crushed out from the temple of the Lord. No greater insult can be offered to God than to make Venus and Apollo masquerade as the Virgin and her Divine Son. Grand Opera is well enough in its place, but its place is the opera house or the theater, not the church. Ballads and love songs are at times delightful to hear, but their proper place is the drawing room or the concert hall, not the sanctuary. And why do it at all when we have endless catalogues of beautiful masses, and motets and duets and solos and choruses. If a halt is not called soon to these abuses we may have a decision of the Church on this subject some day soon that will say authoritatively "Reform it altogether." It was in truth, practices such as I have referred to that brought down the just odium of the Church on the choirmasters of the fifteenth century, and it was only the genius of Palestrina that saved the Church from going back to the use of Plain Chant exclusively.

Pius IV, in 1563, to carry out the reforms suggested by the Council of Trent (reforms it is needless to add, in discipline), authorized a commission of eight cardinals to reform the church music. By the advice of St. Philip Neri, Palestrina, whose real name was Pierluigi, the founder of the new school of sacred harmonies, was chosen by Cardinal Charles Borromeo, then Arch Priest of St. Mary Major's, to reform the chants, and he set all the powers of his genius to work. His idea was to make the music of the Church dramatic, *i. e.*, that the sounds of the music should express the meaning of the words in the liturgy, for the Sacrifice of the Mass is but the repetition of the greatest drama the world has ever seen—the tragedy of Calvary.

When Palestrina's famous *Missa Papae Marcelli* was sung in the presence of the Pope and assembled critics—(a polyphonic mass for six voices)—His Holiness was in ecstasies over the delicious strains, and he declared that it must have been strains similar to those that St. John heard in his visions of the New Jerusalem, as recorded in the Apocalypse.

It is interesting to know of this great man, that although he was choirmaster of St. Peter's, he received only six dollars a

month and a house to live in. He died poor, although he wrote no less than 93 masses, 63 motets, 45 hymns, and 68 offertories. So sublime and difficult are his compositions that it would necessitate a large choir of well-trained voices after a series of several rehearsals to give you even a faint conception of this style of music. As the modern Cæcilian school, however, is based on the same line, it is a consummation devoutly to be wished for that our choirs take up as their standard this particular style of music. Not that it is to relinquish entirely the masterpieces of modern mass writers—but that its music *de résistance* be the Cæcilian which if properly rendered is full of dignity, majesty, power and sweetness—music that will give no distracting thoughts at Mass or Benediction—music that is not filled with endless repetitions for the sake of showing off the notes, and frequently no connection whatever between the notes and the words. *Glorias* that end with one grand Amen, and not sixty foolish reiterations of the word, *Tantum Ergo* that make one pray, and bend down head and heart, in humblest adoration and love. Such is the music of the Cæcilian school combining as it does the simplicity of melody with richness of harmony in a manner that is calculated to delight the religious ear and mind and heart.

Before we leave Palestrina to speak of other composers, we must refer once more to that great saint for whom he had such friendship—Philip Neri, the founder of the Oratory in Rome. Philip, in order to attract the young men to the church, was accustomed to produce a peculiar sort of entertainment in which a sacred drama was enacted, narrating events in the life of Our Lord and of the saints, or portraying events in secular history. These plays, partly recited and partly sung, are called Oratorios, and laid the foundations for Grand Opera. When will our Catholic choirs in large cities combine and give us Haydn's *Creation*? The music of most of the popular oratorios is written by Protestants—but who that ever listened to the inspired strains of the *Messias* will say that it is anything but Catholic and truly Catholic? The words are from King James' version it is true, but they are the inspired words of God throughout; and Cardinal Newman was right

when he said that the Church should claim all such compositions as her own—for she it was that gave the inspiration for them all.

Once Palestrina had laid the foundations of the new school of music, it is not to be wondered at that the genius of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven not long afterwards brought forth masses that are in perfect keeping with the Gothic Cathedrals of Cologne, Milan, and Vienna. Wonderful masterpieces are these compositions, destined to last till the end of time. Here we have not merely the solid foundation of Gregorian music and the solid walls of Palestrina—but we have flying buttresses and pinnacles and gargoyles and statues of saints and turrets and minarets and lofty spires—all of which tend to fill a void in the heart and cause it to re-echo more and more the refrain “nearer to Thee.” I am not of the kind that would utterly condemn the compositions of these geniuses and say that their works savor too much of the opera and the theater, to be heard in our churches. I will confess that I have been thrilled with delight at many passages in the masses referred to—but it was always where the words and music were in perfect harmony, and where the real sentiment was expressed by the sounds conveyed to the ear. To try and write phrase after phrase of florid music and then set the words of the *Credo* underneath, is to my mind as absurd as for Haydn to try to describe perfect silence by soft music. Gounod amongst the moderns seems to have caught the correct idea and hence his magnificent declamatory *Credo* which is unsurpassed. (In this lecture as originally written I had a quartette and chorus to illustrate during the course of my remarks the different styles of church music.) Now, I can simply ask you to use your imagination and think of some of those glorious compositions which you have heard time and time again in some of our large city churches—for example the solo and chorus of Gounod's *Sanctus*—when the soul, even if it be of the earth earthy, is raised for the moment almost out of the body—seeming to think that the heavenly gates are ajar for the moment, and that the invisible choir is heard singing the inspired words HOLY—HOLY—HOLY LORD GOD OF SABAOOTH. THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH ARE FULL OF THY GLORY. HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST.

We must leave the *chef d'œuvres* of these master minds as food for imagination, and not forget that while sacred music in modern times has had its epic poets, who never tired of telling in measured beats the old and wondrous story of the life of Our Lord; there have been also in the church lyric poets who have given us delicious *morceaux* in the form of hymns, antiphons and motets. Amongst them all there is one that seems to be, and with good reason, a favorite with all composers of every age and it is one that simply repeats the few solemn words that an archangel once addressed to a poor village maiden, an humble peasant girl, but such were the words that no one before or since has had like words addressed to her; for the words were "Ave Maria, Gratia Plena, Dominus Tecum Benedicta Tu in Mulieribus." Hail Mary! full of grace, blessed art thou amongst women.

Such a wealth of compositions is here before my mind that I am loath to select one in preference to another. So many *O Salutaris*' and *Tantum Ergo*s of real worth; the *Ave Verum*, *Ave Maris Stella*, but I shall rather pass to some of the English hymns now in use in our liturgy. Let it be well remembered that the present enlightened Pope, who fully realizes the advantage of the vernacular in the songs of the church, has, through the Congregation of Rites in a rescript, said that the use of hymns in the vernacular ought to be encouraged, and that therefore during the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament before Benediction English hymns may be sung, provided that the *Tantum Ergo* and versicles are sung in Latin. The same holds good for the *Missa* cantata, so long as the proper parts of the Mass are sung in the language of the Church. I have found it very devotional for example in processions of the Blessed Sacrament, between each verse of the *Pange Lingua*, to have the whole congregation sing in English, "Sweet Sacrament we Thee Adore, Oh, make us love Thee more and more." The Catholic Church is truly catholic and it is a sign of narrow mindedness and bigotry to try and be more catholic than the Catholic Church. Surely Cardinal Manning was a most devout and learned member of Holy Church, yet he introduced into

England what had been the means of attracting a great many to the afternoon and evening services, namely the singing of Vespers in the English language, and this has the full approval of Rome. But here the question may be asked, is not this likely to be abused? Those who think so, advance as an argument that in nearly every Catholic Church now you hear the Protestant hymns—*Nearer, my God to Thee, Lead Kindly Light* and *Rock of Ages, Jesus Saviour of My Soul* and *Abide with Me*. The question is, "What is a Protestant hymn?"—"What makes a hymn Protestant?" Is it because it happens to be written by one who is not a member of the body of the Catholic Church? If this were true, we would have to reject all the Psalms of David, and all the canticles of the old law. We would have to reject the *Magnificat* of Mary, the *Benedictus* of Zachary, the *Nunc Dimittis* of Simeon, for they were all members of the Jewish religion. What really makes a hymn Protestant is Protestant or heretical doctrine and therefore as that grand old saint Cardinal Newman well said: "Whatever is true and beautiful and religious in poetry belongs to the Catholic Church, for it is she alone who has inspired all good poetry, for she holds up as ideals of poetry and of the beautiful—God, His Son, Christ Our Lord and the Virgin Immaculate."

Hence, when we find hymns written by those outside of the Church, provided their theology is orthodox, the Church can claim and does claim them as her own. Who, but a cynic, could, as unorthodox, reject for example the inspired words of Newman, who represents the soul struggling, longing to know the truth and casting himself with childlike faith in the arms of the Father, when he so beautifully sings:

## I

Lead kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on,  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on.  
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

## II

I was not ever thus nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on,  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will, remember not past years.

## III

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone.  
And in the morn' those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since and lost a while.

In like manner who can reject as uncatholic that truly Catholic hymn, inspired by the scene of the disciples of Emmaus, as they pressed Our Lord to remain with them as evening came on—

## ABIDE WITH ME

### I

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide,  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O! abide with me.

### II

I need Thy presence every passing hour,  
What but Thy grace, can foil the tempter's power,  
Who but Thyself my guide and stay can be,  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

### III

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,  
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness,  
Where is death's sting, where grave thy victory?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

### IV

Place Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies—  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—  
In life, in death, Oh Lord, abide with me.

Amongst all the subjects treated by modern composers there is none more popular than the triumphant entry of Christ into Jerusalem; and no wonder, for it is a truly inspiring scene. To have Himself publicly acknowledged as a King was amongst the designs of Providence in regard to His Christ. How beautifully in words and music is this scene of Christ's triumph portrayed by a modern writer:

Behold! your King draws near the city gates,  
Go forth Jerusalem with shout and song.  
And moved as by one thought, the people rise  
And hasten forth a glad tumultuous throng.

From out the peaceful village along the sunlit way,  
The Prince of Peace leads onwards  
A pilgrim band this day.  
When lo! with shout triumphant  
They hear the hillsides ring,  
With shouts of crowds that hasten  
To greet their Prophet King.

He rides as Israel's rulers once rode in kingly state,  
The palm leaves wave around Him, the people throng the gate,  
Rejoice, oh golden city, let loud hosannas ring,  
For through thy streets He rideth, thy Saviour and thy King.  
Hosanna in the highest,  
Redeemer, Lord and King.

Among the many songs written descriptive of this scene and which seems to have become a classic in France, in England and in the United States is the well-known song *Les Rameaux* by M. Faure.

Before I finish these remarks on modern music and the vernacular in church music, I cannot let this opportunity pass without saying a word or two on congregational singing in our churches. I heard a celebrated preacher say once—"Nearly every man has a hobby, and if you have not, get one as soon as possible, for unless you do, you will never be in earnest on any subject." Every church has a choir more or less well trained to sing the difficult parts of the Mass. Sometimes they give us pleasure by their singing, at other times pain. Even in our large city churches (I speak as a provincial from New



York) the High Mass is very poorly attended, even in churches where the music is of a very high order. On the other hand in many churches the faithful flock to the children's Mass even though they must pay extra for a seat. Why is this? It is because they love to hear the soul stirring chorus of children's voices as they sing the well-known vernacular hymns of the Church. This is not to be wondered at, for a solo beautifully sung by a tenor or a soprano, and perhaps, moved even to tears by its pathetic rendition, yet it requires the chorus of many voices to rouse the soul from its lethargy and stir it to action. This is true whether it be said of Oratorio, Opera, Mass, or National music. It is a large chorus, if they sing in unison and harmony, that is capable of rousing not merely the individual, but the whole congregation.

We do not want choruses the whole time to be sure, but we do want them very frequently. Have our congregations no rights at all?

How often, for example, on a Christmas morning have we not heard the *Adeste Fideles* and hummed it with the choir, only wishing that the priest might turn around and say—"Let us all join in singing the *Adeste Fideles* this morning." How often at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament has the same thought come to our minds as we listened to the solemn notes of the *Tantum Ergo*. Can it be done? Can we teach our people to sing? The Council of Baltimore urged the bishops to reestablish this old usage of the church in their respective dioceses, therefore it not only can, but ought to be done.

In our schools nowadays, it is a rare exception to find a child that has absolutely no ear at all for music. All of us have attended either parochial or Sunday schools and have listened to and learned melodies that are as familiar to us as the "Our Father." We know them by heart. Why do we not sing them together as grown men and women. First of all because a distinction was made when we were children, the best voices were picked out and those formed the children's choir. Very good indeed if they are set aside to learn to read music, to be able to render the more difficult parts of the

Mass—but for all that a grievous mistake. Every Sunday there should be at least one or two standard hymns in which every child in the school, young and old, shall be permitted to join, during the mass.

The second reason is because these select children's choirs are taught to look after novelties in hymns—and learn to despise the old familiar strains. This should not be. Whatever new tunes are learned, the old familiar airs must be heard regularly if we would wish to make a lasting impression on the minds of the people. Start out with the simple tune *Sweet Sacrament we Thee Adore* or *Mother dear, O Pray for Me*, and the old-fashioned air of the *Tantum Ergo* and let the people learn it by frequent repetition so thoroughly that it will be as easy to sing it as to say the "Hail Mary."

And Oh! the inspiration it is to priests and people to hear that magnificent volume of sound as it wells up from a thousand throats and sings the praises of the Great God Omnipotent. Why, the music of the *Miserere* of Allegri, as sung in the Sistine Chapel, is not near as soul inspiring to the average listener as is the choral singing of a large body of the faithful.

How was it that Martin Luther managed to make his services popular with the young people? How do our separated brethren to-day contrive to hold their congregations together?

It is not by their preaching; it is not by their doctrines; it is not by their sacraments or sacrifice; it is by the power of sacred song. Heart and voice go out together and they feel they are taking part in a great sacrifice of prayer and praise. It is an inspiration to hear them as they let their voices ring out in such hymns as *Old Hundred*, *Sun of My Soul*, and *Rock of Ages*. Shall we be behind them in such laudable practices? Shall we not rather remember that the church from the beginning has fostered congregational singing? Shall we not recall that in Italy, Germany, and France, the practice still flourishes? Shall we not remember our history that tells us that it was persecution and the sword that closed the mouths of the English, Irish, and Scotch Catholics, and made them afraid to hear the sound of their own voices, especially in praise of their faith and their church? But here in our own beloved land, where

there is no fear of persecution and where we are free to worship God as we please, with all the established rites, ceremonies and customs of the old Church, let the people sing. Call to mind, those of you who are descendants of emigrants who fled from persecution and starvation—call to mind the ancient days when your forefathers made the hillsides resound with a psalmody that went up from their hearts to the throne of the Great King.

Teach our young people to sing in church and you cultivate and refine them. You soften their nature and force them to remember that they are not mere children led to church to be amused by listening to others sing God's praises, but that they, as members of the church, have inalienable rights to take active part in divine services, that they have living souls fit to join in divine worship, that they are the temples of the living God; that their heart-strings are like the strings of a lute or a living lyre; and that in the sacred songs that come from their lips they may feel the gentle fingers of God touching those heart strings and making melody thereon, that brings peace to their minds and happiness to their souls and repentant tears to their eyes—that make them lead purer, better, holier lives.

Do you not believe what I say? Then to prove it, I ask you to rise one and all and use the slips which have been distributed, and you will find thereon an old familiar hymn, *Holy God, We Praise Thy Name*. Rise and let every one with heart and soul join me in singing this beautiful hymn of Thanksgiving:

*Holy God, We Praise Thy Name.*



## INDEX

### A

Aix-la-Chapelle, 60, 143  
 Aix-les-Bains, 142, 192  
 Alapal, Mr., 110  
 Alexandria, 144, 145  
 American College, 25, 36, 41, 49,  
     106, 192  
 Amsterdam, 156  
 Anagassan, 63  
 Ancona, 59  
 Annecy, 192  
 Antwerp, 156  
 Ardee, 1, 9, 60, 61, 63, 68  
 Armagh, 118, 122, 157  
 Ars, 154, 155, 156  
 Assisi, 44, 46  
 Augustine Mother, 64

### B

Bad Nauheim, 142, 192  
 Ballapousta, 62, 63  
 Ballybunion, 64  
 Bandon, 159  
 Barnett, John, 126  
 Bayley, Rt. Rev. John R., 10  
 Belfast, 157, 158  
 Bellevue Hospital, 69  
 Beltrana, 63  
 Bethany, 146  
 Bethlehem, 146  
 Betts, George, 130  
 Beyrout, 144, 145  
 Blanc, Dr., 193  
 Blue Mt. Lake, 73  
 Bock, Prof. Fred., 207  
 Boston, 25, 27, 181  
 Bradley, Brother, 23  
 Brennan, Dr., 193  
 Britt, Catherine, 81  
 Brooklyn, 1, 6, 108  
 Bucknam, F. A., 126  
 Burnett, Mrs. Richard, 126  
 Burtzell, Rev. Richard L., 18, 180

### C

C. Y. M. A. White Street, 81  
 California, 160, 162  
 Callan, Philip, 62  
 Calvary Cemetery, 11  
 Canedy, Rev. Charles F., 189, 206  
 Cannon, Father, 203  
 Canterbury, 153  
 Catholic Summer School, 73  
 City Island, 11, 12  
 Clark, Ex-Mayor, 189  
 Clifford, Rev. Cornelius, 20, 178  
 Cologne, 143, 147  
 Collon, 9  
 Conboy, Rev. Henry, 203  
 Connelly, Denis, 81  
 Conroy, Fr., 11  
 Cork, 1, 159  
 Corley, Rev. Charles, 70  
 Corrigan, Abp., 55, 79, 121, 201  
 Crowley, Rev. James F., 27, 34, 36,  
     53, 71, 144, 178, 192, 203, 208  
 Curry, Rev. James B., 27, 53, 203  
 Cusack, Bishop, 208

### D

David's Island, 15, 127  
 Devin, John, 62  
 De Costa, Rev. Benjamin, 136, 144  
 Dillon, Anne Havey, 125  
 Dillon, John, 125  
 Doern, Jacob, 131  
 Doern, Peter, 131  
 Doern, Valentine, 131  
 Donnelly, Rev. E., 203  
 Donohue, Rev. Wm. J., 82, 136,  
     203, 208  
 Dossert, Frank G., 69  
 Dowling, Rev. Martin, 12  
 Dresden, 148, 149  
 Driscoll, Rev. James, 207  
 Drogheda, 158  
 Drought, Bridget, 126

Drought, James, 126  
 Duagh, 2  
 Dugan, Major, 130  
 Duhigg, Rev. T. S., 27, 203, 208  
 Duncan, Rev. W. W., 207  
 Dunleer, I, 61  
 Dunn, Charles, C., 110  
 Dunwoodie, 4, 130  
 Dwenger, Bishop, 106

## E

Egypt, 142, 144, 145  
 Emmett, Robt., 183  
 Emmitsburg, 2, 133, 180  
 England, 142, 150, 157

## F

Farley, Abp. John M., 123, 130, 134, 182  
 Farrell, Rev. Thos., 18, 180  
 Figaniere, Caesar de, 126  
 Figaniere, Henry de, 126  
 Figaniere, Joaquin de, 126  
 Forbes, Robert L., 207  
 Fordham College, 10, 11, 20, 27, 106, 185  
 Fort Slocum, 127, 129, 130

## G

Galvin, Father, 203  
 George, Lake, 71, 72  
 Germany, 142, 168  
 Gertrude, Mother, 64  
 Gimp, Tony, a story, 83  
 Glasnevin, 159  
 Gockeln, Rev. Father, 21  
 Graham, Bishop, 151  
 Grotta, Ferrata, 43, 44, 46

## H

Halk, Annie, 81  
 Hanna, Most Rev. Edward, 27  
 Hanrahan, Rev. N., 23  
 Harley, Rev. John, 10  
 Harnett, Rev. T., 2  
 Harrison, 11, 12  
 Hasson, Rev. James, 79  
 Hayes, Most Rev. P. J., 130, 182  
 Healy, Bishop, 25  
 Heely, Rev. J., I, 61  
 Heely, Jane, 9  
 Holy Land, 142  
 Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, 134, 216

Honolulu, 108  
 Hudson Park, 8  
 Hughes, Abp. John, 9, 10, 11, 19, 94  
 Hughes, Rev. James T., 123, 135, 194, 198, 200  
 Hume, Nelson, 134  
 Hutchison, Anne, 126

## I

Ireland, 1, 9, 60, 66, 142, 157, 158  
 Irish College, 2  
 Isidore, Brother, 6, 180

## J

Jaffa, 144

## K

Kennedy, Bishop, 195  
 Kenny, Rev. George, 21  
 Keogh, Hon. M. J., 186, 190  
 Kessler, Father, 158  
 Kildare, Owen, 114  
 Kingstown, 60  
 Knights of Columbus, 216  
 Kreidler, Ellen A., 126  
 Krill, Father, 174

## L

La Rochelle, 8  
 La Valetta, Cardinal, 58, 181  
 Lenane, Helen S., 125  
 Leo XIII., 196  
 Lester, Henry M., 206  
 Levins, Rev. John, 9  
 Lewis, Mgr., 130  
 Lincoln, Abraham, 19  
 Lincoln, Cathedral, 153  
 Listowel, 64  
 Logue, Cardinal, 118, 157  
 Loreto, 59  
 Los Angeles, 167  
 Lourdes, 142, 154, 194  
 Louth, 1, 9, 60, 194  
 Lowry, Chaplain, 15  
 Lucerne, 60  
 Lynch, Rev. T., 79  
 Lynch, Rev. Thos. J., 27, 51, 55, 130, 208  
 Lyons, 154, 156

## M

McCarron, Father, 11  
 McClellan, Rev. Wm., 79

McCloskey, Cardinal, 25  
 McCormack, Father, 130  
 McDonnell, Bishop, 94  
 McDougall, Surgeon, 15  
 Macé, Brother, 23  
 McElhinny, Rev. John, 35  
 McGean, Rev. James H., 79  
 McGinley, Rev. Edward, 70  
 McGlynn, Rev. Edward, 13, 18, 69, 180, 188  
 McLoughlin, Jane, 5, 125  
 McLoughlin, John, 1, 81  
 McLoughlin, Patrick, 9, 10, 125  
 McLoughlin, Peter, 9, 10, 125  
 McLoughlin, Rev. Thos, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 180, 186, 187  
 McLoughlin, Thomas P. (Father Tom), childhood, 1; at Fordham, 20; in Rome, 25; curate, 70; at Transfiguration, 77; lecturer, 104; in New Rochelle, 121; Silver Jubilee, 177; illness and death, 191; appreciations, 200  
 McSweeney, Dr. Daniel E., 133  
 McSweeney, Rev. E. F. X., 2, 16, 178, 180  
 McSweeney, Ellen, 133  
 McSweeney, Rev. Francis P., 2, 41  
 McSweeney, Rev. John O'C., 2  
 McSweeney, Mary F., 1  
 McSweeney, Rev. Patrick, 2, 64  
 McSweeney, Rev. Patrick F., 2, 3, 18, 180  
 McSwiney, Canon Denis, 159  
 McSwiney, Daniel, 63  
 Madrid, 154, 156  
 Magillicuddy's Reeks, 64  
 Mamaroneck, 11, 12, 17, 134  
 Manning, Cardinal, 13  
 Marshall, Rev. Benj., 185, 189  
 Mashboeuf, Bishop, 35  
 Maxcy, Rev. Joseph, 126, 135, 198  
 Meath, 9, 62, 63  
 Meister, Rev. Isidore, 17, 134, 204  
 Metcalf, Father, 25  
 Mexico, 169  
 Milan, 60, 142  
 Molloy, John, 125  
 Molloy, Ollie G., 126  
 Molloy, Sarah Murray, 125  
 Molloy, Wm. V., 126  
 Monterey, 162, 165  
 Mooney, Rev. Jos. F., 70  
 Mooney, Richard V., 207  
 Mount Hope, 133  
 Mount Kisco, 108  
 Mount Vernon, 12

Murphy, Mary Anne, 81  
 Murray, Father, 63  
 Murray, Margaret, 126

## N

Navan, 9  
 Newburgh, 70  
 New Rochelle, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12, 18, 19, 66, 69, 122, 123, 178, 190  
 New Rochelle College, 134  
 New York City, 2, 8, 18, 66, 78, 108, 148  
 Nilan, Rev. James, 180  
 Nova Scotia, 73  
 Nulty, Bishop, 13

## O

O'Brien, Patrick, 81  
 O'Brien, J. C. P., 81  
 O'Connell, Most Rev. Wm. H., 27, 107, 181  
 O'Leary, Jane, 126  
 O'Malley, Austin, 106  
 Orizaba, 169, 171, 173  
 Orvieto, 44

## P

Palestrina, 32, 36, 41  
 Pallen, Conde B., 183  
 Paris, 2, 148, 155  
 Parocchi, Cardinal, 47  
 Paso Robles, 166  
 Pelhamville, 11, 12  
 Perugia, 44, 45  
 Peterborough, 153  
 Pius IX., 27  
 Pius X., 194  
 Plymouth, 150, 152  
 Po int O' Woods, 198  
 Portchester, 11, 12  
 Port Jervis, 136  
 Poughkeepsie, 2  
 Propaganda, 2, 4  
 Pyrenees, 154

## Q

Queen's Daughters, 126  
 Queenstown, 66  
 Quinn, Rev. Daniel, 185

## R

Racicot, Father, 21  
 Raymond, Mayor Geo. G., 183, 189, 190, 205

Riordan, Abp., 193  
 Rogers, Rev. Andrew, 61, 63, 68, 118  
 Rogers, Bishop, 106  
 Rogers, Patrick, 126  
 Rome, 2, 4, 25, 142, 181  
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 109, 127, 128  
 Russell, Rev. Matthew, 61  
 Rye, 11, 12

## S

St. Augustine, Fla., 79, 94  
 St. John Lateran, 41  
 St. Malachy's, 122  
 St. Mary's-Mount, 2  
 St. Patrick's, Newburgh, 70  
 St. Rose's, N. Y., 70  
 St. Stephen's, 18, 69  
 Salford, 191  
 Salisbury, 153  
 San Francisco, 108, 165  
 San Marino, 60  
 Scotland, 158  
 Scully, John, 22  
 Serra, Junipero, 162  
 Shanlis, 9, 60  
 Shaughnessy, Margt., 81  
 Sheehan, Canon, 151  
 Sheridan, Matt., 62  
 Simon, Prof., 23  
 Sisters of Charity, 2, 5, 133  
 Sister Ellen, 133  
 Sister Irene, 133  
 Sister Isabelle, 133  
 Sister Marguerite, 5, 51, 180  
 Spain, 142, 150  
 Spokane, 167  
 Stafford, Monsignor, 199  
 Smyrna, 146  
 Syria, 144

## T

Tamara, Prof., 111  
 Tannersville, 200  
 Teany, Josie, 81  
 Thames River, 152, 156  
 Ticonderoga, 71  
 Tierney, M. J., 126  
 Toledo, 154  
 Tracy, Rev. Henry, 208  
 Tralee, 64  
 Treanor, Rev. Thos., 79  
 Trinity Church, N. R., 134  
 Tuckahoe, 11, 12

## V

Valentin, Pather, 110  
 Varela, Rev. Felix, 79, 94  
 Vaughan, Cardinal, 191  
 Venice, 60  
 Vera Cruz, 162  
 Vienna, 149

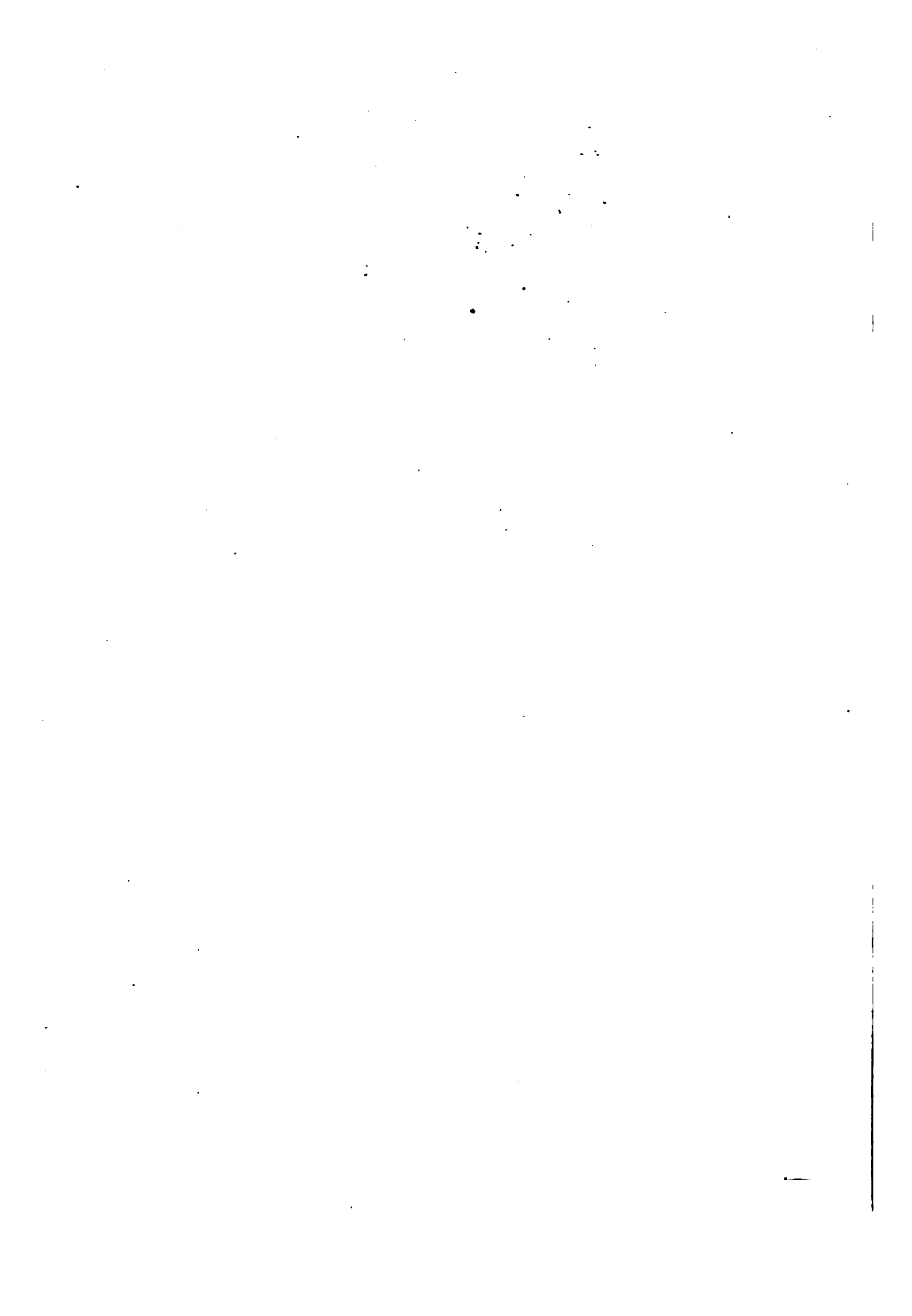
## W

Wall, Rev. F. H., 27, 71, 107, 108, 203  
 Ware, Howard R., 206  
 Washington, D. C., 127  
 Webster, Warren, 15  
 Whitehead, Mrs. Bridget, 125  
 White Plains, 11, 12

## Y

Yellowstone Park, 119, 167  
 Yonkers, 12, 70, 78  
 Yosemite, 119, 167





**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

[illegible]



1994

